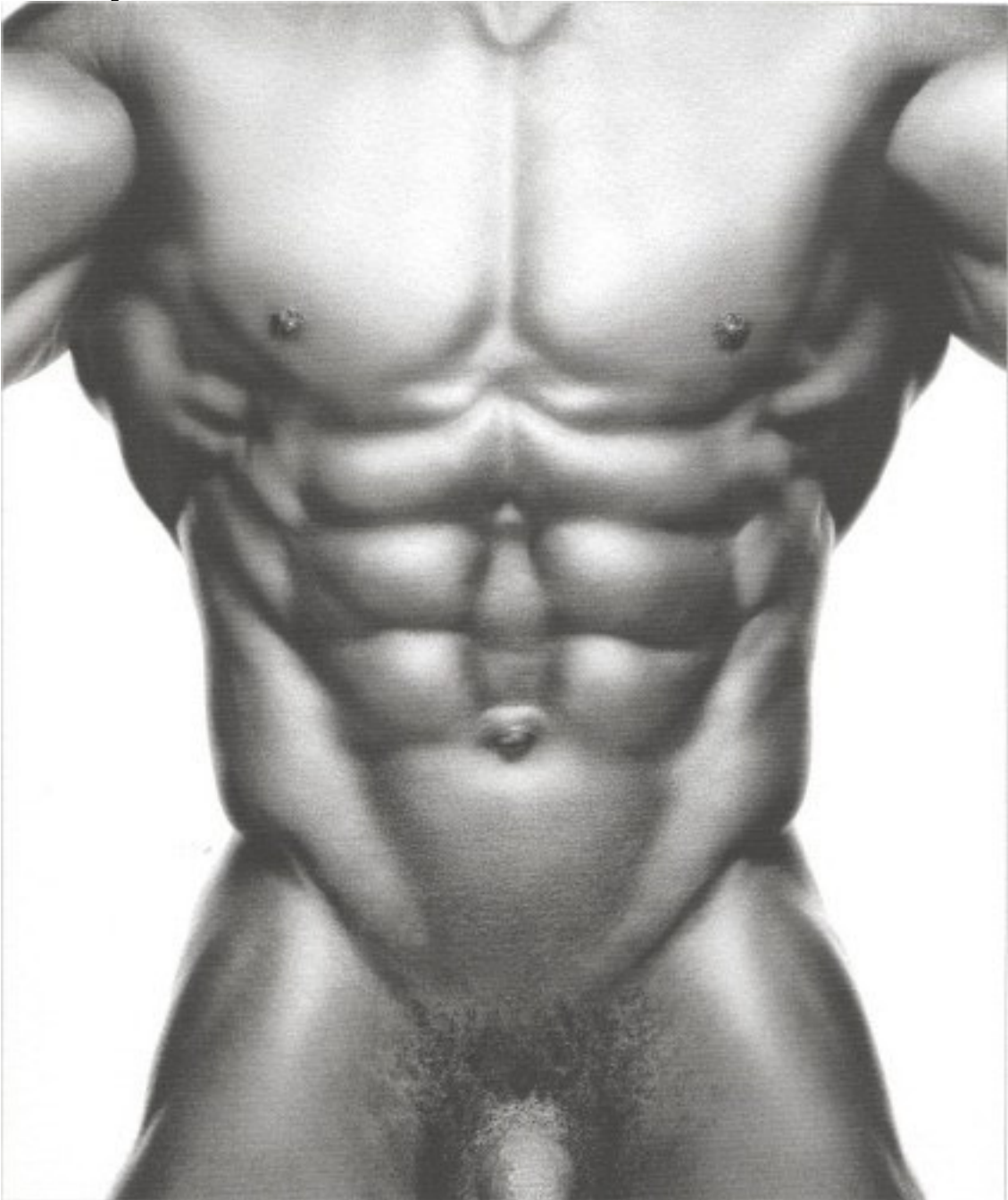


Supermen



The first chapter of the Transform series.

1

“Ouch!” Todd’s mouth scrunched up as he felt the needle pierce his ass. “I didn’t think it would hurt that much, Doc.”

“I’m sorry, Todd. It will be over quickly.” The man in the white coat pushed the plunger on the syringe, injecting the experimental male enhancement serum into the first human subject on whom it would be tested. It was a clear fluid, of the same consistency as water, and just as scentless. It was a soup of enzymes, proteins and DNA modulators designed to enhance all aspects of male faculties and potential. It had been cooked up here in this lab by a group of doctors lead by the man taking this final step in a long process of refinement and experimentation.

“You said this’ll make me stronger?”

The doctor nodded. Todd thought he was the most emotionless man he’d ever met. All brain, this guy. “You will certainly see an increase in strength. There will likely be additional increases in potency, stamina, resiliency and... other things.”

“Other things?”

“As you read in the brief, I believe.”

“The one basically signing my life away, you mean?” Todd stood up and pulled on his pants, rubbing his cheek where the sting of the needle lingered.

“An overstatement, but essentially correct.”

“And whatever’s going to happen will happen over the next few hours?”

The doctor looked at his watch. “The next eight to twelve hours, yes.”

“So by tomorrow morning...”

“By tomorrow morning I think you will see a very different man when you look in the mirror.”

“Doctor?”

“Yes? Who is this?”

“It’s me. It’s Todd.”

“Todd? What’s wrong with your voice, did the serum give you a head cold?”

“No, doc. No, not that. You’d better get over here. Get over here quick.”

“What’s the matter? What’s happened?”

“Just meet me at my place and you’ll see.”

“Did it work, then?”

Looking down at the new body he’d woken up with, Todd could only grin. “Oh, I think you could say that.” The joy and surprise in his voice were obvious.

“Meet me at the lab, Todd. I want to take some tests and measurements, then.”

“Well, there’s a problem...”

“Physical?”

“In a sense.”

“What problem?”

“None of my clothes fit me.”

“Surely there must be something...?”

“Doc, believe me, if I could fit what I got into something, I’d be more than happy to oblige.” He bent his arm, watching the muscle swell enormously. “I mean, you have to see this,” he began, tensing the bicep larger still, the fibers and veins separating and swelling, the head of the muscle splitting along a deep crevasse, “to believe it.”

“In all areas?”

“Doc?”

“I mean, the growth and enhancements should have manifested equally in all areas.”

Todd grinned, unflexing his arm and moving his fingers down his rippled abdomen and through a dark forest of soft, shining hair until his hand enfolded the new grown wealth of his cock, slipping his hand around the root and feeling the weight and heft of his manhood. The heat of it radiated into his grip. “Oh, I think you could say I’ve been enhanced.”

“Give me twenty minutes.” The phone went dead.

Todd carefully replaced the receiver, growing more comfortable with his increased strength. It hadn’t taken him long to figure out that he would have to be much more careful about how he handled everything after he’d accidentally twisted off the faucet handle just trying to shut off the water completely.

Walking back toward the bathroom, he approached the mirror over the sink again. He paused almost in shock, still. The fact that he couldn’t believe that the reflection staring back at him was his own still amazed him. Yesterday, he would have seen a man in his early twenties with mud-colored hair, two chins, pale skin and a rather ordinary face. His nose was slightly broad; his eyes were a nondescript hazel. Looking down from that face, he’d have seen a body that showed it had not been well treated by its owner. A definite paunch of flab would be hanging like a heavy sack of potatoes. His chest would wobble if he shook it, and his upper arms were large but soft.

Further down, a small dick, which looked almost scared, would poke its head from between his fleshy legs. Though he was a tall man, standing just over six feet high, he looked smaller to himself as if the world were on his shoulders.

Now, an almost entirely different figure appeared in the mirror. If a dictionary were looking for an illustration of what ‘man’ should be, they could find no better example than what now stood in that same mirror. And all it had taken was one injection and one night’s sleep.

The doctor had promised that he’d see an improvement, but even in his wildest dreams he had never expected to see this.

Now the face and body looked as if they had been carved from flesh by a master sculptor. He imagined that when they said that man was made in God’s image, this was what they meant.

The first thing that would strike someone seeing the new Todd would be his size. He figured he’d added a few inches at least in height, standing about six and a half feet tall, maybe six-eight head to toe. And in between, what there was to see was nothing short of incredible. Beautiful. Amazing.

His hair was now blonde. Golden and shiny. When the light hit it, silver flickered off the strands like silk. Fine, arched brows and long, thick lashes of a like fair-haired hue surrounded eyes of ice blue. The whites around the irises shone like polished marble, clear and white. His narrow nose angled down toward a mouth of straight white teeth and full, sensuous lips. His own smile almost made himself erect. Dimples in his high cheeks

appeared when the flash of his teeth came to his face, and it was like watching the sun appear.

His sunlit hair now cascaded in soft waves to his shoulders, which were now much broader and mounded with muscle. He reached up to move his wealth of gold off his shoulders and watched them bunch and swell. He could feel the power radiate across his upper back, feel the strength there. His eye was drawn again to the crook of his arm where his bicep bulged like a balloon. His hand moved across the expanse of his chest, his touch drifting across two hemispheres of hard brawn. He flexed slightly and watched them inflate even larger, fingers of muscle extending from the thin separation between the globes. Turning slightly, he mimicked what he had seen bodybuilders do, bringing his hands up in a grip and forcing even thicker cascades of strength into his chest until two huge boulders sat pulsing there. He relaxed and watched the hard cobblestones of his abdomen swell and recede with each breath. A washboard six-pack like he'd seen on those commercials for exercise equipment, but his looked more formidable and more perfect than any he'd seen on TV. Maybe that was just wishful thinking, though.

His skin seemed almost luminous under the bright bathroom lighting. It was bronzed and shining with vitality, covering every inch of his new form like soft velvet. Running his hand over his chest and down, his touch caressed a copper nipple and he felt another strong, erotic shock reverberate through him and land at his crotch where what had grown between his legs overnight pulsed once, seeming to swell slightly at even so delicate a stimulation.

That drew his attention again to the monster there, the length of hot flesh that awoke him that morning to what had happened.

Like any other morning, his prick had hardened in anticipation of a morning's visit to the bathroom, but when he moved his grip toward that urgency, what his hand found under the sheets was not his usual six-inch hard-on but something impossible.

Digging through what he would later discover was a new wealth of silken gold that started as a thin trail of hair from his navel and spread above his loins like a crown, his fingertips encountered the fat, firm root of a cock that went on and on until his hand rested on the wide knob extending out from his body by what seemed to his blind touch to be a foot, at least. As his hand moved along his girth, feeling a heat and urgency unlike any he'd felt before, shocks of pleasure erupted from his prick like explosions through his body. He could feel that touch magnified tenfold, the slightest stroke sending waves of orgasmic pleasure through his body in a surging tide. But the shock of the thing seemed to drain the desire away, and after taking a piss that would have watered a desert, he'd called the doctor to get the man's ass over there.

He looked down at himself now, watching the dull pulsing of his expanding cock as the memory of the morning's minor pleasures engorged it anew. The head swelled like a mushroom, the shaft expanding like a water balloon, the whole of his cock rising with each fresh pump of hot blood toward his belly and farther, increasing in length and girth and size until he didn't believe it could get larger.

Closing his eyes, then, not even touching himself, he luxuriated in the waves of erotic bliss emanating from his growing erection. Just feeling the increasing weight of the monster made him get that much hornier. He could feel the heat from it against his belly, crawling still higher up his muscled torso. He leaned back to counterbalance the burgeoning appendage, his muscles supporting him effortlessly as the thing climbed

higher. He could feel the weight of it at his crotch; feel the size of it, the power of it, the sheer scope of its growth. He swore he felt his balls dropping lower, growing heavier and larger as well.

He felt like he would cum buckets, gallons, that he would become a fire hose of pleasure spewing his load in an unending stream. He felt something warm running down the length of his prick, something like honey drizzling along the shaft, flowing down over the helmeted head and heating his entire manhood.

As he opened his eyes, his gaze fell upon the eye of his cock throbbing with each beat of his heart. A clear glaze of precum was flowing from the tip, running in thick rivulets down his engorged member standing now red and at attention before him. This is new, he thought dimly, but he was overwhelmed with the tide of pleasure radiating from his erection. And he was almost frightened when he caught site of himself in the mirror. He could see the well-muscled man he had become, see the sheen of bronzed skin and collection of raw brawn, but before that was a colossal erection, easily three feet high. His balls had similarly grown, hanging now like two huge, perfectly round balls in his fat, fuzzy nut sack. He thought he could see them move, churning in the skin, he could almost hear the flood of cum awaiting release. His cock was glazed with a thick coating of clear fluid that drizzled off the bottom of his balls, puddling between his feet.

“Impossible,” he whispered, but his mind was filled with the roar of bliss, the ache of gratification. He wanted nothing more than to move his hands along the shaft and drown in what it delivered.

He dipped his touch to his cock, his abdominal muscles bulging in a relief map of power, and the feeling of pleasure was magnified tenfold. The fluid was slick and warm, a lubricant that covered his hand as his moved it up the shaft. He placed his other hand on the opposite side and was rewarded with an intensification of the bliss. It filled him, it overwhelmed everything, and he was nothing but that feeling and shock of deeply realized erotic ecstasy.

He could feel it in his balls, feel his heavy load wanting to be set free. He could feel the weight and power of it, like an electric pulse. He was lost to his desires.

The clear fluid was flowing like a river, a sticky sweet flow that ran down his cock, covered his densely muscled arms. He was stroking himself slowly with both hands, his prick as hard as steel, as hot as the sun. Wave after wave of concentrated bliss filled him. He could feel the load moving toward his cock; feel the liquid lightning urging him on. A slow, low moan left his body.

Then it began. He felt as his cum climbed through his engorged member. Felt it through every inch as it went higher and higher until he threw his arms back and fell against the wall behind him, yelling aloud. His load was unleashed in a long, unending stream. It did not shove out in quick spurts, it fountained from him toward the ceiling.

Grabbing his huge erection by the base, he shoved his load free, feeling the ultimate bliss of release and orgasm such as no human being had ever felt it before. If what he had been experiencing thus far was a tidal wave of bliss, then here was the crest of that wave. Deep as the ocean, wide as the sky, hot as the sun the pleasure filled him until his load was spent and he was left gasping and laughing.

He stood in a pool of his seed, his feet sunk into a puddle of white swirling with the clear of his precum. Rather than feeling tired as he expected to after such a draining experience, he felt invigorated and powerful, stronger than before.

His mammoth erection was quickly deflating. He still found it difficult to turn with a two-foot cock standing out from his body, but soon his prick had lost its rigidity and sank limp between his legs again, still hanging probably a foot down against his heavily muscled thigh. He felt it there without looking down, retaining some of its heat and craving for his touch even now. It still felt heavy, maybe even heavier than before as if this amazing display had increased its bulk, although he couldn't fathom how that could be true.

Looking around him, he had to smirk and huff out a quick silent laugh. He'd managed to miss himself in the shower of cum that launched from him, but thick threads of it were dripping from the ceiling and it coated most of the wall and the mirror in front of him. Some of it was pooled in the sink, looking too thick to drain away. He shook his head at the memory, sizing up how much his balls must have produced to make the mess in front of—and above—him.

He turned on the faucet to force what was in the sink down the drain and turned to grab some towels, trying to clean everything up. Pulling his feet free, he found it interesting that this cum seemed to stick to him like glue. It seemed to be growing thicker as it mingled with the clear lubricating fluid. In fact, now that he was really paying attention, it seemed that it was whiter than it should be, almost like milk.

Maybe it wasn't cum, he thought. Maybe the serum did something else....

But what it had done to him already seemed impossible. First the incredible changes to his appearance and strength, then the amplified erotic pleasure gained from the slightest touch, and now it seemed that his huge dick could swell to massive proportions, not to mention the way his balls had swelled to match that increase, and he was producing something like cum that gave him the most incredible and overwhelming orgasmic pleasure he'd ever experienced, but it wasn't exactly cum, either.

Lifting his foot to wipe it clean, he lost his balance and fell on his ass, splashing himself with more of the thickening solution. It was on his butt and his back, and his hand fell into it as well. Attempting to regain his feet, he twisted around and fell forward.

"Shit," he laughed. He pulled himself up and turned toward the mirror, laughing at his awkward antics and the site of himself coated with thick strings of the stuff. He started to wipe it off when he noticed that it seemed to be drying on his skin rapidly.

No, it wasn't drying on, his body was absorbing it. He started to panic, trying to scrub it from his skin with his hands but he only succeeded in coating himself with more of it.

And as quickly as he did, his body drank that up, too. It was entering him through his feet. His grip on the sink invited the pool there in through his fingers, soaking into him through his fingernails.

"Fuck. Fuck!" He could feel himself suddenly growing warmer, particularly in the spots where the stuff had been. That warmth grew to a heat, a heat that spread through his limbs, into his muscles.

"What the fuck..." Looking down at himself, that heat dimmed and hardened, and as he watched it seemed to him that his muscles tensed and flexed, his arms, chest and shoulders growing suddenly hard as if he were trying to lift some incredible weight. It spread across his back, over his ass to his legs and around his thighs and calves. It

crawled up his neck into his face and across his scalp. He saw his reflection in the mirror, his eyes squinting, his teeth clenched in a rictus. His whole body was red, the muscle fibers showing clearly under the skin.

The pressure increased into a shining pain, the sweet sting of growth and strain that he used to feel in the gym trying to pump out one more rep, trying to push himself beyond the wall of hurt to the place where his muscles had to take over and push themselves harder, make themselves grow.

And then he was growing.

He was growing again.

He could see it happening. Looking down, he watched as his chest slowly expanded. He watched his biceps and triceps swell. In the mirror, he could see the muscles of his neck, his shoulders, his laterals all start to grow slightly larger in front of his eyes. Lifting his arms, he flared his lats and watched the wings grow thicker and wider. He bent his arms into a double bi, feeling the muscles growing. He turned to see his back increase in size, his ass grow higher, slimmer. He felt his stomach as his abdominals rippled with deeper separations. Then his legs were growing, and he watched himself rise higher, growing slowly taller, his head rising as his body expanded.

“No fucking way.” Even his voice was changing, lowering deeper, more fully masculine. It struck him that it wasn’t merely growth he was witnessing, it was a sort of refinement to his body. The lines of his features grew even more striking, his eyes more piercingly bright, and the line of his jaw more rugged. His hair flowed over his shoulders and down, further, the shining ends tickling his lower back, then even his ass. A mane of gold as thick as a lion’s, as bright as a sunrise, as soft as silk. He lifted an arm and watched the muscle tense and smooth, perfecting itself. He circled a nipple with his fingertip, seeming to make it larger, more flawlessly round, the tip hard and perfect.

When the changes finally slowed, he was even bigger, even stronger, even more beautiful than before. He ran his hand along the line of his squared jaw feeling the sudden growth of a beard there. No other hair had appeared on his body, although it looked like the forest of fur above his cock was thicker and curlier.

His cock!

He lifted the tool of his growth, feeling again a surging pleasure from the touch, and felt the weight of his cock like a luscious burden. It had not so much increased in length—though perhaps it had but in relation to the rest of him, it looked as nearly perfect—as it had in size, in overall bulk. The veins that had previously patterned the surface were nearly gone, the shaft now smooth as glass and almost completely uniform in width from root to helmet.

The head, too, seemed more, well, perfect. The wrinkles were gone and it was also smooth and looked almost... If someone had been given the assignment to find the most perfect cock, his would come damned close.

Looking at himself now, he realized that what he had been before was a softer version of what he had become, as if with the first eruption from his dick the metamorphosis was complete. That the monster erection and subsequent flood was the culmination of his becoming this perfect example of the human male form, and his accidental bath in his own orgasmic release signaled the final modifications to manifest.

At least, that sounded good to him.

He wondered now if the huge erection and fountain were a one-time event. And he wondered what the new, seemingly improved tool sitting in his grip would do.



2

But he didn't have time to explore that curiosity before he heard the knocking at his door that he was sure must be the Doc. Pulling himself from the reflection of the perfection of man, he pulled another towel from the rack and wrapped it about his waist. He strode from the now clean bathroom without realizing he had absorbed all his own creation to the door and opened it wide.

"Hi, Doc!"

"Todd?"

"Oh, it's you, Chuck." His best friend stood on the threshold, wearing his usual khakis and white T-shirt. He towered over him, now and could see Chuck's premature bald spot.

“Todd?” Chuck stood with his jaw hanging open staring up and up at the site before him. Todd smiled and the sun came up. To Chuck, it was like seeing the face of a god, the body of a god as well. Perfection in bronzed flesh. He felt weak in the knees and his mouth went dry.

“C’mon in.” He opened the door wider, taking a slight step back. To Chuck, even that movement was a striding dance, a gliding movement of beauty. “I know, you think I look different.” The voice filled his ears like a song. The eyes of the man before him filled him with desires he had never known before. “Well? Are you coming in or not? The neighbors will start to talk about my strange new naked greeting habits if you don’t . . . what’s up with you, Chuck?”

Chuck swallowed hard. “Todd?”

“Yes, Chuck?”

He stepped in and Todd closed the door. As he passed, Chuck’s senses were filled with the scent of the Man, the overwhelming power of him, the incredible passion and masculinity that flowed from him in overheated waves. “Todd, what...” He had to swallow again. He could not take his eyes from the other man’s form. He needed to blink but could not. “What happened?”

Todd looked down at himself, lifting an arm into a swelling display of raw power and smiled again. “Oh, you noticed?”

Chuck nodded, licking his lips.

Todd let his arm drop and ran his hand absently across his tightly muscled stomach before tucking his fingers under the waistband of the towel hanging low on his slim hips. His nails killed an itch on his crotch where a bead of sweat had trickled. Chuck followed his friend’s motions, his eyes bulging nearly out of his head when he saw the bobbing thickness of something long and substantial hanging between his friend’s legs.

“Remember that experimental drug you said I was a fool to take?”

Chuck was nodding slowly, his eyes scanning Todd’s wealth of muscled beauty. A strand of silver-gold hair had worked its way across one expansive shoulder and curled across the largest chest Chuck had ever seen. The nipple on that hemisphere seemed to gleam as if it had been licked.

“Well, how you like me, now?”

With that, Todd let the towel fall away and slowly turned around to display for his friend exactly what he had become.

Chuck nearly fainted. The waves of power and masculine strength and capability came at him in waves. He gazed on Todd with a desire and need such as he never had felt. He could not name what it was he was feeling, exactly, but it was like want and obsession and envy and passion and lust packed tightly together. He had never even looked at a woman that way before.

Todd was unaware of his friends raging emotions. He was simply reveling in the display that he could put on and proud of what he had to show. He didn’t think his own reaction had been very different when he saw his own reflection. It was disbelief that Chuck had in his eyes. It was amazement. Todd flexed and posed for his friend, showing off his astonishing new proportions and capabilities. He felt another surge of erotic pleasure as he stood there naked, although he wasn’t sure why. Perhaps just the thrill of not feeling any shame in his body, indeed feeling that if he could he’d never wear a stitch of clothing again.

"I want you," his friend said. It came out as a whisper.

"What?"

The sound of Todd's deeply resonant voice sent chills through Chuck's spine. He took a deep breath, trying to deny what he was feeling, what he'd just voiced aloud. "How's this possible?" That was barely above a whisper, but he managed it.

Todd shrugged, his shoulders demonstrating their magnitude and musculature in the simple gesture. He tossed his head slightly without realizing it to throw his wealth of hair across his back. "I didn't make the stuff, I just had it injected in my butt." He turned slightly and slapped a hand across his perfectly proportioned ass. Chuck sucked in a breath at the site of it and tried to ignore how Todd's huge cock wagged like a pendulum over his round and beautiful balls. The pubic hair looked so soft and silky, and he wondered what it smelled like, if it had that woody musk and heady spice that Todd seemed to give off in a concentrated form.

"But... when...?"

"Last night." Todd paused, looking toward the bathroom. "This morning."

"That fast?"

Todd nodded, and Chuck watched his friend's mane move as if tossed by a warm wind. He wondered if that hair was tickling Todd's ass, if it was as soft as it looked, how it managed to catch the light like spun glass. "And..." Chuck paused, wiping a hand down his face. He was sweating.

"And what?"

"What about the other...?" He waved his hand absently.

Todd mirrored the gesture. "The other...?"

Chuck swallowed. There was no spit in his mouth. His pants felt tight in the crotch. "The other... effects."

Todd quirked a slender brow and blinked his blue eyes. Chuck thought that not even jewels could hold so much beauty in them. "What other... effects?"

God, that voice would drive him insane. So deep and powerful. To hear it speak forever...

There was another knock at the door just then and Todd said, "Excuse me," dipping toward the floor to fetch the towel and this time only holding it to cover his genitals. As he walked, Chuck studied the rise and fall of the cheeks of his friend's ass with a care and want like no other he had felt before.

Todd opened the door and said, again, "Hi, Doc!"

"Good morning, Todd. My, things have progressed quite a lot, haven't they?"

Chuck watched as an older man entered the room. But his attention was only diverted for a moment before his gaze locked back on every movement of the god in his midst. He watched how the muscles of his legs stretched and bunched, how his waist twisted and the abdominal muscles grew and lengthened. He watched the tendons on his forearms twist around each other when he closed the door, watched the perfect globes of his ass kiss each other.

"This is my friend Chuck, Doc." Todd was still holding the towel up. Chuck was staring at it, waiting its fall. "Say hello, Chuck."

He grunted. Todd let his brow furrow. To Chuck, it looked beautiful. Todd's stunning voice intoned, "I think he's in shock, Doc. He's been acting pretty weird."

The doctor raised his eyebrows and quirked a smile. "It might be that." He turned his attention back to his subject. "The results are amazing! Incredible! All this in one night?" "Sort of."

The doctor reached inside his jacket and pulled out a small pad of paper and a pen. He pulled a measuring tape like a tailor might use from another pocket. "May I...?" Todd grinned, dropping the towel again. "Be my guest! I'm sort of curious myself."

The doctor's eyes widened for a moment when he saw what Todd had been hiding, and as he pulled on a pair of Latex gloves he bent to get a better look. "Interesting. Your penis has become, eh, I'm not sure what I would..."

"Perfect," said Chuck quietly.

The doctor looked over, raising a single brow. "Well, perhaps." He turned back. "And the testes. Hmm. They appear to be..."

"Beautiful."

The doctor was just about to heft the low-hangers in his hand when he pulled away and looked toward Chuck who was staring at Todd's equipment. Todd looked over as well, saying, "What the hell is your problem, Chuck?"

"I believe he is manifesting what we have seen in some of our lab experiments prior to your dosage, Todd."

"I thought I was the first."

"The first human, yes." The doctor's fingers hovered around Todd's ample cock but did not touch him. "But of course we experimented on some chimps. I had hoped to get here before any others encountered you to warn you about some possible... side effects."

"Don't you think you might have mentioned this before I got the shot?"

The doctor straightened, looking up at Todd's face. "I didn't believe they would manifest so quickly, but the metabolism is a hard... but let us get to the measurements."

"What side effects?"

"Hold this please." He handed Todd one end of the tape. "Hold it up. Yes, near the top... yes." He bent toward Todd's toes, explaining as he measured. "What you received... height six foot seven and three quarter inches... was essentially a synthetic male hormone designed... waist thirty inches... to enhance your masculine physical characteristics... chest fifty-two and one half inches... arm please... without affecting your masculine... make a muscle please... emotional tendencies. Upper arm fourteen inches. Hmm. Sixteen inches. Seventeen... are you doing something to change this?" He poked at Todd's bicep. "What? Oh, sorry." His arm swelled like a balloon, the fibers showing under his shining bronze skin. Chuck seemed to moan, softly.

"Eighteen and... one-half inches. Your hair was not like this." It was a statement, but Todd shook his head -- and his hair -- anyway. The doctor took a note. "Now, I must measure your... um."

"My what?" The doctor gestured toward his dick. "Oh. Knock yourself out."

"You are soft?"

"At the moment."

"This is... entirely soft?" He was pinching the shaft gently, testing the tensile strength. Todd seemed to consider for a moment. "As far as I can tell."

The doctor squeezed his girth slightly. "You are sure?"

"It's been that way for a few minutes now. That's as soft as I can make it."

“Hmm.” He squeezed again before running a tape down his length from root to tip. “Ten and one-quarter inch.” Todd grinned. Chuck was breathing loudly. “Can you be hard, please?”

“Now?”

“Please.”

Todd shrugged and closed his eyes. If it worked like it had in the bathroom, this should be easy. “Doc, earlier this morning I jerked off in the john and my cock got... pretty damn big.”

“Was this the first masturbation?”

He opened his eyes. “Since the change, yeah. I’ve jerked off a lot before.”

“Yes, yes. How big would you say it got?”

“I got. Not ‘it’ got. That’s still me down there.”

“Yes, of course.” The doctor was watching his erection manifest. Todd was feeling that pulsing warmth and sensation of erotic pleasure building again.

“I’d guess about three feet long and...”

“Three feet!” Chuck was on his feet.

Todd nodded. “And maybe...” He held his hands in front of him, the muscles of his arms flexing and swelling with sudden power, trying to show the girth as he remembered it.

“What’s this, a foot around?”

“Fourteen inches,” corrected the doctor. He did not seem at all surprised.

“That’s gonna cramp my sex life,” Todd observed.

“I wouldn’t worry about that. You see?” Todd looked down at his red, hard prick standing at attention. It was certainly not four feet long, but for all that it was still an impressive site. The doctor squeezed it again. “Any more?”

Todd tensed, but that seemed to be it this time. “I don’t think so.” The thrum of sensual bliss was filling him and he had not touched it. The surface was glassy and he could feel heat pouring off it like molten lead.

The measuring tape reappeared. “Fourteen inches exactly.”

“Guess I’m a shower, not a grower.”

“Holy fucking...” Chuck sat back down. He was drenched with sweat.

“Huh. That’s more than twice as big as it used to be. But I wasn’t lying about this morning, Doc.”

“No, I believe you. That was also not uncommon. I assume you also experienced a certain amount of refinement in your physical appearance following that occurrence?”

Todd nodded. “And did it involve contact with the resulting emissions? Physical contact that resulted in a sort of fusing?”

Todd nodded again, his mouth falling open slightly. “I wasn’t going to add that part. It was sort of freaky.” He glanced at Chuck who continued to stare at him, and most pointedly at his raging hard-on. A steady drizzle of the clear lubricating precum was starting to show, flowing down the underside of the shaft. It was just a small trickle, but it was steady and he could feel more coming. More than a feeling, he knew it was coming. Chuck could smell Todd’s scent stronger than ever, now. An overpowering manliness that emanated from him, a sense of raw power and pungent eroticism.

The doctor seemed immune, dipping a gloved finger to the clear fluid curiously. Todd sucked in a breath at the touch, his chest and abs swelling into hard relief. The flow grew immediately fuller, the trickle welling into a thick stream from the eye of his rock hard

prick, coating it with a thickening glaze that gathered on his swelling balls before drizzling to the floor like syrup.

To Chuck, it was as if waves of heat were pouring off his friend and sinking through his own flesh. His cock was hard in his pants, his heart beating fast, his breath coming in short bursts.

“Doc, I...”

“This is like this morning? This emanation?”

Todd nodded, his hand caressing his chest, his fingers at his nipple. “It feels...”

The doctor touched his pulsing cock again, squeezing as before and the fluid renewed its vigor yet again. It was pouring down the sides of his erection. His balls were hanging lower and lower, swelling visibly now. “It appears to increase with the slightest touch.”

He touched again to demonstrate, and Todd sucked in a breath and moaned deeply.

“What are you feeling, Todd?”

He answered haltingly. “Pleasure. Horny. Deep, full, hard, hot. I can feel it everywhere. Everywhere. I want to...”

“Is it like an orgasm, Todd? This is quite interesting. And it began with the erection, with no other...?” He was jotting in his notebook.

“So good. Yes, so terrible and pure and, oh God.” He was clenching and unclenching his fists. Every muscle stood out on his body. He was a map of power and sexual capacity, a slave to the passion that filled him up, overwhelmed him. It was as deep as before. He felt his balls growing heavier and heavier, felt his blood growing hot, his skin burned with the need.

Chuck was reaching for his pants, unbuckling his belt, pulling the fly open and shoving his shorts down. His own hard cock sprang up, red and angry.

The clear flow was constant and ample. The doctor rubbed his fingers together curiously, feeling how slippery it was. Thicker than honey but slicker than oil, it was slicker than almost anything he had encountered. This was something unexpected. Perhaps an aid of some sort, and an aphrodisiac as well. It was then that he noticed that Chuck was jerking himself off like there was no tomorrow, leaning back on the couch with his eyes closed, his mouth making words but no sounds coming out.

Todd still had not even touched himself, but it looked like the effort on his part was an amazing strain. His body was glistening with a sheen of sweat. He was reaching forward with his right hand to grasp his red, swollen tool. His balls were like two grapefruit, so large in the scrotum that they were as glassy and smooth as his prick.

The doctor stood and backed away to observe the two men, jotting down notes as he did so. It was all incredibly interesting to him. Suddenly, Todd wrapped his hand halfway around his erection and began slowly, slowly to stroke himself, his grip coated in a thick smother of precum. Something like a wave of erotic power seemed to strike Chuck, because he jerked once and started spurting cum across his jeans. He was clawing at his shirt, ripping it from his body as his spasms of pleasure continued.

Then Todd had both hands on his cock and he seemed to tense. His balls rode up and his erection swelled suddenly larger in his grip and the fountain erupted sending a stream of the white liquid lightning to the ceiling and down. Like before, it didn’t come in broken spurts but streamed in one long torrent.

As the fluids again mixed, the doctor reached into the mixture with one gloved hand and gathered a pool in his rubber-gloved palm. With only a slightly said, "Excuse me," to Chuck, he spread the gunk on the other man's chest.

Chuck's eyes sprang open and he let out a sudden yelp. "Hot!" he said, trying to shove the stuff off with his hands.

"Only for a moment," responded the doctor, as he ladled another pool onto the unsuspecting subject.

"Stop! What are you doing!" Chuck was frantic as he watched the fluid seem to dry up on his skin and soak into his hands before he realized what was happening. "No, stop!"

Todd stumbled away from what he had again produced, wiping sweat from his brow.

"Doc? Doc! No, stop!"

"Just a little experiment, while we have a handy subject."

"But you don't know..."

"Not exactly."

Chuck's eyes were bulging as he felt immediately burning hot. He stood suddenly, his still erect cock bouncing wildly as he struggled to be free of his clothes. "Hot! So hot!" Kicking his shoes off, he tugged at his socks and stomped himself out of his jeans and Calvins, ripping his T-shirt the rest of the way off. "Hot!" he panted again, dropping back onto the couch.

Chuck's pudgy body, covered with hair and white as a bone, was slick with sweat. "It's so hot," he said more quietly. "So... what... what's... hey!"

Todd was watching carefully. "Don't worry, Chuck. I think it'll be..."

"Hey! What's... what's happening?"

Todd could not help but stare as he watched a version of the transformation that had changed him so dramatically.

Chuck's form seemed suddenly to shrink, as if all the loose fat and skin had been sucked somewhere into his gut. A subtle darkening of his white skin began all over as it also grew tighter, thinner, sleeker. He was not losing hair so much as it seemed to collect itself in a more ordered fashion, disappearing from his shoulders, neck and belly and gathering across his chest. The hair on his head, a stingy mousy sort of brown, was turning midnight black. The soft features of his face were hardening, his bone structure refining itself.

"Give him some more, Doc. There's more, yet."

"No, I..." But Chuck's protest fell on deaf ears as the doctor spread more of the thick white substance on Chuck's legs and arms. He gathered up the last of it from the floor and dropped it squarely on Chuck's crotch where it disappeared almost immediately. Chuck started to moan, his hands moving across his own chest and belly. Todd watched dumbfounded, even though it had happened to him that morning, as Chuck's body started to change dramatically over the following minutes.

"Doc, what the hell is that stuff?"

Chuck's chest was swelling with new power. Ripples of corded muscle throbbed and grew like snakes escaping under his skin, twining and multiplying. His nipples grew larger and larger, dark caps expanding like perfectly round ink stains until the globes of his chest turned them downward. The growth moved out across his shoulders where the ropes of strength multiplied and divided, building new, larger, better shoulders from nothing at all.

“I believe you are manufacturing what might be called the essence of man.”

Chuck’s upper arms grew with sudden muscle. The skin stretched thin as the biceps swelled like inflating footballs, the triceps becoming like horseshoes of raw brawn. Thick veins crawled across his chest and down his arms, infusing the growing muscle, climbing down his limbs like vines, plugged into Chuck’s developing strength. His forearms suddenly grew cables of power that swam over each other in a rush to grow bigger, stronger.

“What the hell does that mean?”

Chuck’s stomach seemed alive as new muscles rippled across its expanse. A set of tight, bulging abs rose from his smooth, hard belly like cobblestones, each becoming more defined with every heartbeat. His waist compacted, growing lean and hard. His face was refining itself, the nose narrowing, even Chuck’s ears seemed to be growing smaller. His hair was a shining crown of blue-black cascades that fell like a dark waterfall, down to his shoulders and pooling on his chest. When he opened his eyes, they were forest green.

“One of the... unforeseen side effects I mentioned.”

Todd’s attention was drawn to sudden movement between Chuck’s legs as his cock, still hard, seemed to sprout all at once as if it were being inflated. Two thick veins popped along the surface and branched out along its girth, feeding the monster fresh blood. More veins appeared on his pelvis and inner thighs leading to his crotch as if pointing the way for where all the previous growth would suddenly culminate. His pubic hair darkened all at once into the Same midnight color of his head, spreading up, out and down, covering his scrotum and crowning his new monster which was so hard and red it looked like it might burst, but instead it simply kept increasing its size, each heartbeat of hot blood pushing it larger, longer and fatter.

“One of..?”

Chuck’s thighs were filled with striated power, muscles so large they forced his legs apart. They were bulls, huge wedge-shaped collections of power folding into each other. They swelled bigger and bigger, as if someone were pumping them up. Rounded diamonds exploded on his calves, or seemed to. They weren’t there, then suddenly they were. As Todd watched, Chuck’s legs seemed to lengthen, his torso to widen, his head moved taller as he sat there. Chuck’s lats flared abruptly outward as if he were sprouting wings, thick and meaty. They expanded up and out, now as wide as the cushion he was seated against.

“You mentioned Chuck’s previous odd behavior when I arrived?”

Chuck was moaning softly, his eyes closed as his hands explored his new body. He could feel every touch magnified, his skin tingling with desire.

“Yeah?”

Chuck’s hand reached down his body, his fingers climbing over his new washboard abs, through the shining black silk of his pubic hair.

“Another unforeseen side effect.”

Chuck’s cock sprang to life in his hand as he set his fingers to it, and its vigorous development renewed. He started to grow.

“Wait a second, does that mean he’s gonna..?”

And grow.

“Yes, he’ll experience the same first erection as yourself. It will be interesting to see it. Hopefully I can get some measurements before it culminates.”

Chuck sat forward and stood up, the newly cultivated muscles of his body working effortlessly, flexing and stretching and bulging in every direction. His touch was swelling his cock larger and fuller. A tiny dome of gleaming clear fluid appeared at the tip. "Yes," he said, his voice gruff and deep, oozing male potency. "Oh, yes..."

"He better not get bigger than me, that's all I'm saying." Todd sat down in a chair to watch. It would be interesting to see it happen from another viewpoint.

Chuck's quickly burgeoning manhood was an amazing site, indeed. In no time, the clear flow had swollen to a steady stream that draped his cock in a glistening coat. It had to be two feet high already and showed no signs of slowing down. "I didn't stroke it that much," Todd observed. "If he keeps that up he'll faint from the intensity."

"Shut up," said Chuck in a rough voice, as the tip of his dick climbed past his chest. His stroking continued unabated, and the lubricant was like a flood from his prick, thick surges spilling down his shaft and covering his balls as if he was squeezing the stuff out. Todd found his eyebrows rising in appreciation of Chuck's nuts, which looked to be as large as baseballs already, swelling his scrotum until it looked like a set of glossy glass balls. "He's going to hurt himself."

"More," said Chuck quietly. His cock was now extending to eye level, and he opened them to see the heavy flow pumping forth. "Yes," he said, "Oh, God, yes."

"Good, huh?" Todd was leaning forward, his chin resting on his knuckles, his elbows on his knees watching his friend's balls swell majestically.

The doctor was standing nearby with a tape measure. "Done yet?"

"Oh," Chuck moaned deeply. It was not clear that he'd heard.

"Is that as big as yours was, Todd?"

He nodded. "Eye level, as I recall." He qualified, "you have to remember that I was a little delirious at the time."

Chuck's hands were sliding up and down his monstrous pole with slow, deliberate strokes. He could feel each one to the tips of his toes and the ends of each hair on his head. He was drunk with it, drowning in it, engorged large and full and hard with orgasmic bliss. The doctor reached out tentatively and tried to measure the phallus, holding the tape as long as he could. "Can you help me a moment, Todd? I can't seem to reach."

"Sure, Doc." As the doctor held one end of the tape near the base of Chuck's huge erection, trying not to slip in his fast-growing pool of clear fluid, Todd stretch the tape up to the tip. "Looks like... about thirty-six inches of prick are what we have here."

"Thirty-six inches exactly?"

"Well, hold on." Grinning, Todd leaned forward and pressed the tape onto the slick shaft just below the ridge of the helmet. Chuck jerked with a spasm of pleasure. Todd rubbed the tape along the lip, moving it back and forth in the double dips of the head before sliding it up the separation toward the tip. "Thirty-five and one-half inches. Exactly."

Pulling the tape away, along with several long strands of the lube, he placed his hand on the helmet again and started buffing the surface. He could feel the heat and hardness of his friend under his touch, feel the strain of the pleasure Chuck was attempting to sustain. His own 10-incher gave a sudden pulse of eroticism that shocked its way through his system as if in alliance with the monster hard-on beneath his touch. Chuck's eyes met his and his new face smiled, showing a mouth of straight white teeth. He placed his other

hand against Chuck's manhood and each stroke seemed to pulse through his own body as well.

Chuck's face tensed. "I can't hold on..."

"Let go," Todd advised.

"But the feeling.... Oh, God, the feeling..."

"You ain't felt nothing yet, my man. You ready for the biggest orgasm the world has ever seen?" He glanced under the huge prick at Chuck's balls that were as big as grapefruit and red as a sunset in Maui. "Because you are about to blow the biggest wad in history."

As Todd stepped back, Chuck let go of his load, feeling the rushing surge of lightning through every inch of his body. It was an explosion of pleasure, of joy, of bliss so intense he thought he might die from its onslaught.

Up it rushed, emptying his balls and flooding out of him in a thick, fat stream that went on and on and on. A geyser of cum, a volcano of it, so much and so fast that Todd could actually hear it coming. It went straight up and splashed against the ceiling, splattering on everything in the room – the floor, the couch, the table, the walls, everything. The doctor, who saw what was coming, had already run for cover in another room.

Most of the load managed to find its way to the pool of clear precum and heeding Todd's advice to "dive into the source!" Chuck fell forward to lie in his wealth of the essence of man, allowing his own crop to flood back into his system and refine what he would become.

And the heat came again, soaking through him like thunder.

3

As he lay on the floor, pulling in every drop of the powerful essence that he could, Todd stood above his friend and watched the changes happen.

And just as they had with him, Chuck's body grew still larger with muscle, muscle that shaped itself into perfect symmetry across his frame. A beatific smile crossed Chuck's lips even as they grew lush and full below his small nose. His hair thickened, growing longer and fuller but not wavy like Todd's. His skin took on a darker hue as if kissed by the sun gods and his waist narrowed further, or appeared to as his shoulders and laterals thickened and widened. The hair on his chest spread as his chest spread. His nipples were as large as silver dollars, then larger still.

And his cock, even as it grew what the enhanced men would consider limp, did not grow as small as Todd's but hung across Chuck's thigh as a thick, meaty pipe capped with a flaring mushroom head cowed in an uncut foreskin.

Rising easily, Chuck now stood head to head with his old friend and smiled brightly as they looked into each other's eyes. "Well," he said, his tones now deep and rumbling, "I feel pretty good."

"You don't look so bad, either." He looked down at his friend's body and noticed something. "Hey!" he said, lifting Chuck's dick into his grip, "you're cock can't be bigger than mine!"

"I started out bigger, remember?"

"But I was here first!"

"Interesting," remarked the doctor. The two men turned, standing side by side looking at the man responsible for their changes. "It seems as if you men are not completely changed but rather take the best attributes you have and enhance them."

They glanced at each other and back at him. "Huh?"

"Well. To begin with Chuck is more thickly muscled than you are, Todd. But your proportions are more noticeable as a result."

They glanced at each other and back at him. "Huh?"

"Chuck has a powerful, thick build. He is hard muscle all over, and has more hair on his body. Todd, on the other hand, you have a more slender build, proportionally, so that your musculature and form – the V shape of your torso, for example, the line of your legs – is more pronounced. More sleek than powerful."

"But my dick's bigger."

The doctor glanced down. "Undoubtedly, Chuck. I was not passing judgment on appearance; I was merely making an observation. It could have turned out that you would have been mirror images of each other, but that is not the case."

"Yeah, well, Thank God for that." Todd turned his gaze on Chuck's dark perfection, eyeing his healthy length of heavy dick before reaching over to twist one of his friend's huge, dark nipples between his fingers. "Who'd want to look like that when he could look like this?" For display, he raised his arm and made his bicep swell to immensity. The head of the muscle climbed higher and higher as it split, his shoulder and arm creating a mountain range.

Chuck turned and flexed his own arm next to Todd, and grinned when his muscle climbed just as high, although he could see now what the doctor had mentioned about bulk versus sleek. Chuck's arm was a massive bulge, thick and heavy. Todd's own arm showed the curve and height to match, each muscle outlined and highlighted in extreme detail, but lacked some of the mass. He had no doubt that he must have a few pounds on Todd, but wondered if his friend could best him in strength, also.

He doubted it. He doubted that anyone felt as powerful as he did. It was a wonder his dick was not hard again. The feeling of muscle and might that suffused him was like nothing he'd ever dreamed of. He felt almost high with exhilaration and command. Like he could do literally anything, no matter what challenge was put before him.

The doctor's voice interrupted his musing. "I'd like to get you men to the labs to get some more accurate readings. I'm sure you're as interested about what your new dimensions and capabilities are as I."

"Capabilities?"

"Strength and capacities and so on."

"Capacities?"

"He means how strong we are, dummy." Chuck punched Todd in the arm for the comment, who made a show of rubbing where he'd been struck.

The Doc nodded, adding, "As well as any sensory improvements to vision and hearing and so on. I'd also need to study a Sample of both the clear lubricating fluid and the actual semen you are now both producing to discover what properties it contains which allows such radical physical changes in so short a time."

"You don't think it's dangerous, do you Doc?"

The older man shook his head. "I don't see how it's possible. The original serum contained no radical properties not already found in the human body. A simple collection of enzymes, proteins and genetic material." The two men were each arching a brow at him. "A little of this, a little of that."

"Well, like I said I know none of my clothes will fit me. You want us to go out just... naked? Like this?"

Todd held his arms slightly away as if to demonstrate exactly how naked he was, which was hardly necessary. Chuck was running a hand through his jet-black hair. He grabbed a handful and swung it around his body, draping it down his torso to see just how long it actually was. A pour of shining darkness hung across his expansive chest and over his rippled abdomen, the ends brushing along a good portion of his ample cock. It felt cool and as soft as the finest silk. He seemed to come to his senses and reached over to grasp his torn T-shirt, holding it over his wide chest where it looked like a child's shirt.

"Yeah, no way this is going to work."

"We simply need to make you decent, not exactly presentable."

Todd tried to gather up his equipment under his grip, saying, "Maybe if I just hold it all... nope, can't do that either." He was looking down where his cock and balls plainly refused to cooperate, a few inches of the shaft, the helmet and one ball overflowing his fingers.

"What have you got in your closet, Todd?"

"Hey, don't start ripping everything up in there!" Todd followed Chuck to his bedroom where his friend was already attempting to pull a white T-shirt – his preferred wardrobe – over his head.

“All this hair sure gets in the way. I wonder how chicks manage with it.” His voice was muffled slightly until his head popped through the collar and he started shoving his arms through the sleeves.

“I’m highly dubious of the success of your little trial with my clothes, Chuck.”

“Give me a chance, I’m only just... oops. Sorry.” One sleeve was already ripped free of its seams as his heavily muscled arm came through it. He went ahead with the other sleeve, ripping it out as well, and then pulled the undershirt down his thick torso. It clung to his chest and shoulders like a second skin, hanging loosely around his tight belly. His nipples looked like they might cut their way through the cotton at any moment.

“Okay, what’s the point of that? The shirt’s so tight on you, you might as well be naked. Half your stomach is showing, anyway, and isn’t covering up the lower half a bit more of a priority at the moment?”

Chuck was grinning anyway. “I always wanted a body like this. I mean, look at me! I’m damn sexy.” But when he went into a double-bi front shot, the back of the shirt and the shoulders finally gave way and he was left standing there with some tattered rags clinging to his neck. Laughing slightly – it wasn’t his shirt, after all – he tucked his finger under the collar and ripped the shirt off, then stood there a minute scratching himself absently. His big dick was wagging like a happy dog’s butt. “What about some boxers, Todd?”

“I’m not sure that’ll work.”

Chuck was opening drawers looking for underwear when Todd intervened, pulling out a pair of white Calvin Klein boxer briefs. He held them over his midsection. “Well, the waist will work, but the thighs are gonna be a problem.”

“No problem,” Chuck reported, as he tore the legs of another pair open up the side.

“See?” Bending slightly, he pushed one leg and then the other through the extra wide holes and pulled the shorts up his body, shoving his ample package to the right as he usually did without thinking.

There was still a problem when a few inches of his manhood fell out the leg to dangle snugly against his thigh. “Ooh,” he said, “tight fit.”

He started to readjust himself, creating an almost obscene basket in the crotch of the shorts by curling and bunching himself into it. The waistband sagged slightly to contain his entire collection and the cotton seemed to stretch to its limits, but it held. Lifting his hands away, he posed. “Well?”

Todd was rubbing his chin looking at the extreme bulge in his friend’s crotch. There was so much meat in so little space that the outline of the contents was plain to see. There was no doubt that it wasn’t a sock in Chuck’s huge bulge, but for all that he had managed to cover himself, even if it was stretching that definition as far as the straining cotton. “Turn around. Let’s see the rear view.”

Chuck pivoted and the term ‘butt floss’ entered Todd’s head. The Calvins had so much to contain up front that they’d sacrificed whatever they had in the rear to compensate. Two tiny, sad flaps of material barely covered any of Chuck’s tight, high ass cheeks. “That can’t be comfortable. Man you’ve got one hairy ass there, buster. Trying walking a bit.”

“Okay.” Chuck took a few steps and it was shortly apparent that another answer needed to be found. After just a few steps, his equipment started manifesting a mind of its own, seeking escape from its confinement. Either that or all the rubbing and buffing going on in those tighty whiteys was making Chuck feel a bit randy and in no time there was a

ripping sound and his entire collection was on display again, unfolding like a snake and actually ripping through the briefs.

“Impressive,” remarked Todd. Chuck wasn’t sure if he should be proud or embarrassed. But with a simple twist of his fingers and the barest straining of his muscle, the elastic waistband snapped apart and he was naked again. All that attention seemed to make his cock swell slightly, as well.

“Too bad you don’t own any kilts, Todd.”

“That would solve the problem.” He considered. “Well, seeing as we aren’t really going to be parading down the Mall wearing nothing but smiles, I suppose the towel solution will work until something better comes along.” He went to the hallway and came back carrying two bath sheets, handing one to Chuck. The other he wound around his waist, tying the ends together so that he ended up wearing a draping skirt with a high slit along his right leg. “There.”

Chuck was wearing a matching skirt and after a quick review of each other, they both nodded and turned to the doctor. “Okay, Doc,” said Todd, “lead on.”

The two huge men were forced to sit in the back of Chuck’s pickup, the only vehicle able to accommodate their larger dimensions. The wind turned their towels into flapping flags that they held down, but the sun and air felt wondrous against their skin. To Todd, it was as if his exposed flesh was super naked. He could feel every sensation magnified. Chuck had a similar reaction, even to point of feeling the need to stand up and face into the wind as the doctor drove along a back road to the lab. As his hair fanned out behind him like a banner, he opened his towel to let the air circulate through his undercarriage, reveling in the sensation. “I never want to wear clothes again,” he told Todd.

“I know exactly how you feel,” his friend agreed, “but I’m not sure that’s entirely realistic.”

“Fuck realism,” he answered, and he tossed the towel overboard.

“Hey! You owe me one bath sheet, asshole!”

4

Todd, still wearing his makeshift kilt, and a butt naked Chuck strode into a large room that seemed overwhelmingly white. Gleaming metal instruments sad silently around the floor and there was an antiseptic smell in the air.

The doctor led them toward two tables surrounded by various devices. Immediately, he picked up a small pen-shaped instrument and held it up to Todd. "This is a laser tape. A sort of extremely accurate measuring tape." He demonstrated on himself. A schematic of a human figure appeared on a computer screen, subdivided into its various parts. He touched the pen to the figure's arm and then shined a thin red beam across his own forearm. "Where the beam is broken, the instrument makes a measurement." He showed them the display that clearly indicated how wide his arm was in centimeters. Todd nodded, remembering his earlier experiences with the device before receiving the serum. "Now, let's see how you really measure up."

He cleared the screen and typed in Todd's name. Then he methodically started to shine the beam across his dimensions, asking him to lift this arm, bend that knee, inquiring whether a muscle was relaxed or flexed. He took dozens of measurements and each time, a number attached itself to the matching part on the display and the figure's dimensions adjusted accordingly, growing more and more to resemble Todd's electronic shadow. When he was done, he typed a few characters on the keyboard and saved the data. Then it was Chuck's turn. A new, clean figure appeared on the screen and the doctor began to change its dimensions to match Chuck's.

"Well," said Todd after that process was done, "any surprises?"

"Hmm? Oh, um, the data will have to be processed and compared. Chuck's original information is not stored in the system so we won't be able to measure the improvements in his case, but we have your old data here and we can take a look.

A page of data appeared on the screen with two silhouettes. The latter was obvious the Todd of today, and the other a picture of the old Todd. They were scaled to match and even here the difference was astounding. "Uh, what's this in English?"

"Pardon?"

Todd pointed at the figures. "In feet and inches."

"Oh. Yes." He pressed a few keys and the figures changed. Todd scanned them with a growing grin and Chuck whistled low. "Now the weight and ratio measurements. If you'll step over here please, gentlemen." He indicated what looked like a small metal platform. "This will..."

"This'll weigh us and also measure the fat content of our bodies, displaying that as a percentage of total body weight." Todd tapped his forehead. "See, I remember shit when I want to."

He stepped on the scale and the computer beeped after a moment. They went back to the screen to see the result.

Chuck read aloud, "previous weight, 254 lbs. Body fat ratio, 30%! Hell, Todd, you were a mess."

"I can remember someone else in the room who wasn't exactly..."

"Current weight, 277 lbs.! Body fat ratio, 12%. Well, that's certainly an improvement."

“Good God, Doc! Where did all the fat go? And I certainly don’t feel like I weigh almost three hundred pounds. If anything I feel lighter, not heavier.”

“The fat has been converted to muscle. Fat is merely the body’s way of storing excess energy, and in your case we’ve modified that stored energy to protein, or muscle. Muscle fiber is also denser than fat, so an equal portion weighs considerably more.”

“Yes, but... that much more?” He was feeling his chest, pushing at the dense fibers curiously.

“Don’t forget that you’re a little taller than you were, too.” Todd stood up as if to emphasize his point.

“It does seem out of proportion. Perhaps subsequent tests will reveal how this is possible. Chuck?” The Doc motioned to the platform and Todd’s friend stepped onto it. Another beep and the computer displayed the results.

Todd spluttered. “327 lbs.! 10% body fat!” He looked at his grinning friend. “That doesn’t make any sense. No way he’s got 50 pounds on me!”

“He appears to have more mass, but perhaps the length of time between your initial growth and the subsequent refinement via bodily fluid intake might account for it.” He looked more closely at Chuck’s arm, leaning toward it and pushing at the muscle with his finger. It did not budge. “Perhaps the reason for the difference in appearance also accounts... Chuck, could you step over to the weight bench, please?”

Chuck seemed more than happy to oblige. “I’ve been waiting for this part, to see just how strong all these good looks really are.”

“We’ll start with a bench press. Todd, would you load 400 lbs., please?”

Chuck spluttered. “400? Don’t you think...?”

“Trust me. Ready Todd? All right Chuck.”

Chuck wound his grip around the bar and prepared himself to grunt. His abdominal muscles tensed and swelled visibly as he started the lift in preparation for the strain, but they relaxed almost immediately and the bar went up very fast. “Are you sure you got the right weight on there, bud?”

Todd looked at the plates raised motionless in front of him. “400. On the nose.”

The weights lowered with a crash. “I need more.”

“How much?”

“Double it.”

“You sure?”

Chuck was grinning broadly. “Eight hundred.”

Todd moved the pin down, nodding when he had it in place. Chuck’s grip tightened and he lifted again, a laugh escaping his lips. “This is too funny.” He dropped the new weight and said, “Go to 1,200.”

“Pounds?”

“Yep. This is so totally fun, you can’t believe it.”

“Ready.”

Chuck’s arms bulged and his chest heaved. The fibers of each muscle stood out in bared power as he hefted the weight with slightly more strain but still considerable ease. He pumped out a few reps until it was clear that he’d grown used to the weight. The muscles of his body had slightly enlarged, pumped with fresh blood and growing to handle the increased weight. “More,” he said.

“How much?”

“Another 400 lbs.”

“You sure?”

“Oh, yeah.” His grin verified what his voice was saying.

“Okay, that’s 1,600 lbs. Go for it, bro.”

One, two, ten, twenty reps. His chest was red, the muscle mass swollen and angry. Thirty reps. Fifty. Chuck’s arms were blown up like balloons. He was using his whole body to lift the weight. His 8-pack looked like a cobblestone street. Seventy reps. He was still grinning, though. Eighty. His body was working to perfection, doing whatever he required of it.

One hundred. He let the weights rest.

Gaining his feet, Chuck was bouncing slightly with excitement and energy. Todd’s face was a mask of amazement and something else. Envy? Chuck had never felt anything like this. It was different from the absolute pleasure of the orgasm from his giant hard-on, this was no less complete but a different kind of joy. The joy of strength and power and size.

“Wow,” he said, “that was amazing.”

“Look at yourself, Chuck.” Todd’s voice was a quiet earthquake.

“Huh?”

Todd grabbed one shoulder and spun the man around. What he saw in the mirror made him stop dead. “Holy…”

He was the very picture of muscular perfection. His chest was piled with strength. His arms swollen with power and muscle. Like a roadmap of the male physique, all his muscles stood out in sharp, clear definition. The term ‘shredded’ was only a hint at what he looked like. Lifting his arm, his shoulder suddenly loomed next to his broad neck like a bowling ball. Bending his elbow, his bicep jumped into power, the head of the muscle splitting into two separate displays of absolute force. He felt an intense energy running through him as if he could take on the world, wrestle a bull to the ground, ride a rocket to the stars. “What the hell…”

“Step onto the scales again, please.”

He sleepwalked over to the platform, his head turned to watch his body retreat in the mirror. God, his ass looked great. Stepping up, after a moment the computer beeped again and Todd was scratching his chin in obvious befuddlement. “How is that possible?”

“What?”

“I’m not sure.”

“What? What?” Chuck dismounted and looked at the measurements. The screen read 354 lbs. 8% body fat. He had gained 30 pounds, all of it without a doubt in pure, massive muscle. He bent his arm again and grinned when the huge bicep split cleanly at its peak.

“Wow,” he said, “I’m buff.”

“Metabolism,” said the doctor.

“Huh?” said Todd.

“Chuck’s metabolism has apparently been altered to such an extent that it is turning any available energy – fat – into muscle as it is needed. I can’t think of any other way this could be possible.”

“What about me?” Todd’s fists were on his hips. “What about my needs?”

“One way to find out.”

They went back to the weight bench. “Start me at 800, Chuck, you muscle monster.”

“Okee dokee.”

In short order, Todd was up to 1,600 lbs. like his friend, but not satisfied just to match him. "Go for it," he said after 40 reps.

"One ton?"

He nodded, grinning. "I can do it. I know I can."

And after 50 reps of 2,000 pounds, Todd let the weights fall and stood up, his body displaying fresh new power along its lines. Even though he hadn't used his legs, even his thighs and calves looked bigger, fuller, more massive. He stretched his arms over his head, the curves of his triceps swelling along the undersides, then brought them down into a tight double-bi that would have sent the Mr. Olympia judges into ecstatic frenzy.

"Wow, that feels great." He pushed for just that much more, tensing the muscle tighter still until it bulged hard and red, pumped full to bursting.

"Always have to do better than me, doncha?" Chuck was leaning leisurely against the wall, his huge arms folded across his immense chest.

Todd's smile blazed. He tried to present a few poses like the bodybuilders did, but he'd never tried before and it ended up looking a little silly. He was feeling the swell and hardness in his arms and chest as he stepped back onto the scales for a second measurement. "How'd I turn out?"

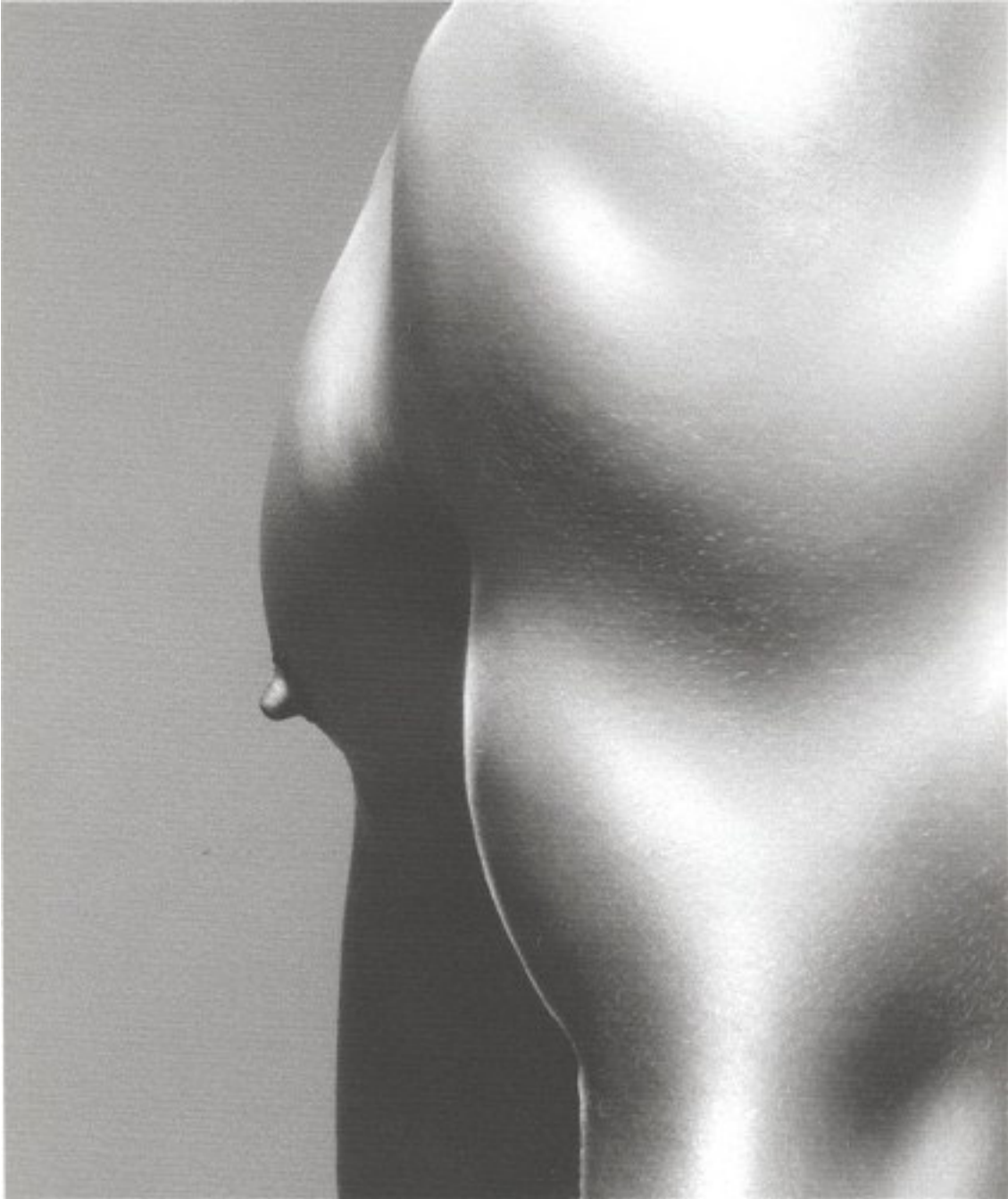
"Not bad, big guy," Chuck admitted. "322 lbs. A 50-pound gain in about 30 minutes. And body fat down to... 7%."

"Damn. Maybe I should go again."

Chuck laid a meaty arm across his friend's broader shoulders. "It's not a competition, you know."

"Chuck, everything's a competition."

His friend smiled. "Does that mean I win?"



5

The doctor seemed confused. Maybe even upset. He was looking at the figures he'd just taken, studying the comparison charts. "Something wrong, Doc?" Todd's vice was a deep rumble, a smooth roar of masculine power. The two naked men, walked up on either side of the elderly man, leaning down to read the screen that looked the same.

“My measurements are all incorrect in light of,” he paused, gazing toward one and then the other of his subjects, “recent activity.”

Chuck rubbed his washboard belly absently to kill an itch in the chilly room. “Sorry about that, Doc.” His voice, though only slightly less baritone than his friend’s, still might have shaken the ceiling tiles with ease.

The little man turned, adjusting the glasses on his nose. “How do you both feel?”

Todd straightened, his muscles rearranging themselves along his frame in a massive show of perfect power. “Fantastic.”

Chuck smiled, scrubbing his hand through the wealth of midnight locks covering his head and cascading down to his butt. “Ditto. Seriously, I mean, do we look like we’d say anything else?”

“Well, not to put too fine a point on things, but I was wondering if you were having any thoughts of a sexual notion.”

“Oh, you mean the monster.” Chuck hefted his huge uncut meat, waving its foot of sex flesh at the man.

Todd laughed slightly, petting his own slightly less showy giant’s 10 inches fondly. “I’m ready when you are, Doc. Just say the word.”

“I should very much like to collect Samples of the emissions, if I may.”

Todd had to laugh again at the little man’s oddly detached attitude toward what had been happening. “Fine by me.” Chuck nodded and was already stroking himself to erection, holding the thick root of his manhood in one hand while the other gave slow, steady caresses to the shaft. Todd’s touch seemed to be petting his cock as if it were a snake to be charmed to attention.

Both methods worked, no matter what the technique. While Todd closed his eyes, apparently concentrating on the pleasures of his flesh, Chuck’s eyes cast down to watch with an intense fascination as his prick started to grow thicker and longer, the helmet emerging slowly from his foreskin, almost seeming to inflate. He rubbed his thumb under the ridged lip, urging it on until a swelling bubble of clear liquid appeared at the eye.

“Here I go, Doc,” he said, as the dome turned into a drizzling flow, like a thin thread of glass falling from the slowly pulsing beast.

Todd’s streams did not begin until his cock was angling itself upward, but when it started the flow was sudden and thick, streaming over the head and shaft to coat his meat like honey. “Me, too,” he said, opening his eyes. His cock was pumping the fluid in a steady, even current as if a spigot had been turned on. Chuck’s started slowly but was catching up quickly, and soon both men had burgeoning erections shining with a slick film that flowed down the contours and over the men’s balls before gathering in a pool on the floor.

The doctor gathered a healthy Sample from each man, holding a glass vial under their nut sack until he seemed satisfied and then held two more empty vials for the second emissions about to be loosed. “I’m ready when you are, gentlemen.”

“So good,” moaned Chuck, his slow stroking continuing unabated as if the man had not spoken. “Feels so fucking good.”

Todd nodded an agreement, biting his bottom lip. His flows seemed to increase suddenly, the clear honey of the lubricant pouring out of his prick. “My balls are burning,” he said.

The doctor believed that was probably an overstatement, but he did observe the same swelling that he’d seen before. Each of Todd’s testes was growing larger and larger as if

filled to bursting with their cargo. The man's penis had increased dramatically in size in the last few moments, and the doctor assumed that ejaculation was imminent.

"So good, oh God, so good," Chuck moaned again.

The doctor stood back as Todd's load unleashed, a sudden hard fountain of thick white fluid that arced high overhead in the lab, coming back down partly mingling with the clear puddle. Waiting until it had all been released, the doctor gathered a Sample of the unmixed white fluid – he did not think it was semen – into a vial and then looked at Chuck's genitals.

"Oh, God," Chuck said again, and Todd looked over as he recovered from his own third orgasmic release of the day, of the morning, and saw something his eyes told him was impossible.

Chuck was slowly stroking his meat, his hands and prick coated with an unending flow of the clear lube, his cock swollen red and glassy hard, but the guy's balls were huge. They were pressing themselves against each other, against his thighs, swelling as he watched them. "Jesus, Chuck, let go already. You're gonna break your balls!"

Chuck moaned long and low. His nipples were swollen and hard on his mammoth chest. Even in the chill of the lab, he was sweating. "So good, oh man, yes, yes, yes..."

"I mean it, Chuck, blow your load or something bad's..."

"Ahhhhh..." His balls ballooned. They were on fire. His body shook. "Ahhhhhh..." Then he came.

He threw his head back and arched his back, shoving his enormous erection up and the thick, white fluid erupted as if from a volcano. The doctor and Todd both watched in stunned amazement as the man's balls slowly receded, his great load rushing up and out in an unending, extensive ejaculation. Todd could hardly imagine what Chuck felt like as his dam burst in one, long flood.

Finally it ended, and Chuck doubled over laughing, still hanging on to the overwhelming currents of erotic bliss that shook him from head to toe and in every fiber of his being.

"Better and better," was all he said.

The doctor scooped some of Chuck's flood into another vial and placed it on a tray with the others, taking all the Samples to another table.

Chuck was looking at his wealth of essence on the floor, seemingly debating whether he wanted another dose. Todd was already spreading a thin coat of the mixture on his skin, humming some tune softly. Chuck thought it might have been Whistle While You Work. With a shrug, he followed his friend's example muttering, "couldn't hurt."

The doctor was already analyzing Todd's two Samples, watching a screen to see what the results would be. When he turned, he watched as the two men's physiques began to change yet again, and he shook his head ruefully. It was another refinement, or rather a re-refinement that was taking place, as each man's newly grown muscles were again made smooth, perfectly proportioned, beautifully symmetrical. Idealized versions of the human male, now even more muscled and powerful. Todd was seeming to wash his face in the stuff, and Chuck followed suit after a moment.

The doctor turned back to his studies and pursed his lips. Momentarily, the two men were on either side of him. He could feel a heat emanating from each. "These are the results from your Samples, Todd. I think..." he began, then paused as he turned and looked at the man. Though his face had only slightly altered, the differences were striking. He looked almost too beautiful, now. He thought that any woman – indeed, any man or

woman who gazed at his face would have a hard time not swooning or fainting. All he said, though, was, "Interesting." Todd's new face was a dark beauty, with long thick lashes and lush, full lips. His skin was darker, his complexion Mediterranean. The golden curls of his mane only accented his sculpted magnificence.

One of Todd's perfectly shaped brows arched. "What?"

Chuck looked over. "Wow, Todd."

"What?" He looked up, and swallowed hard. "Jesus, Chuck."

The doctor looked over as well, and Chuck's bronzed beard-shadowed face had been replaced with one as beautiful, if different, as Todd's. The line of his cheek was more defined, the jaw more straight, the nose more aquiline. His eyes were a piecing deep green, like emeralds. Not a crease or a line marked him anywhere.

"You want me to fuck you now or fuck you later?" Todd's ice blue eyes flashed and he wiggled his blonde brows.

"Later. Go ahead, Doc."

"Ahem. Well, this is the clear fluid. As you can see, it is mostly enzymes and proteins. No sugars at all, which explains its high viscosity."

"It's huh?"

"Why it's so slippery, dummy." Todd rapped Chuck's head.

"And this," he said, the screen changing, "is the white fluid. Which appears to me to be... sperm."

"Sperm?"

He nodded. "As far as I can tell, yes. Now, when we combine the two, an interesting chemical reaction takes place." Another screen appeared. "As you can see here."

"I can?" Chuck got another thwap on his head.

"This is an odd assortment of proteins and enzymes, including a rather extraordinarily high amount of testosterone, which is to be expected, but what interests me is this table, here."

"And... what is that?"

"This appears to be recombinant DNA."

"It's what?"

"Yes, your genetic structure is being altered with each, uh, application."

"How?"

"I'm not actually sure. But from the appearance," he said, gazing back and forth, "it doesn't appear to be detrimental."

"But why is that happening? And why is it affecting us like this?" Chuck stood up and held his arms out, illustrating exactly what he meant by 'this,' displaying the perfected male beauty of his new form.

"Again, I can't say for certain. We knew the serum would react positively in the male system, enhancing certain functions concerning muscle development, sexuality, virility, et cetera. Perhaps it was something in your own make-up, Todd, that has created this chemical reaction that brings on the, well, remarkable development which we have witnessed."

"And this will keep happening? Every time? How is that possible?"

"It's impossible to say what will happen, but based on observation of reaction to date I don't see a reason that it would stop."

“So, we’ll just keep getting bigger? Stronger?” Chuck’s tone didn’t sound like he minded that possibility.

“Stronger, possibly. Bigger... less certain. I believe that much of the weight gain we saw earlier was not in muscle mass, but rather muscle density.”

“In English?”

“You have more muscle, therefore more strength, and we saw a certain amount of growth but certainly not enough to account for a gain of 30 pounds, as in your case, Todd. Instead, I believe that you are realizing an increased amount of muscle but it is, um, super condensed. More muscle fiber in a smaller amount of space. You therefore weigh more and are able to exert more strength and pressure, but your appearance changed only slightly other than the first remarkable growth.”

“And that first growth?”

“Is your body expanding as far as possible to accommodate... you must understand this is all conjecture on my part, based only on the evidence at hand.”

“So, stronger and more powerful, but not muscle-bound.”

“Yes.”

“And the other... the face and the other physical enhancements”

“The ‘we’re beautiful motherfuckers’ part, he means.”

“Thanks loads, Chuck.”

“Genetic imperative, I imagine.”

“You lost me again.”

“Any species relies on propagation to survive. The most powerful, the most capable members of that species pass on their genetic advantages to benefit the entire species. I suppose your physical beauty could be a manifestation of that survival trait.”

“Huh?”

“More people want to fuck us.”

“Oh.” Chuck was grinning. “That probably explains...”

“What?”

“Well, remember this morning when I walked in, and I was acting...”

“You were acting totally weird, yeah I remember.”

“Well, it was because when I saw you, when we were in that room together, it took everything in me not to hump your bones and suck your beautiful dick right there.”

“Beg pardon?” Todd looked perplexed. The doctor was nodding.

“Yeah, it was like... heat and you were giving off... this scent that just drove me... I tell you, Todd, I could hardly control myself. And I’m deadset hetero.”

“Uh huh.”

“But now I’m here with you and, I gotta say you look better than ever and I’d still suck that cock in a minute, but I’m not feeling that same drive.” He looked at the doctor. “But you’re not feeling anything?”

“I must admit that I can sense a sort of... tugging toward you. But I’m a bit past my prime as far as the mating rituals go.”

“You want to suck my dick?”

Chuck shrugged. “That’s one prime piece of horse hanging there.”

“But...”

“It’s strange, I admit. I’ve never really considered anything like that before, but there’s just something about how you’re standing, how it’s hanging, something so beautiful and perfect about it that I want to, you know, have it. Stroke it. Suck it.”

The doctor looked at Todd. “Any confessions of your own?”

“Well, I mean,” he started slowly, scanning his best friend’s proportions, how his chest rose and fell, those huge rosy nipples, the swell of his arms and legs, the thick tube of meat and the perfectly shaped balls. He started to think about nuzzling them, smelling them, running his tongue up the long, long shaft and teasing the head free of the foreskin. “Maybe,” he said.

“Interesting.”

Chuck’s smile lit his dark features. He spoke directly to Todd, now, explaining himself.

“It’s like, I mean, I love fucking. I totally love sliding into some girl’s beautiful wet pussy. I love eating her out, licking her and making her more and more wet. And I have no doubt that I still want to do some of that business, although, from the shape of things – or, rather, the size – maybe that’s not as possible as it once was.” He sighed. “But this is something else. Not exactly sex, more like possession. Or maybe it’s only sex, and not fucking. Or only pleasure, and not sex. But I feel like, I feel like if I could suck that dick of yours, if I could pull you into my mouth and rake my teeth across your shaft, tongue your leaking slit, lick your balls as they swelled with your power. If I could feel your muscles, feel your weight against me, supporting you, caressing your skin, playing with your tits. Man, I mean, you know? I mean, it’s just totally hot. A hot feeling.”

“So, you’re saying you want to suck my cock. I mean, I’m just...” Todd’s gaze moved down his friend’s body. Something about his stance now, his ready position. He was breathing heavier, he was licking his lips slowly. Did he know he was caressing his own chest, that his fingers played along the line between the globes, that his nipples were enlarging? Did he realize how hot he looked standing there like that, how fine and shiny his hair looked, how deeply jade his eyes were? “...trying to make sure I understand.”

“I’ll suck your dick better than anyone’s ever sucked any cock before. I’ll suck you to heaven and back. I’ll suck your cock and drive you insane and I still won’t stop.” Chuck was already lowering himself to his knees.

“I...”

“And then you’re gonna suck me dry.” His tongue poked between his full lips and wound itself around his shaft. He moved his mouth along its length, placing soft wet kisses teasingly at each inch. He bent low, his body suddenly sinuous and sensual, and looked up through a cascade of dark hair at his friend’s eyes as he opened his mouth and pulled Todd’s monster inside.

Todd could feel Chuck’s ministrations intensely. He was being swallowed whole, deep throated, and if this was truly Chuck’s first attempt at sucking a dick he would surely turn pro immediately. His teeth tightened on the girth, and Todd felt his flow begin. Chuck’s grin spilled a drizzle of clear fluid, and he started moving his mouth up and down, sucking like a Hoover. There was so much lube that it spilled down the shaft, already engorged and throbbing, but Chuck was swallowing some of that fluid, too.

Todd released a moan. Damn, Chuck was true to his word.

The clear flow spilled down Chuck’s chin and neck, coating his chest in a glistening glaze. Todd closed his eyes to concentrate on the incredible blowjob going on down below. The doctor, after a moment of observation, decided it might be better if he

observed from a more discrete vantage point. After all, this was something else that was unexpected, assuming that both subjects had shown no previous interest in homosexual sex. How far would they go? Were all inhibitions lost? And was this a drive they each felt, or was it simply that the lack of a female sexual partner had forced Chuck to... so many questions!

Todd moaned again. Todd moaned a lot, Chuck thought. But damn this was hot.

Todd's skin in his hands was silky smooth, soft yet supple. And he could feel the writhing muscle just under the surface, the power and strength coursing there. The feel of the warm lube over his chest was making him even hornier, instead of less.

"What are you... what... oh... uh, uh.... Mmmmm..."

Chuck raked his teeth along Todd's prick. The slick lube was salty, almost spicy. The male scent, like sweat and musk, swam deeply through his senses. But Todd was getting too big to handle in this position. Chuck wrapped his lips around the shaft, sucking against the stiffening cock, feeling it swell, feeling its heat increase. "We need to make a few adjustments if you want me to finish this," he said. His fingers dug into Todd's ass flesh, squeezing a further swelling of growth into the meat.

"Whuh... why did you stop?"

Chuck's lips twisted into a half grin as he slid his hand along Todd's monster, moving his grip up its length and rubbing the tip of his thumb under the ridge of the helmet. "You're getting a little large, my man. Unless you want this thing," he nodded toward the burgeoning beast, slipping his grip back down its length again, "punching through the top of my skull, we need you on the floor."

Todd smiled then, too. Chuck licked the length of his pole, forcing Todd to suck in a deep breath through pursed lips. "You're the boss," he said between clenched teeth.

Chuck squeezed Todd's cock tightly. "Believe it." As Todd kneeled, Chuck moved his hands across his friend's impressive contours, leaving a slick trail of Todd's juice across his glowing coppery skin. The touch lingered at his nipples, and he pinched them in unison.

Todd's rippled abdomen retracted, then relaxed. His smile increased and he closed his eyes, allowing Chuck to take control of the situation. He seemed to know what he was doing. His deep voice rumbled softly. "You sure you've never done this with another guy, before?"

"You want to have a conversation," Chuck asked, moving down Todd's reclining form toward his still lengthening meat, "or you want me to suck you dry?" He didn't wait for an answer.

Again, Todd felt himself sliding down Chuck's throat. It was warm and wet and slippery. It was a pussy with teeth and a tongue. How Chuck could take him so deeply and still manage to breathe was something Todd intended to ask him.

Later.

His eyes still closed, he felt Chuck's weight moving across him, lying atop him, the muscles of their bodies pressing against each other, the hemispheres of Chuck's massive chest on Todd's heaving rippled belly. Chuck was straddling Todd, his knees bent, his ass pointed at Todd's chin. Todd opened one eye, spying Chuck's muscular butt moving slowly back and forth as his friend's mouth fucked his cock. His friend's dangling prick, semi-hard from what he could only assume was Chuck's earnest ministrations, dragged

along the crevasse of his own chest, painting a streaming trail of clear lube in the deep valley of muscle.

Grinning, Todd bent an arm, sensing again the deep satisfaction of the power held in his bicep as it inflated, and moved his grip onto his friend's ass. Then his other hand, too. He began to knead the muscular flesh, teasing the edge of his asshole with a brush of his thumbs, then he dipped down to collect some of his friend's natural lube and pushed his finger inside, fingering Chuck's hole.

His friend's sphincter closed on his digit, then opened and invited further investigation. Todd knew what this felt like, having sometimes fingered his own anus as he jerked off in the privacy of his shower. He leaned up, feeling aroused now both below the belt from the intensity of Chuck's oral attention, and now above the shoulders, his eyes drinking in the tanned globes of the beautiful ass inches in front of his face. Chuck's balls swung back and forth in a semi-circle around his smooth, thick cock. A single thick vein snaked along the shaft like a trace of dark stone on a marble column. Todd leaned forward, his abdominals swelling into power to support his massive upper body, and he laid soft kisses all around Chuck's rosy asshole before darting his tongue forward to lick the salty sweat off.

Chuck moaned, and Todd felt it reverberate along his stiff cock. Todd could feel his load building to climax. He would have bet that the lube was flowing like a river, now, and he reached to cup Todd's suddenly swelling balls in his hands and squeezed them slightly, then marveled when they enlarged in his hands, feeling them inflate like water balloons filling with his friend's potent seed. He pulled Todd's cheeks wider and plunged his tongue inside, then reached underneath and started to stroke his swiftly growing prick, now swelling and hardening with almost magical speed. Todd's balls continued to expand, dropping lower and growing bigger with every heartbeat.

Todd tightened his own asshole against cumming. He was so deep inside Chuck he thought his cock head was probably tickling his friend's gullet. He felt huge, hot and hard as steel. He was eating out Chuck's ass like a starving man at an all-you-can-eat Sunday brunch.

Chuck sucked like a Hoover on Todd's fat prick. He wanted to swallow him whole. He felt a sudden swelling all the way down his throat and knew that Todd was finally surrendering his load. The excitement and erotic charge of the anticipation set off his own alarms, and he could feel the quicksilver surge of his own seed as it began racing up his own engorged member.

They came together, Todd unloading into Chuck's hungry mouth and Chuck spraying his charge all over Todd's belly and crotch, down his legs and under him, coating his ass and thighs.

"Interesting," said the doctor. It was the first thing he'd said during the nearly 15 minute suck and stroke session.

Chuck felt Todd's heat spreading inside him. It was like swallowing lava, like feeling the sun flowing into him. It was life itself, it was getting an erotic charge direct from the source.

Todd felt his orgasm grow overwhelming, the joy flooding his heat pushing everything else out until something hot and wet spread itself all over him, gushing across his skin like sizzling cream.

Chuck's orgasm was a crescendo in time to sucking his friend off. His entire body, inside and out, shook with an intensity of pleasure and fulfillment he'd only touched before. How it could possibly feel better than it had felt before was beyond imagining. He wondered for a moment if this cycle could continue, if it could possibly feel better still the next time, but the thought was obliterated when the heat inside unexpectedly grew incandescent and he threw himself off Todd's cock and rolled onto his back on the cold floor, grabbing his belly and folding in on himself.

As Chuck rolled off of him, Todd's skin felt as if it were on fire. Wherever Chuck's juices coated him, his flesh blazed as if dipped in acid. His hands clenched into fists, his back arched high, his muscles clenched and reddened with strain.

The doctor rushed over, placing his hand on Todd's shoulder and called his name, but there was no response. He gazed at Chuck, who was exhibiting similar distress, and noted that the other man's body was as red as if the man had lain in the sun too long. The redness emanated from his midsection, but within moments his entire form was on fire.

All of Chuck's emissions, which had coated Todd's skin and the floor around them, were being drawn into Todd. Everywhere it touched, that same redness grew and spread.

Both men's forms twisted in seeming agony.

Then, just as suddenly as it had begun, Todd grew suddenly still, panting heavily, the red of his flesh dimming. Chuck, almost at the same time, also relaxed visibly, his eyes closed, air drawn into his lungs in short, deep breaths.

"Transference?" The doctor's brows fell together as he attempted to piece together what was happening. "Always before, each had drawn on his own emissions." He mused aloud, grabbing the pad and pen from his pocket as he mumbled. "I observed each man performing sexual activities with the others, when no homosexual proclivities had previously manifested." He tapped the pen against his lip before continuing. "That I know of. However, neither subject showed any hesitation nor self-consciousness once the interaction was taking place. Indeed, the subject of the volunteered fellatio engaged in analingus with the partner halfway through the ministrations.

"This may suggest one of two things." He paused, looking down at the two men's muscled forms, still seemingly passed out on the floor. "Perhaps both. The absence of a female caused their enhanced libidos to overcome previous sexual preferences and encourage suppressed homosexual urges already present in order to satisfy overwhelming sexual need. Or, each male had an unconscious desire to exchange sexual emissions with the other as some act heretofore unobserved in connection with the formula and we are moving to a new and unknown territory in the experiment.

"Both subjects exhibited sudden and unexplained pain immediately following simultaneous ejaculation and..."

"Ohhhh, my head."

"My body."

"Yeah, that too."

The doctor stopped writing and looked down as each man stirred back to wakefulness. Todd and Chuck each lay on their backs on the floor. The doctor said, as if to himself, "I observe no immediate physical changes as have previously manifested immediately following any sexual discharge." Then, his voice more animated, "How do you feel?"

"Which one of us?"

"Either of you. Chuck, you ingested Todd's entire ejaculation."

“Are you congratulating me or making an observation?” Chuck sat up, a relief map of muscle popping into power on his stomach as he did so.

“Well if it’s not a congratulations, Chuck, consider yourself thanked.” Todd rolled over to his side, looking at his friend. “That was the best blow job I’ve ever had, my man. You are one killer cocksucker.”

“Coming from a man who’s cock nearly killed me, I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“Gentlemen...”

“No, really Chuck. That thing you did with your teeth?”

“Under the ridge? On the underside?” Todd nodded, and then gave thumbs up, his white teeth flashing into a broad smile. Chuck shrugged. “Just something I picked up somewhere. But you! Todd, man, where did you ever learn that asshole routine?”

“The rimming?” Todd’s muscled shoulders mirrored Chuck’s shrug. “Just something I picked up somewhere.”

“Gentlemen, please...”

“You feeling okay?”

Chuck’s eyes narrowed for a moment as he did an internal check. Then he nodded slowly. “Yeah. Yeah, I’m okay.” He was suddenly on his feet, rising with a gymnast’s grace and agility. “Great, in fact!” He looked down to check himself out, moving his hands across his bulging contours. A spill of black silk cascaded forward and he held it aside, his fingers dancing across his belly’s 8-pack, his slim hips, his ample cock. His voice sounded slightly disappointed when he said, “no changes, though.”

Todd rose as well, moving with catlike grace. His dark skin was like bronze, the muscles moving beneath the flesh with consummate power and beauty. He lifted one leg up, watching the muscles of his thigh burst into power, then continued to lift it, a look of wonder on his face. His leg lifted perpendicular to his body, stretching to reach over his head. He stood motionless, effortlessly holding his leg against his body, the foot wiggling overhead. “Wow, this is pretty amazing.”

“Shit,” said Chuck, who followed suit and found his body equally ready to obey.

“Shouldn’t this hurt, like, a lot?”

“I would think so, but...” Todd was moving his body in graceful arcs, realizing that he now had an unnaturally flexible frame. “It doesn’t.” He bent over backwards, his powerful body allowing the movement to progress at an inhumanly slow pace, each finger of muscle taking over as needed, his body reacting to the demands he placed on it without seeming effort or strain. He performed a handstand, keeping perfectly still, not a tremble anywhere, then did a series of pushups from that position, his triceps bulging with fierce brawn, his shoulders bunching and flexing, moving up and down as if someone else were holding his feet and dipping him. Then with a flip through the air, he alighted back on his feet again, perfectly.

Chuck was grinning broadly. “You know what this means, right?” Todd arched a perfect brow in question as Chuck raised his finger, drawing the other man’s attention as he bent over, folding in half, opening his mouth and sucking his own prick inside, a joyful moaning coming from him in lengthy satisfaction.

Todd puffed out a sudden quick breath. “Shit, now I’ll never get any work done.”

The doctor was quickly scribbling in his book, then said, “Any other new, erm, talents?”

“Chuck? Chuck. You wanna stop blowing yourself for a minute and...”

“Not really, no.”

“You can’t possibly be ready to cum again so soon.”

“Aren’t you?”

Todd considered the question a moment, and almost immediately a very discernable swelling came over his member, each beat of his powerful heart sending renewed heat and size into it. The head was dropping lower and blooming like a rosebud. “Oh. I guess so.”

The doctor was writing in his notebook. “Almost constant arousal at will.” He looked up, “At will?”

“What?” Todd looked up from his enlarging meat. Chuck stood with his arms folded across his mammoth furry chest, looking self-satisfied with himself.

“You can, in a manner of speaking, turn it on at will. Can you also turn it off?”

Chuck’s mouth quirked in a sideways grin. “Sure, but why would we want to?”

Todd realized Chuck was right again, and as if he had turned off a spigot of desire, his prick was returning to its more natural state as suddenly as it had begun growing. He was grinning too, thinking that his definition of a natural state had changed dramatically over the last few hours.

“Control over bodily functions seems complete and total. Very...”

“Interesting. Yeah, we know that, Doc.” Chuck walked toward Todd and threw his arm across his friend’s shoulder, gesturing to include them both in his next statement. “And we’re gorgeous and horny and hung like the proverbial horse.” He jabbed his thumb into the thick meat of his own chest, not denting it in the slightest. “But as you’ll recall, I never signed up for this... this... experiment of yours.”

Todd’s perfect features frowned. “You’re complaining? You have got to be kidding me.”

“Okay, reality check bro.” Chuck stepped away from his friend, moving his hand down to heft the one-foot length of his substantial prick in his hand. “What the hell is this good for?”

“Okay, once again, you have got to be kidding me.”

“I’m serious. Sure, I can suck myself off. I assume you can suck me off since I can suck you off.”

“Yes, yes you can.”

Chuck grinned in spite of himself. “That’s not the point.”

“Then, I’m still missing the point.”

In an instant, Chuck was suddenly erect. To Todd and the doctor, it was as if someone had suddenly inflated his cock with an air hose. One minute, Chuck’s impressive 12-incher was hanging thickly between his smoothly muscled thighs, the helmet hidden under the cowl of his foreskin. The next, he was sporting a 2-foot woody, his prick engorged and amazing, standing stiffly at attention. The head was red and glossy, the shaft as thick as a beer can, the skin stretched taut and shiny. “How’m I ever going to fuck anybody with this thing?” He turned profile to more amply display his assets. “I have a damned fire pole between my legs. I could jack up a semi with this thing.”

“How’d you..?”

His balls joined the party, swelling large and round as rapidly as his cock had erected itself to its current state of bloated bliss. He shifted his feet wider to account for the baseballs suddenly hanging heavy with ripeness under his prick. “And these things.” He gestured at them, and they grew even bigger. “Who’s not going to run screaming from me when they start swelling up like balloons?” In emphasis, they grew just that much

larger before the entire collection of Chuck's genitalia returned to their normal impressive though flaccid state.

"Chuck?"

"Todd?" he mimicked.

"What did you just do?"

"What? This?" And again, in magic transformation, where there had been a beautiful 12-inch cock and a set of ample balls, there was a rock-hard erection standing at full mast rising above two of the most impressive nuts – well, grapefruit – on the planet before there was just Chuck and his amazing cock again. "That's nothing."

Todd wrinkled his forehead and, sort of half-heartedly, his own cock slowly extended and enlarged, the growth increasing rapidly until he was sporting his own blue steel stiffy. He touched it tentatively and was rewarded with the familiar deep shock of erotic pleasure. He pursed his lips, glanced away, and a steady flow of clear lube gushed from the tip to coat the masterpiece of male potency. "Cool," he said.

"Yeah, whatever." He turned to the doctor. "So, while Cockzilla here amuses himself with his amazing self-lubricating erection, answer me that, Herr doctor. Am I ever going to get some pussy again?"

"Truthfully?"

Chuck crossed his arms over his chest. The doctor thought that it seemed like the man's shoulders grew just a bit larger. Todd's deep voice was as smooth as glass. "That would be nice."

"The human vagina was never meant to accommodate anything of your size. The chances that you will again enjoy a male-female sexual relationship including vaginal intercourse are... unlikely."

"Uh huh."

"Which is not to say that it's impossible. I'm told many women are attracted to large male genitals, and I don't think I'd be wrong to say that with one possible exception, there are no larger male genitals to be found than those with which you are equipped."

"Hey, this is neat!"

Chuck and the doctor looked over to watch an amazing and wholly unbelievable display. Todd's body was altering before their eyes.

He was the Todd they had both become familiar with, at first. An inhumanly beautiful man with darkly tanned skin, a flowing mane of wavy gold locks, ice blue eyes, a narrow nose and full, sensuous lips. As they watched, Todd's head of hair darkened to chestnut, and then to black. His skin turned from a deep, dark bronze to a golden brown. His eyes even altered, becoming emerald green. Small refinements over his facial features and body continued until there seemed to be another man standing before them. A man who could be identified as Todd if you knew what Todd looked like, but the figure of a man with enough differences in appearance and stature that he wasn't Todd anymore.

His hair was just as long and full, his body as well muscled and bursting with health, his skin still glowing under the lab lights, but he wasn't Todd anymore until his familiar, albeit deeper than normal, voice came out of the new mouth. "Cool, huh?"

"Okay. I give up. How's that possible?"

Chuck was probably asking the doctor, who seemed as dumbfounded as he was, but it was Todd who answered. "Search me. I was playing with the dick thing, making myself hard and soft and hard again, and I started to wonder if I could get a foreskin like yours,

because I think it looks kinda sexy. Sort of.” Chuck arched an eyebrow and checked out his cock as Todd continued. “And as I wondered that, it just happened. I had a foreskin.” And just as quickly as he said it, he had one again. The flesh of his cock just extended down while its overall length stayed the same, gifting him with a snug collar of skin that hooded the head of his prick. “So that set off my imagination and I started thinking, like, ‘I wonder what it would be like to have black hair.’ Or red hair!” And his hair changed again, turning strawberry blonde. “Or what if I had more hair on my body.” And he did, a carpet of hair spreading from between the muscles of his chest and moving outward like a fur tide, then down, over his belly, spreading wide on his groin, his mane growing darker again to match this new garden of curls growing over his muscled torso. “Or no hair at all.”

And it all fell out. All of it. And he stood there, bald and completely hairless, his skin bronzed, his features back to original Todd-ness, a forest of hair at his feet.

“Muscles and skin,” murmured the doctor.

“Huh?” said Todd and Chuck at the same time.

“You can’t grow shorter, correct?”

Todd tried and nothing happened. “Looks like not.”

“Nor taller.”

Again, “Nope.”

The doc nodded. “The changes you manifested are likely an extension of the new total control side-effect. You’re able to change any physical characteristic of your body as far as your muscles and skin will allow, Therefore, pigmentation, follicle stimulation, alterations to your musculature. But not skeletal. They are all extensions of what...”

“Hey, that would mean...” Chuck glanced down, and his cock shrunk as they all watched. Ten inches. Eight. Six. Four. Then it bloomed to twelve again, extending out and down like an unfurling tongue. “I’m happy again.”

“Because you can fuck?”

“Because I can fuck and because I look like this.” Then his features started to change, his hair turning a familiar shade of blonde, growing curly, his skin growing darker, his musculature slimming slightly, his eyes changing from green to ice blue, almost silver.

“Hey! You’re me!”

“Hey, I’m whoever I want to be!”

Then, as the doctor watched, the two men began a series of rapid metamorphoses, changing body type, complexion, hair and eye color, hair style, body hair developing over one set of muscles, then another, the floor beneath them looking like a summer lawn covered with dark cuttings.

“Gentlemen.”

Todd’s nipples grew suddenly huge, hair again sprouted on his head cropped close in a flattop. His arms and shoulders began bulging with thick striations. The separation between the hemispheres of his chest deepened by the inch as he allowed the power buried inside his muscles to manifest as increased size. He appeared to be expanding as if inflating with brawn. His upper arms grew obscenely huge, his back finally joining the jamboree as his lats blossomed wider and thicker.

“Gentlemen?”

Chuck grew a mustache and beard, his hair dark and hanging to his shoulders. His body grew hair everywhere, a wealth of silken curls carpeting a body packed with dense

muscles, hard and massive and raw. Thick veins began twining across his bulging contours like snakes.

“Gentlemen, please!”

Each man eyed the other and as if they came to some silent agreement of competition, their cocks suddenly began to burgeon, lengthening themselves to ungodly, impossible spans. Veins began popping on their loins, crawling up their bellies thicker, filled with the hot blood necessary to feed their beasts to engorgement. More veins, big and small, webbed the shafts that continually solidified and expanded. The heads bloomed and swelled, larger and larger still.

“Gentlemen!!”

They both looked over at the doctor, suddenly aware of their rivalry. They were sporting mammoth appendages, reaching beyond their knees, thick as their arms. They had giant cocks almost cartoonish in appearance, overly developed and impractical for anything, but amazingly potent and feral hanging from their loins in overripe abundance. Thick, firm shafts like third legs leading down to drooping helmets as big as fists, smooth and perfectly formed. “Oops,” said Todd sheepishly.

“Still,” said Chuck, holding up his enormity with both hands, muscles bulging on his arms with the effort, “that’s pretty impressive if you ask me.”

Todd had to nod an agreement. “Sorta gross, though.”

Chuck’s dick shrunk down to a more manageable size. It looked like a tape measure was rewinding into its holder. Todd’s followed suit soon after. “Something to keep in mind should we ever need it, though.”

Todd was refining his overall look to one that suited him for the time being. It looked, not surprisingly, very close to how he’d looked before anything started changing. “And what, pray tell, would that situation be?”

Chuck had also returned to his previous raven-haired god incarnation, although he seemed to like a little more fur on his muscles than before. “I don’t know. Taking a piss in a biker bar. Imagine seeing one of those in the stall next to you!”

Todd smiled. “That would put things into perspective, I suppose.”

“Are we all quite finished?”

Todd looked down and, making a gesture as a man would if he were adjusting himself in his briefs, tugged his dick out a bit longer to match Chuck’s ample measurements. “Yes, sir.”

Chuck grinned at his friend, saying “Funky!”

“What?”

“That thing you did.” He followed Todd’s example, gripping his cock in his hand and tugging on it, making it seem to lengthen as he pulled it. “Kinda cool.” Chuck opened his hand, making himself swell to fill his grip. Then he squeezed, and the shaft returned to its previous dimensions. “Chuck gets big, Chuck gets small, Chuck gets big, Chuck gets small.”

“Very amusing.”

Chuck lowered his voice to a deep rumble and bent one arm, swelling the bicep to enormity. “Chuck get big.” With his other hand, he pulled a couple extra inches of length out of his prick and made himself swell to beer can thickness. “Mm. Chuck very big!”

Todd looked at the doctor and said, “He could go on like that for hours. Let’s move on.”

“Very well. On to our next experiment.”

6

“What next experiment?”

“Todd, have you noticed that neither you nor Chuck has had anything to eat or drink since this morning?”

“I’m not hungry,” observed Chuck.

“Me, neither.”

“Yes, well, perhaps I should be more precise. Both of you gentlemen have experienced phenomenal muscular development as well as an overall increase in size. Both of those occurrences normally take several months or years to manifest, and are driven by intakes in proteins, vitamins, minerals, etc.”

“Yeah, and?”

The doctor’s brow wrinkled. “Yet your growth has occurred seemingly without such fuel and, even now, having spent several minutes during which you both continually increased muscular mass, soft tissue development, follicle stimuli...”

“Soft tissue huh?” Todd wagged his dick toward Chuck to better illustrate the doctor’s point. “Oh,” he said, and grinned.

“At any rate, I’m sure you see my point.”

“We should be starving, for one thing.”

“And we aren’t,” Chuck reiterated.

“And if we’re not starving, we should be exhausted.”

“Which,” Chuck began before launching his new, improved form in a series of twirling vaults across the floor, spinning in the air at the last twirl before landing both feet on the ground, hands thrown upward perfectly displaying what several Olympic-grade gymnasts often dreamed they could do, “we aren’t.” He wasn’t even breathing hard.

The doctor scribbled a few more notes. Todd asked, “Do you know why?”

“I don’t know anything, Todd, but I have a theory.”

The huge man crossed his arms over his chest while Chuck sauntered back towards them from the other side of the room, walking with a sleek, controlled grace as if ready to take-off on another series of impressive gymnastic skills any moment. “And that would be?”

“You have, in fact, been taking in one form of protein.”

Todd’s brow arched, but Chuck said, “Jizz.”

Todd glanced over. “You have such a way with words.”

Chuck smiled, pursing his lips and kissing the air toward his friend. “Tease.” They were standing side by side now, two mammoth specimens of perfect male form and power.

Living statues of innate strength and physical capability, more beautiful by far than any other human the doctor could remember. “You are correct, Chuck. Either by absorption or direct ingestion in your case, both of you have had numerous intakes of your own and each other’s sexual emissions.”

“I wish you’d stop calling it that, doc. ‘Emissions’ sounds like I’m a car farting out cum from my tailpipe.” Todd laughed slightly at his friend’s picturesque comparison.

“Be that as it may, my theory posits that you are both receiving whatever nutrients and protein your bodies require through that absorption or ingestion. Further, I don’t believe the digestive process is necessary for your bodies to make use of those nutrients,

otherwise you would both need to relieve yourselves of waste, and I see no evidence that that's the case, either."

"You lost me again."

"Chuck, you need to learn to understand science-speak."

"Clue me in, then, Seymour. I ain't all smart-like and learn-ed like you is."

"Have you taken a piss lately?"

"Nope."

"Feel like you need to take one?"

"Nope."

"But when you consider you've had the equivalent of three meals in the past few hours..?"

The light dawned in Chuck's bright blue eyes. "Oh! So, we take it all in, and none comes out. Nothing is wasted."

The doctor nodded. "Such would seem to be the case."

"What's that mean?"

"Well, in a broader sense, and excuse me for being clinical again, but it would seem to mean that you are now completely self-sustaining. You no longer require intakes of outside sources of fuel, you are providing all that you need – perhaps even more than you need to live and grow – yourselves. Additionally, you are producing a perfect fuel with no waste product."

"And that's good?"

"What do you mean, Chuck?"

"I mean, I can still enjoy a nice steak dinner if I want to. My body doesn't depend on this super-cum, does it?"

"I should imagine it's an either-or proposition. However, there has been no decrease in the level of sexual pleasure derived from ejaculation, if I'm correct?"

Todd nodded vigorously. "If anything it keeps getting more intense. The last time I came it felt... I can't adequately describe it, doctor. But, no, I think it's safe to say that rather than a decrease, there's been a gradual increase with each time." Chuck nodded agreement.

"This may be your body's way of telling you what it desires. A reward of sorts, indicating a strong preference for this particular type of energy renewal."

"You can't mean it's going to keep getting better? My next orgasm might be more intense than my last one?"

The doctor shrugged. "Or it may only seem more intense. It's difficult to gauge sexual pleasure on any chart or graph." He tapped his head. "It's all up here, as much as we may believe it's all down there. And if it bothers you, in time you may be able to control even that level of..."

"Oh, it doesn't bother me at all, doc. Nope. Nuh uh. No."

"Yes, well, I was wondering if you gentlemen would assist me with another theory."

"Lead on, Doc."

The two men followed the doctor back toward the collection of weights at the end of the lab. Chuck was rubbing his hands together in anticipation of another round of pumping his muscles to full strength. Todd was merely smiling, his teeth glinting on the darkly tanned skin of his face. "Cool," said Chuck.

“My theory is this; I believe that in addition to possessing control over the appearance of your musculature, you also now possess control over its strength.”

“Isn’t that the Same thing?”

“Normally, and with some exceptions, yes it is, Chuck. An increase in dimension equals an increase in strength, but you may also increase the size merely by pushing a muscle beyond its abilities, forcing a false growth that yields some additional strength but not commensurate with the increase in size.”

Chuck looked at Todd for a translation. “Bodybuilders get huge, but sometimes hugeness doesn’t equal strongness. You may find two guys who can do equal amounts of weight, but one might be physically bigger than the other because he’s concentrating on size, not weight.” Chuck nodded and the doctor continued.

“My theory is that just as you can, for lack of a better word, ‘imagine’ your body to manifest different physical characteristics, changing the size and shape of your muscles and soft tissue...”

“My cock,” corrected Chuck.

“...You should also be able to ‘imagine’ your muscles to be more powerful, more capable, without necessarily altering your physical appearance.”

“So, if I wanted to, I could become stronger still but not swell up to...”

Then Chuck was swelling up.

Moving his arms outward, his chest began to bulge with thick fingers of muscle. The twin hemispheres burgeoned with increasing brawn, striations multiplying outward. His nipples stretched and expanded, staying perfectly round but growing to the size of silver dollars, then half-dollars. As his chest grew larger, they were pushed downward until the tips were pointing at the ground. He glanced along his right arm as he bent it slightly and his bicep ballooned, then his tricep was inflating. Thick veins, like twisting ropes of power, vined along the muscles and increased their size even larger. He glanced left and the other arm swelled to match, expanding with obvious power, vascular and immense. The effect moved down his body, the smooth rippled muscle on his stomach inflating into cobblestones. They popped outward one after another, creating an eight-pack of incredibly defined strength.

Straightening his head, Chuck’s neck turned into a display of corded power connecting to his distending shoulders. Todd watched the strands of muscle crawl across each other like snakes under the skin, swelling and multiplying until Chuck owned bowling balls of might. Then Chuck lifted his arms away from his gargantuan torso and his lats started to spread like wings, growing wider and thicker, spreading like a cobra’s hood from his back.

Chuck bent his head and watched as his legs joined in, enlarging to enormity, the muscles fighting each other for space under the skin. First his thighs began to amplify, swollen and huge with masses of muscle cut to perfection. More veins crawled beneath his skin to feed the monsters, then moved down as Chuck pivoted around to display the suddenly blooming diamonds on his calves. Chuck’s ass looked like two smooth globes of condensed power, round and firm and high. His waist was impossibly thin for the width and size of his upper body. New muscle seemed to appear as if by magic across his back, bulges of force blossoming across his widening expanse.

Bigger and bigger, the muscle was filling out in broadening masses everywhere. He turned to face them again, displaying a chest that looked like it couldn't possibly grow larger even as it did. Fat strands of strength seemed to split and multiply, every striation of muscle testing its own upper limit in size.

He stood there a moment, looking nearly muscle-bound, and his phenomenal growth slowed and finally stopped. "How does that feel?" Todd asked, looking at probably the most muscular man anyone had ever seen.

Chuck's voice was another octave lower, as if it was living inside the cavern of his chest and gained volume and strength from so deep and wide an enclosure. "Fantastic, actually. Feels like I'm filled with strength beyond strength. Todd, you gotta try this."

"Make a muscle," Todd instructed.

Chuck grinned, showing a smile of perfect white teeth. Spreading his arms wide, tensing the consummate strength inhabiting his every inch, he asked, "Which one?" Ripples of suddenly swelling growth displayed along his body as Chuck showed the control he held over this newly muscled form.

"Start with an arm and work down," smirked his friend. "I just want to see if, now that you're so huge, you're still as flexible. Wouldn't do to get too big to move."

Chuck bent his arm and a football of power grew higher and thicker, then the head of the muscle split before reaching its ultimate flex, towering huge and full on his upper arm. His tricep's growth displayed the same incredible development, so that Chuck's arm was as big – or bigger – than his head. The muscle along his shoulder looked like a pack of eels, thickly corded and engorged with might. He smiled broadly, bending and unbending the arm to flex and swell the muscles. He bent both arms into a double-bi, his smile growing brighter as he both felt and saw the enormity of his strength.

"No problems?" asked Todd.

"Problems?" thundered Chuck.

"Nothing stiff, everything still smooth and flexible?"

Chuck laughed slightly. "Stiff? You mean like..." And his cock began to swell and lengthen, reaching erection with the same suddenness that he'd grown his muscles. The head reached up and up, crawling along the hard, rippled contours of his belly.

"You know what I mean, Chuck."

The other man smiled and nodded, reaching his arms above his head and proceeding to very slowly bend himself over backwards. The new size and shape of his muscles responded with effortless fluidity, aiding this seemingly unachievable maneuver by adjusting themselves to support the weight of Chuck's upper body as his torso bowed back.

Todd and the doctor witnessed Chuck's amazing exhibit of strength and flexibility. Chuck was bending in two with impossible slowness and no hint of strain. It appeared as if the man's spine was made of rubber. But the way in which the muscles flexed and extended, bulged and stretched, showed exactly how much control he had over his body. "Wow," said Todd, "that looks painful."

Chuck straightened, said, "It really wasn't, though," with a look of wonder at his own accomplishment. Then he was deflating again, his body returning to its relatively smaller size.

The doctor paused as he wrote a few notes, then said, simply, "Yes."

Chuck looked at Todd. "It's nice to have choices in life."

“Isn’t it?”

“You gotta give that a try, Todd. It’s an amazing feeling to be so big, to feel that powerful.”

With no more than a simple raise of his eyebrows, Todd followed Chuck’s advice and began to swell with new strength.

“There’s one thing, though,” he remarked as he lifted his arms and watched them inflate, observing the branches of vascular development creep over the new growth. “I’ve never found all those veins very... aesthetically pleasing.”

“Gotta feed the monster somehow, Todd.”

“Maybe.” The growth moved across his chest, which bloomed with sudden muscle. Thick cords of power stretching out from the center like hands under his copper skin. “But maybe you were concentrating on only the size and not the...” And rather than voice what he meant, he demonstrated his meaning as the thick globes of power seemed to refine themselves until the veins were gone and only the striated muscle remained.

As his size and strength increased, the new bulges swelling across his body, they each started out with a sudden engorging of the muscle, with networks of thick veins suddenly swelling into existence to push the muscle growth higher and harder and larger, then the muscle seemed to absorb the veins and perfect itself.

“Impressive,” said Chuck, though whether he meant the control or Todd’s appearance he didn’t say.

The process continued as Todd watched himself grow into a new, vastly more muscular body and then polished each bulging mass to smooth perfection. He took time to see that the muscles developed in symmetry to each other, so that his thighs were the same size, had the same amount of muscle arranged in the same way. His arms had balanced amounts of muscle, swollen huge and smooth and flawless. The twin globes of his chest were identical displays of hard strength. Even the round firmness of one buttock matched the curved beauty of the other. The doctor was scribbling notes as he watched Todd take full control of his musculature, amazed as he watched the very muscle seem to re-arrange at times to conform to Todd’s wishes.

Finally, Todd moved his hands down his body and as they passed over the contours of his swollen frame, the final adjustments manifested beneath his touch. Where he felt non-conformities before he touched them, after his hand passed they were flawless. It seemed to Chuck as if Todd’s hand held magic. He watched his friend’s form transform from that of your average incredibly beautiful bodybuilder with masses of hard muscle and thick vascularity to one that was nothing short of perfection.

“There,” Todd said at last, straightening to his full height with his arms outstretched, “what do you think?”

Chuck bent his arm, causing his bicep to swell into a small ball of striated power, and rubbed his chin, his gaze scanning Todd’s flawless physique up and down before he snapped his fingers and said, “I got it! You know what you look like?”

Todd looked down at himself and then shrugged. His shoulders bunched and swelled like newly formed mountains.

“You look like a comic book hero. Know what I mean? They’re always drawn in that sort of idealized powerful precision, where every muscle is sculpted and flexed. I mean, you never see real people, even bodybuilders and muscle beach freaks, who look like that. But you...” He wandered full circle around his friend, taking in every sculpted angle,

every perfected curve and powerful prominence, marveling at Todd's physique, its suggestion of absolute power coupled with absolute beauty, and said, "you're the real deal."

"So, I'm all Superman and Batman and X Men and shit?"

"Dude, you are so Superman you'd make Lois cream her panties. Hell, I'm ready to get stiff just looking at you!" He wandered over and ran his hand across Todd's chiseled torso, moving his touch over the smooth, hard muscles of his friend's chest, then down to the symmetry of his abdominals, then further down where a fine, thin trail of dark hair started from his navel and lead downward, spreading into a thick triangular bush of pubes that capped the thick, flawless shaft of Todd's amazing cock, now as perfected as any other part of his form, hanging perfectly straight over perfectly round balls, also perfectly balanced in size and shape and appearance, all leading down to a thick-lipped helmet in perfect proportion to everything else. "I'm not sure even old Clarkie has one of these, though." He lifted his friend's prick into his hand, feeling its weight and mass. It seemed just as firm and powerful as the muscles on Todd's improved body. "You could be a sculptor." He squeezed Todd's manhood slightly, making his friend rise up on tiptoe for a moment before Chuck let his cock fall back between his thighs where it slapped against the hard muscle before hanging in thick perfection, dangling straight as an arrow and fourteen inches long.

Todd smiled. "Thanks, man." Then his body started to transform back into the less muscled, athletic form that Todd had adopted. He checked himself out to see that the symmetry he'd accomplished in his larger self remained in his normal dimensions and turned to the doctor. "Before we got all bodybuilder, you were saying that size isn't necessarily a factor in our increased strength but that it should work just the Same. I just wish I'm stronger and I am?"

"More or less. You're the better judge than I." And he motioned to the weights.

Todd shrugged, leaned down, grabbed a bar in his right hand with what looked to be a rather impressive amount of steel mounted on it, thought to himself, 'I can lift that easily,' and after a slow start, he did. His body did not fully ignore its growth capabilities, however, and as Chuck and the doctor watched, they could see new muscle manifest as Todd's body lifted the weight, adjusting its strength capacities by increasing its muscle mass to counteract the demand. Todd seemed unaware of it.

"Hmm," he said, shoving the bending bar above his head, slowly at first and then with increasing ease as his muscles compensated for positioning, those no longer needed for lifting off the floor decreasing while those needed to lift above the head increasing. The shifting of Todd's muscular development made Chuck slightly uneasy. "How much am I lifting?" There was no strain in his voice at all.

"Uh, it's hard to tell when the weights are flying around like that, bro."

"Oh, yeah." He set them down and bent to check for himself. If he was aware that his body's muscle was deflating as he released the weight. "Whoa," he said quietly.

"What's the verdict?"

"I just dead-lifted 1,600 lbs. In one hand. Over my head."

Chuck nodded. "Several times. Uh, were you aware how weird your body was acting?"

"Weird?"

The doctor interjected, "Not under the circumstances. Perhaps it's a question of control and growing awareness of your new bodies." Todd looked worried, so the doctor comforted him. "In reality, your body was reacting naturally."

"Naturally being a relative term in our case, I guess."

"Right, Chuck. Todd, your muscles did compensate for the increased demand you set on them, but I do not think you were in control of your body."

"Control of it? I just did what you asked. I imagined I could lift the weight, and then I could."

"I should have been more precise, then. As you lifted that bar, your muscles were enlarging and adjusting to help your frame manage the burden. They were visually stimulated to growth as they were needed and receded when they were not."

"So, I was all..."

"Bulgey," clarified Chuck. "It was weird looking, man! Your shoulder would suddenly get all huge, then your leg, then both legs, then just one again. It was all happening really quickly and I suppose it was pretty cool, but it looked... weird. I mean, parts of it looked really cool! When you first started, you could just see your muscle swell huge! It was like the biggest, baddest pump anyone ever did! But as you moved, one muscle would deflate, or quiver, and another would suddenly get swollen, maybe just this weird finger of muscle...."

"I get you. So, instead of me being aware of what I was doing, I was just letting my body do its thing. I need to be in control of how I'm using my strength, get more in touch with my body."

"Exactly."

"Let me give that another try." Todd looked around and found another barbell, this one loaded with even more steel. He told himself, 'Okay, Todd. Feel your muscle, feel the weight, control it, master it, use it.' He set his left hand, this time, in the center of the bar and started more slowly, pulling against the weight and feeling where his body was stressing, feeling the rush of strain and relief through his muscles, closing his eyes to concentrate on the messages his body was sending and sending his own messages back. Tighten that muscle, make it stronger, not bigger. Harder, harder still. Pull there, bend there, more strength, flex, release.

When Chuck let out a small, "Whoa," Todd opened his eyes. What Chuck and the doctor saw was a fully-flexed Todd holding a bending bar of incredible weight over his head. Todd started to pump the weight, feeling the power and strength flowing into his arm and shoulder, across his back and chest, through his legs to support it all. But it was all so easy, the weight not straining him at all.

"Better?" he asked. He was smiling. He already knew the answer.

"Much, buddy." Chuck was now smiling, too, maybe because he was watching what he himself could accomplish. "The muscles were still reacting, but more, uh, normally I guess is the word. Not these wildass bulges popping out everywhere. You were just... managing the weight." Chuck looked his friend up and down, marveling at the display of raw power, the beauty of his form, the way his muscles moved under the skin as he flexed and pumped. "How'd it feel?"

Todd set the weight down, straightening and stretching. "Really nice."

“Make a muscle for me.” Todd bent the arm that had been performing beyond normal human capability and Chuck tested the density of the perfect ball of muscle that swelled into existence. “Hard as steel.”

“Well,” concluded Todd, “that’s handy.”

Chuck looked at the doctor, saying, “But there must be some upper limit to that. Human muscle tissue isn’t steel. How can we do this?”

“Why are you always questioning the good stuff, Chuck? Shit, it turns out we can lift thousands of pounds with the ease of lifting a sack of flour and you go all logical on me.”

“Practical as well as logical, Todd. Chuck has a valid question. Unfortunately, I don’t have an answer. This is all new territory for me. Since the exchange, I’ve seen none of these manifestations of physical prowess before in any previous test subjects.”

“The monkeys, you mean.”

“True, you are the first humans to take the serum. Unfortunately, that also means that from here on...”

“From here on you don’t know what will happen to us.”

“Not precisely. But it won’t be completely unknown territory.”

“So, this could all be temporary? I could wake up tomorrow and be plain ol’ Chuck again, the dumpy white guy?” He was looking down at his new body as if to burn its contours into his memory.

“No, that will not happen. As I said, there has been an alteration to your DNA, the basic structure of your body. It could only be changed with some sort of anti-serum, and there isn’t one.”

Chuck sighed with relief. “Cool.”

“But what else might happen, doctor?” Todd started to pace, rubbing a hand through his cascade of midnight hair. “I mean, you don’t know, right? We could burn ourselves out or something. What if my heart can’t take the strain? What if the orgasmic pleasure becomes so intense I get addicted to it? I mean, if I wanted to, I could just start cumming and not stop.”

“Can we?” Chuck seemed very interested in that.

As if to illustrate, Todd turned, grabbed his suddenly erect cock, let his balls swell until they hung a good 8 inches and started fountaining a stream of incandescent white jizm, hurling his powerful seed across the room in an unending torrent that seemed to go on and on. Chuck’s jaw dropped and the doctor was watching Todd’s balls as they seemed to slowly pulse, shrinking slightly as he released the sperm and then swelling larger again, replenished with more and more.

The pool of thick, white cream spread and splashed against the wall. Todd was breathing in slow, steady gasps. He wasn’t stroking himself or doing anything to bring forth this flood of cum other than to point his cock away from the other two men and continue to jet. He could feel the tingling orgasmic rush of pleasure along the length of his prick, as if it were sheathed in it. Cascades of gratification surrounded it, infused it. But something was different.

“Okay, Todd, we get the point.”

“Hmm,” answered Todd.

“Hmm?” asked Chuck.

The flow stopped. “Well, that was a disappointment.” He flicked the last thick droplet off the tip of his prodigious instrument.

“What, that didn’t feel good?” Chuck wandered closer to his friend, his gaze looking over at the spreading pool of white on the floor tiles.

“No, it felt good. Not great, just good.”

“Not great?”

Todd shook his head. “Just good. Like when you’re stroking yourself toward orgasm, that kind of constant stimulation, but not like the point of orgasm.”

“That screaming, mind-numbing pleasure that shakes you from your head to your toes, filling you with complete bliss and gratification.”

“Right. Not that.”

“Hmm. Well, it was mighty impressive, nonetheless.” He glanced down, patting Todd’s glistening helmet fondly. “You can turn that off now, big guy.”

“Oh. Yes.” And it resumed its flaccid state, hanging between his thighs like a dangling pendulum, 12 inches long and thick as a tree branch. He looked over at the flood of his semen. “I suppose I should clean that up.”

Chuck looked over. “Allow me.” Then the golden god wandered toward the pool, walked to the center and waited to absorb the essence, re-energizing himself in the process.

But nothing happened.

Chuck lifted one foot and watched strings of thick white cum drip off. “What’s up with that?”

Todd looked at the doctor, who was writing things down, and said, “Doc? You have an explanation for that?”

“Hmm? What?”

“It’s not working,” complained Chuck.

“What’s not? Working? Oh. Well, of course not. That is only one part of the formula, of course.”

“Huh?”

Todd thunked his forehead with the palm of his hand. “The lube junk.”

Chuck nodded. “Oh, yeah. I forgot.” Then he simply lifted his prick like a hose and let loose, watching as a flow of his own clear fluid began to intermingle with Todd’s puddle on the floor around his feet. “There sure is a lot of it.”

“Thank you,” said Todd.

Chuck grinned in spite of himself. “Look at me, I’m a lawn sprinkler.” He shook his cock like a hose, spraying the syrupy lubricant all around the white cream. After a few moments there seemed to be equal parts of Todd’s seed and Chuck’s precum and the process started working. Chuck reached down and coated himself with the stuff until his body glistened as if coated with honey. “Why don’t you join me, Todd? There’s plenty to go around, thanks to you.”

Todd rubbed his hands together, dashed toward the puddle and fell to his knees, spreading it all over himself. “I was feeling a bit peckish.” He spread the fluid over his rippled belly and under his arms, rubbing some on his face as well. “Is it just me, or is this getting less weird every time it happens?”

“It’s just you, Todd. This is fucking insane.”

After another few moments, they’d absorbed all the spunk and stood next to each other, feeling immensely satisfied and incredibly powerful. “Wow,” observed Chuck, “that was an especially good load.” He was moving his hand across the split head of his bicep. It

was tight and hard under his glowing skin. "It's like all that power you built up in the dead lifts was in there, and now it's all soaked inside."

"Yeah, it was. I feel..." Todd looked over at Chuck's sun-kissed features, his lips full and sensuous, his bright eyes the color of a Caribbean bay. Reaching over, he cupped the other man's chin in his hand, pulling his lips to his own and kissed him softly, warmly. Chuck pulled back slightly, and then leaned into the kiss, pushing his tongue into Todd's mouth, his fingers crawling into his friend's luxuriant head of blue-black hair. It was cool and as soft as silk. His other hand reached down and behind, his touch moving over the smooth muscles of the man's back until it reached his ass, and he grabbed a handful and squeezed meaningfully.

Todd gasped, then redoubled the kiss, twisting his head to fully engage Chuck's mouth, welcoming and teasing the other tongue with his own. One of his hands found its way behind Chuck's head, and he pulled the man into his embrace, a thrill of erotic pain emanating from where Chuck was kneading his butt cheek and echoing through his loins and belly. His other hand was caressing Chuck's well-muscled chest, his fingers brushing against the man's erect nipple before pinching and twisting it, feeling the result against his thigh when Chuck's prick suddenly twitched and shoved against him. He felt the warmth of it grow into heat, felt it begin to lengthen against him. He released a deep growl of pleasure in his throat, kissing his friend's open mouth, sucking his tongue, nibbling his lower lip.

Todd felt his own growing appendage rubbing itself against Chuck's, shaft to shaft. Thick tangles of erotic bliss erupted as their cocks touched, shooting quicksilver shocks of pleasure through both men as if they were of opposite charges and their pricks were shooting sparks when they met. He rubbed himself against his friend, moving his hips to increase the cock-to-cock friction. He could feel their abdominals meeting, his own smooth rippled power rubbing across Chuck's muscular belly. He moved his hand off Chuck's chest and down, his palm against his friend's sweat slick skin until his fingertips found the soft curls of the crown of pubic hair above Chuck's amazing prick. It was soft and warm, and he dug his nails against the flesh and scratched, causing his friend's manhood to wag ponderously.

Chuck laughed slightly into their kiss, moving his hand off Todd's ass to find his cock instead. He moved his palm beneath his own prick and filled his cupped hand with clear, thick lubricant, applying this slick grip to Todd's enflamed cock and began to stroke him slowly, feeling his friend expand under his touch.

The doctor was too busy entering his notes into the computer system to pay much attention to what the two men were doing, not that he would probably do much more than take more notes and ask some inappropriately timed questions.

Todd sucked in a shuddering breath, and said softly, "Get big for me." He brushed his lips against Chuck's. "Like before," he whispered, "get huge, wild, make your muscles grow."

Chuck moved his mouth to Todd's ear. "Did that get you hot?"

"Yes." Todd licked Chuck's lobe, he kissed his neck. "Hell, yes."

"Touch me." Chuck lifted his right arm, and Todd's moved his hand upon his friend's bicep. "Make it happen," Chuck instructed, and as Todd moved his hand across his arm, the bicep began to swell with muscle and power as if Todd's stroking were making it grow. As if Chuck's whole arm was a prick. "Can you feel me?"

“Yes,” Todd said. His teeth clenched as Chuck’s hand stroked his burgeoning cock, running his tightening grip the entire length of his shaft and rubbing his thumb under the ridged head.

“I can feel you, too.” Todd moved his hand over his friend’s arm, magically creating bulging power wherever it traveled. Chuck bent his arm, making the muscles inflate obscenely. “Make me huge.”

Todd pressed his hands to Chuck’s chest and felt the fibers of his muscle begin to expand. The perfection of Chuck’s twin hemispheres grew larger and larger, then his nipples followed suit, growing huge. Todd rubbed the heels of his hands across Chuck’s erect dollar-sized nipples, then moved his hands down to feel Chuck’s rock-hard abs enlarge against his touch.

Chuck felt Todd’s hands leave his body for a moment, then felt the slightest featherlike touch along his lats and obliged his friend’s desires, flaring and expanding his back. He could feel his body growing ever larger, ever more powerful, his muscles swelling with overwhelming strength.

Todd closed his eyes, running his hands along Chuck’s hard, muscled form. The man’s body was slick with sweat, his skin smooth and soft, like velvet over marble. He felt a trickle of his own sweat along his back, winding its way down and between his butt cheeks. He arched his neck as Chuck’s hand job took on new emphasis, and he allowed his own cock to swell larger against Chuck’s grip, blooming the head like a mushroom. His flow of lube was coming now steady and thick. He could feel the warmth trickle down his legs.

Opening his eyes, he gazed at the mammoth display of muscled power before him. Chuck’s body was swollen huge with brawn. ‘Shredded’ wouldn’t even begin to describe how he looked. Each muscle was pumped full and high and hard, seeming ready to burst through the skin altogether. Chuck’s heavy arm stroked Todd’s huge erection with steady, firm caresses. Todd’s clear lube was mingling with Chuck’s flow, the muscle man’s stiff erection standing twin to his own, rubbing itself between their bodies creating a slick of the clear honey covering their silken skin. Todd could feel Chuck’s intense heat, as if his friend’s prick was on fire from within.

He could feel Chuck’s hot breath in his ear. “Do it for me,” he whispered hoarsely, “make yourself Superman. I want to feel Superman’s strength here against mine. I want to feel your muscles, your power, your perfection.”

Then Todd was growing, allowing himself to grow. His shoulders were swelling with brawn. His chest bulging against Chuck’s own immensity. He could feel his strength magnifying moment by moment. He felt the hard might of his growing power as his body obeyed his wishes, felt the swelling strength as his form changed into the muscled perfection he’d sculpted from his own flesh. It was as if his body remembered that shape, the flawless lines, the perfect symmetry. He was returning to a familiar suit of clothes, feeling an erotic charge of an intensity that matched the electric surge of power and muscle he could feel everywhere.

Then there were two men there in the lab, two men of unequalled size and strength and beauty. One, a blonde bodybuilder whose muscles seemed too big for his skin. His form was strength incarnate, with thick veins of hot blood feeding his unstoppable might. The striations of his power were deep and hard.

The other was a man of perfected power, a man no less swollen with strength but whose body was smoothly sculpted, brawn carved from curves that flexed and bulged in a beautiful dance of skin and muscle. Where one appeared nothing but raw and carnal power, the other was beauty and strength married in perfect harmony.

They both gleamed like polished bronze, their bodies coated with their mingled lubricant which flowed more and more abundantly from twin pricks swollen huge and hard and hungry for release. Chuck was kissing Todd's mouth hungrily, sucking on his tongue then plunging his own inside. "Fuck me," he pleaded. "I want to feel you inside me. I want you inside. All of you. It's what I wanted when I first saw you this morning. It's all I want now."



7

Todd said nothing. The men disengaged their caress and Chuck turned around, pushing his ass against Todd's monster. "Fuck me," Chuck said again, his back swaying slightly away as Todd grabbed his friend's hips and moved himself lower. Chuck could feel

Todd's warm flow of lube glazing the expanse of his back as he bent over. It felt like the guy was pouring a can of motor oil over him. Concentrated drizzles fell off the thick wings of his lats and crawled under, clinging to the hard bulges of his belly muscles. Todd moved the tip of his helmet to kiss the lips of Chuck's ass. It seemed much too small to take his huge girth, but he was too far lost in the erotic thrill of Chuck's desire. He could feel a want inside himself, to master this hunk of supreme power in front of him. He was turned on by the sight of so much powerful muscle, so much hard strength, and he moved himself forward against Chuck's asshole, slowly moving his inches inside. And it was as if Chuck was welcoming him, he could feel his friend's hole opening to swallow him, and then firming up around him. Chuck tensed up at first, feeling Todd's hugeness entering his virgin hole. Then his muscular control kicked in, helping Chuck adjust to the new sensations, feeling Todd inside and helping him dig deeper. Chuck didn't care if he was ripped open, if Todd's monster shoved so far inside him he was torn in half. He wanted to feel that huge, perfect dick in him, shoved inside all the way. But Todd only pushed himself if a couple of inches before pulling back out. Todd's flow of lubricant was steady and thick, and it was working just as promised. It felt so tight inside Chuck, it felt so right and so good. But he wanted to savor this, he didn't want to cum yet. So he started slowly, so achingly slowly, moving in a few inches, then withdrawing. His lube was readying the trail, and he pushed himself in again, slowly, very slowly, moving the head and then the start of the shaft up his friend's begging ass. Chuck moaned. He could feel Todd inside, feel him moving deeper and deeper, he wanted so much to be filled, then Todd was withdrawing again, just as slowly, just as deliberately. It was torture.

Todd was smiling, lost in a bliss he did not expect. There was something else happening, something beyond sexual pleasure as he connected with Chuck. It was even better than being sucked off. And then he was moving inside again, moving his hips forward, tensing his ass.

Chuck was in a frenzy of ecstasy. This was more than he had hoped, more satisfying by far than jerking off. He could feel his load building, a heavy burden of his seed filling his nuts as Todd continued to leisurely fuck him. There was a sudden, thunderous eruption of bliss when Todd connected with Chuck's prostate. It was as if he'd been plugged into heaven, he could feel himself filled with pleasure beyond anything he'd felt before.

Todd felt it, too. Just as he connected there, a rush of orgasmic bliss ran through his being. He rubbed himself against Chuck, then let himself swell slightly inside, his cock expanding like a balloon.

Chuck swallowed hard and a gush of his lube spurted out as if he was cumming, but he wouldn't allow that yet. His balls were hanging fat and lush with his load, stretching to hold the enormity of his pleasure. He reached under and started stroking his meat, his pleasure redoubled. His cock felt as hard as iron, as hot as molten steel.

And Todd began to pull out again, but halfway there he suddenly thrust himself more fully forward. A foot of his thick cock shoved itself inside, and both men shook with ecstatic bliss. Finally, Todd began fucking Chuck's ass in earnest, shoving himself harder and harder into his friend, melding with him.

Chuck was having trouble holding himself back. God, it felt so good. So incredible. He was swimming in ecstasy, drowning in the pleasure of their joining. His balls were hanging lower and lower, swollen ever larger with spunk.

Todd's nuts were churning in their sack, and he could feel the wall between himself and orgasmic release growing thinner and thinner. His lube was gushing now, pouring out of Chuck's ass even as it heightened his pleasure. He grew larger inside, swelling with power and joy.

When they finally came, they came together. Chuck's load blasted out of him as Todd's load blasted into him. The thick warmth suffused him utterly, as if Todd's strength was flooding his guts. There was so much that it flooded backwards, too, as Todd came and came, emptying his balls into Chuck's ass.

Chuck's flood came like a hydrant on a summer day. A gushing torrent of white cream spraying hard and full. They came together and stopped together, as Todd withdrew from his friend's tight butt and collapsed over him, throwing his arms around Chuck's rippling torso and laughing with unfettered happiness.

"Oh, good God, that was amazing!" He was grinning broadly, lost in a haze of orgasmic after burn.

Chuck fell to his hands and knees, then rolled onto his back. Todd slid around his friend's body so that they ended up lying one atop the other in a huge puddle of their combined fluids, slick and hot all around them.

For the fourth time that day, the new men started to absorb the powerful juices they produced. There was so much of it this time, they began to feel giddy with the power pulsing through them as they metabolized the proteins and body-changing substances contained in the pools of milky fluid.

The doctor, though not unaware of what had been occurring between the two friends, had been nonetheless occupied with an extended period of notations and examinations of the new wealth of data he'd been observing. As he watched his two subjects adsorb the latest manifestations of the changes their bodies had gone through, he wondered what further changes could occur. Already, the two men had seemingly complete control of their bodies' forms and capabilities, with only the skeletal structure so far unaffected. The physical muscular growth as well as the increases in strength, flexibility, stamina and libido – some of which also controllable by each man at will – confounded him. There was either something unique in Todd's chemistry before the serum to cause such an unusual and unexpected manifestation of unknown human capabilities, or it was simply a side effect of the injection and human DNA.

Unfortunately, Chuck's similar manifestations were inconclusive, since his introduction to the new capabilities was as a result of his exposure to Todd's discharge. Perhaps Chuck's immediate development was a clue to the reasons. Todd's change had occurred gradually, as he slept. Chuck's was almost violent in its suddenness. That might point again to something in Todd's personal chemistry and DNA signature.

Then again, it might not.

One method of discovery would be to subject a new volunteer to exposure to the transforming fluid. But the only available volunteer... was himself.

The doctor was 45 years old, but that made him 22 years older than Todd, and although he didn't have Chuck's personal information available, he assumed he was about Todd's age.

What would happen to his own body if he undertook the transformation? He still had the original serum, as well as Samples of each man's clear, lubricating power-fluid and subsequent sperm. He could also get new Samples of the their recent discharge and re-test for changes and new manifestations. He had observed that only after the co-mingling of the fluids, Todd's sperm with Chuck's lubricant, were the men able to change their body structure and augment their strength. What change had occurred to cause that? And had any new capabilities manifested now that their fluids were being so totally intermingled – and might not that very chemical reaction be the reason for the men's seemingly inexhaustible sexual appetites and sudden homosexual actions where neither, as far as he knew, had shown any desire in that arena before? Perhaps the drives manifest as part of the process in order to complete. That might also explain Chuck's early reaction to Todd when they first met, even before any exchange had taken place!

So many unanswered questions.

But perhaps he could find some answers himself.

He watched as the men soaked up the last of the recent emissions, wondering anew how the body was absorbing the fluids directly. He observed how the men stood, how they acted toward each other now, how each seemed to grow increasingly comfortable with what was happening. Chuck, in particular, seemed to be acting in a sort of subordinate role, performing fellatio on Todd, then asking for the anal sex rather than asking to perform it. And if Todd was in a dominating role, he did not appear to know it. In fact, Chuck had been the instigator of every sexual act. If the theory of manifestation of co-ejaculation via sexual activity to achieve optimal serum capabilities was correct, it would make sense that Chuck, as receptor, would more fully desire for the process to continue.

Or maybe it was just that he was a closet homosexual all along, anyway.

"Gentlemen," he said, "would you come here a moment?"

The men wandered to where the doctor sat at his terminals, lines of data flashing across the various screens. "More tests, Doc?" Chuck was smiling. His body was glowing with health and vitality.

"Don't know if your needles can pierce this cheek anymore, though," added Todd, slapping his sculpted ass loudly.

"Not at the moment, no. But I would like to hear your opinion on a proposal."

"Shoot, Doc."

The doctor looked both figures up and down, inwardly marveling at their innate beauty and obvious capacities. "I am considering joining you in this experiment."

"Really Doc?"

Chuck looked at Todd and then down at the little man in the chair. "Hell, I was wondering what you were waiting for. I mean, given the chance to experience what I've been feeling..."

"And whom," added Todd, jabbing an elbow into his friend's side jokingly.

"...I can't think of a single reason not to!"

"Hey, weren't you the guy complaining about his dick size and other little hassles a couple of hours ago?"

“That was before the auto-adjustments kicked in, dude. Now,” he said, pausing to straighten and play with his growth capabilities, showing an increasing control and finesse over how finely he could tune his parts by lengthening his cock into his cupped hand, allowing himself to swell to enormity, and then shrink himself to such a degree that he looked almost sexless before flopping his big prick back to its original, augmented size, “I got nothing but good things to say.”

“Have either of you noticed any new capabilities following the last two absorption periods?”

“Say what?”

Todd sighed. “You may be physical perfection, but we need to do something with your gray matter.”

“You really think I’m perfect?”

“Shut up. What he’s asking is we just stewed in our own juices a couple more times. Once after I showed you what a fireman with an unending supply of cum looks like, and just now after I shagged you into next Tuesday.”

“Is that what ‘shagging’ is?”

“Yes, Chuck. You’ve been royally shagged.”

“Mm hmm. And you’re next, buddy boy.”

“Gentlemen, to my question?”

“We keep discovering these things by accident.”

“Yeah, Doc. I’ve been too busy getting ass fucked to try anything new. And, I mean, what more could there possibly be?”

Todd reflected a moment, and then said, “Why do you ask? Should there be new stuff happening?”

“As I mentioned, I just don’t know what might happen, now. But perhaps you’re unaware that each new capability has followed a different combination of fluids. Todd’s original development was as a result of the serum injection, then he had a refinement of his new body after absorbing his own discharge.”

“Clinically put, but correct,” agreed Todd.

“Then you ladled a heaping helping of Todd’s spunk on little old unsuspecting me, and I turned into Freakazoid before diving into my own cum flood and turning into Todd part 2.”

“Yes. Then each of you masturbated to another ejaculation, followed by a third immersion which augmented your strength significantly.”

“And the body changing thing?”

“That happened after you experienced each other’s fluids, Chuck. After you gentlemen exchanged your discharge, it apparently drastically altered the subsequent biological enhancements.”

“After I sucked your dick, I think he means.”

“Yes, Chuck. I remember.”

“Then there was another exchange where Chuck mingled his lubricant with your sperm. Your ‘fireman’ reference I believe, Todd. After that, you almost immediately fell into a sexual coupling.”

“Yeah, I have to admit that after I swam through our mixed drink, so to speak, I wanted you bad, Todd.”

Todd nodded an agreement. “And you got me.” They both grinned.

“And have you gentlemen noticed that your previously voiced aversion to homosexual encounters has disappeared?”

Chuck shrugged, “If it feels good...”

“Do it,” finished Todd. “And it does feel damned good.”

“Uh huh, Todd.”

“Do you both still also find hetero sex enticing?”

Chuck was erect so fast it wasn't funny. His cock knocked a tray of measuring instruments off the table. “I guess that answers that question,” remarked Todd, but he was absently fondling his own prick as he said it.

“Sex,” concluded Chuck, “is great.”

“Do you feel you could engage in another round with each other immediately?” The men looked at each other. Chuck's erection did not abate, and Todd looked like he was on the verge of building his own stiff manhood in a second. “I see.”

Todd shook his head, “But you were saying something about new capabilities?”

“And how you wanted to join the club?”

“Yes, and possibly. More to answer my own questions than anything else.”

“But this feels so fucking great!” Chuck flexed his new muscles to bulging glory, sprouting a carpet of midnight curls across his chest and a sudden two-day growth of beard on his chiseled chin. His skin darkened to a Mediterranean hue and his powerful legs became covered with a fine forest of fur. His balls dangled with full ripeness and his eyes turned sea green. “Show him, Todd!”

“He's seen it.”

“Show him anyway. You know you want to.”

Todd's dick suddenly swelled, the shaft expanding thick and firm. Veins appeared on his groin and pelvis leading onto his cock where they grew thick. His dark mane of curls turned to golden cascades as his chest and arms bulged with new brawn. His nipples distended and darkened to copper. His abs burst with rippled glory, his waist tightening to 28 inches and his ass rode up and rounded itself. “It is pretty cool, Doc.” His voice rolled like the ocean, a deep smooth rumble.

“Undoubtedly.”

“How do you want it?”

“Pardon me?”

Chuck hefted his engorged member toward the doctor. “You want my lube and his sperm? You want it the other way around? Or you want the full treatment?”

“Full..?”

“All of mine and all of Todd's.”

“I...”

A ball of clear honey appeared at the tip of Chuck's cock. “Just say when.”

“You should probably get out of your clothes first, Doc. We saw what happened to Chuck, here. And we've been through a few refinements of the power juice. No telling what'll happen – or how fast.” Todd was now holding his own hard prick, and a similar bubble of lube appeared from its eye.

“Just a moment, gentlemen...”

“Ready, Todd?” Chuck's flow had begun in earnest, glazing his cock's helmeted head and his hand.

The doctor was scrambling to unbutton his lab coat and struggling to loosen his tie.

“When you are.” Todd released his flood of lube, then. And they unloaded it on the doctor. Drooling strings of the translucent honey soaked into his clothes and skin, a gleaming glaze quickly coating him with strong masculine intensity.

The two men began stroking their meat, posing with their burgeoning pricks over the doctor’s small form allowing the excess lube to spread all over him. Immediately their balls began to fill up, swelling with cum. Todd’s stroke was easy and casual, his eyes closed. He was sinking into the deep end of his own pleasure, sensing his touch along every inch as he grew longer and stiffer and fatter. Chuck’s caresses were more insistent, as if he was pumping himself to erection. Both men had thickly coated cocks glistening brightly, drizzling copious amounts of their combined clear lube over the man in the chair. It wasn’t long before they were both ready to deliver their final cargoes.

“Ready for step two, Todd?” Chuck was gritting his teeth in the strain to withhold his load. His nuts were glossy and round, the skin stretched taut holding in his fill.

Todd’s voice sounded calmer, but there was a similarly strained edge to it. His cock was hot in his hand, as red as fire, the head as shiny and tight as a balloon. “Let ‘er rip, Chuck.”

The doctor could feel the burn as soon as the first drops of the men's seed hit the precum glaze. It seared into him, through him, penetrating every fiber of his body. Todd and Chuck were both breathing heavily, their bodies suffused with a constant thrum of orgasmic bliss, a powerful thrill of pleasure that emanated from their cocks and traveled everywhere on their new enhanced bodies. They were cumming in a hard torrent, spraying dual loads of their powerful seed all over the man responsible for their current near state of male perfection.

The doctor felt a sort of pain and pleasure pressing in and exploding out at the same time. His body had already started absorbing the men's essences even as they shot more and more onto his body. He could feel a hunger building, magnifying from inside, as if his form recognized this new food and wanted nothing else. The heat was unbearably wonderful and beautifully painful at the same time.

A deep growling moan escaped the doctor's throat. Chuck's load stopped just as Todd's did. Looking down, he could already see the doctor's features changing, his form starting to manifest the deep and satisfying changes to come.

Todd reached down and ripped the lab coat and shirt away, exposing the doctor's round, hairy belly and sunken chest. He squeezed the tattered clothing over the man's body, wringing more of the transforming juices onto the doctor's body, watching as it was instantly absorbed like water falling onto dry soil.

"Shit," said Chuck. "Is that normal?"

"What's normal," asked Todd quietly. "Get his shoes off." The doctor's bald head was filling itself in with new follicles of auburn. He watched the man's facial features refine themselves, the wrinkles filling in and the fat draining from his cheeks. His jowls disappeared altogether.

"He's getting younger!"

"I think it just looks that way, right doc?"

The man opened his eyes. They were clear and shining. As Todd watched, they turned gold. "I feel..." His voice was deep and getting deeper. "So good."

Chuck bent to remove the doctor's shoes, noticing an immense bulge that was filling the crotch of his pants. "That thing's gonna rip its own hole pretty quick." He was laughing slightly as he said it, and he untied the black oxfords just as the growth hit the feet.

"Look at your chest, Doc. Jesus, this is incredible!"

The doctor sat up, placing his hand against his chest, amazed to feel a deep separation there and a firm swelling on either side of it. He could feel his muscles growing under his hand, feel the strength building inside across his shoulders, down his back. He watched his belly disappear and be replaced with a smooth series of tight rippling abdominals. Standing up, he looked like he continued to stand up even after he gained his feet as his body expanded, driven upward as his entire form grew taller, driven outward by his ever expanding set of muscles.

His pants were starting to fall off his new shrunken waist, even as his swelling thighs threatened to burst the seams. And it did appear that Chuck was right, as whatever was growing from his crotch was filling up his pants so quickly that no one was surprised

when the zipper gave way accompanied by a ripping sound as the man's new cock shoved itself into the open.

"Well, at least we know he's not Jewish," Chuck said, grinning as the doctor reached down to touch the quickly burgeoning mass of his uncut manhood. The tip was already glistening with a globe of clear precum. "Shit, I forgot about this part!"

"How could you forget having a yard-long hard-on?"

Chuck shrugged. "A lot's happened today."

The rip in the crotch continued, and more seams were bursting all over as the doctor's new muscular body manifested itself. "He's going to be one impressive fucker," Todd observed, watching the third man's skin grow smooth and silken, darkening to an almost Latino hue. The doctor's cock head pushed its way from its cowl, the ridges flaring outward as the flow of clear lube started running down the sides of the quickly growing erection in abundance.

"Well, we did give him quite a lot to work with."

"You ought to just ditch the pants, Doc. You'll be a lot happier."

"I think you're right," he answered, and with a flick of his hand and a swelling of his bicep, he was stripped bare in front of them except for a pair of rather sad looking black socks sunken around his ankles, the toes shredded from his still developing feet.

"You feeling okay, Doc? You're awfully quiet."

"He never was much of a talker, Todd."

"I'm feeling quite well, Todd. Thank you for asking." His voice was amazingly powerful sounding, deeper than either man even with the doctor's subdued tone. He had not yet touched his expanding cock, now at least two feet long and as big as his arm. His balls were hanging full and round. "This is quite an amazing experience."

"It gets better," volunteered Chuck.

"You want I should get any samples, Doc?"

"What?"

Todd pointed at the man's incredible erection. "You have a pretty good flow going there. You want a Sample for testing?"

"Oh, yes. Thank you Todd."

"Don't mention it." Todd was grinning slyly as he walked toward the doctor's engorged member and ran his hand up the length of its side, scooping up a handful of the clear honey.

"Oh my."

"Feels good, don't it?" Todd ran his grip up the side of the enormity again, pausing at the top to rub his fingers under the ridge.

"Oh. Oh, my." The doctor's balls swelled with a sudden growth spurt.

Todd dumped the Sample into a petri dish as Chuck observed, "you might want to think about jerking that thing off about now." He folded his arms across his chest and motioned at the man's nut sack with his head. "Those things look pretty ripe to me."

"Yeah, Doc. Don't strain yourself first time out."

The doctor closed his eyes and placed his hand tentatively against the throbbing side of his meat, then moved his other hand to the opposite wall and started to caress his erection. Quicksilver shocks of intense erotic bliss took him, flooding his senses with a pleasure he never dreamt possible. "Oh, my," he said again.

“Master of understatement, this guy.” Chuck wandered over toward Todd and leaned his arm against his friend’s shoulder, looking pointedly at the doctor’s still swelling balls. “I get that big?”

Todd seemed spellbound as he slowly shook his head. Then they both fell silent as something unexpected happened.

As he stroked himself, the doctor’s cock continued to grow, getting fatter and heavier as a single thick vein appeared and inflated up the length of his cock, branching outward and helping it to surpass either Todd’s or Chuck’s record erection as the tip rose above the doctor’s head and continued to extend. “Jesus,” Todd said softly.

“Holy fuck,” agreed Chuck. “Looks like the double load worked, huh?”

“Look at those legs!” The man’s thighs were bursting with huge new muscular power. Balloons of brawn inflated across the ever-widening expanses. Veins were crawling over every inch, engorged and hot, pushing down his limbs and infusing his muscles with increasing size and command. His thighs were shoving against each other for space and he was repositioning himself to allow them to grow. His calves suddenly blossomed with hard, swelling muscle, spreading like an opening flower.

“His legs? Look at his arms! Look at his chest! The guy’s a monster!” The doctor’s chest seemed to be unfolding. Masses upon masses of new, thick power shoved out upon each other as if originating from somewhere deep in the crevasse developing at the center. The muscle fiber would swell and split, then swell again, growing in a rush of absolute capacity and amazing beauty. It was as if, with each breath, there was no exhale. His torso was cabled with thickness that didn’t want to stop. It poured across his expanding shoulders and moved into the muscle of his arms, swelling them to grandiose bulks of tightly constrained force. Chuck circled around the man to watch as his back grew bigger, stronger, more massive by the moment. Bulging masses erupted across its expanse, then his lats were suddenly swelling outward, growing thick and hard with corded power. The doctor stood there calmly growing massively muscled and ultimately strong and the look in his eyes was one of amazing calm. His first stage of growth was easily surpassing either what Todd or Chuck had originally gained in mass and height. And he didn’t look like he was slowing yet.

“You feel like cumming, Doc?”

“Got an awfully full load building. Wouldn’t want you to rupture anything.”

“Not yet,” he said softly. His features were still refining themselves. His cheekbones broadening, rising higher on his face. His jaw squared, his nose narrowed, his lips filled out. His neck lengthened, growing corded with strands of new muscular might. His eyelashes thickened, his brows arched into perfection. There was obviously some Latin blood inside manifesting in his new form. He continued to stroke his fullness even as he grew and it grew and his load swelled in his balls.

“I don’t think he’s gonna stop.”

“Well, obviously he’s gonna stop. He’s gotta stop at some point.”

Chuck shook his head dubiously. “I dunno, Todd. He hasn’t even had his first bath in his own stuff, and look at the dude!” The clear fluid poured out of the amazing erection in a thick current forming a pool under all their feet.

The doctor closed his eyes, allowing his senses to fall headlong into the deep end of his unending tide of erotic pleasure. The bliss was almost painful in its fullness, shaking him

to the core and back again with each stroke of his fully engorged cock standing over four feet high.

Then, he set his legs wide, taking a stance against the coming eruption, and moving his hand down the length of his manhood, he braced himself for the flood of cum he could feel shoving itself out of his balls.

When he came, he shot his wad in a burst so powerful it dented the metal ceiling.

“Holy...”

“...Fuck!”

It was an amazing display of sheer sensual power. He came and he came and he came some more. There seemed no end to his seed as he emptied himself in an extended and prolonged orgasm. Did a minute go by? Did two? Did it matter? It seemed like it would never stop when just as suddenly as it began, it did stop, and the doctor stood in his new, improved form for only a moment before his body was absorbing his own essence back into himself, and the final process of ultimate refinement began.

But it seemed to the other men that the first stage had never actually stopped.

They looked at each other. Chuck said, “Shouldn’t there be a longer pause in there? It seems to me that when I...”

“When you changed, you went through two very distinct growing periods. But the Doc here...”

“...The Doc here is still...”

“...going.”

And he was still going. They watched as his body began a renewed round of growth. His dick was no longer swollen to its massive first erection, but it did seem to want to resist shrinking too much. And already the man stood at least a head taller than either of the other men and appeared to be still growing.

“So, what do you wanna bet? Seven six? Seven nine?”

“Eight feet, maybe.” Todd turned his head slightly, looking down at the remaining pool of power juice. “Eight six?”

“Eight and a half feet tall? That’d be...”

“That’d be incredible,” agreed the doctor, who simply stood stock still before the other men and continued to expand. His muscles were swelling with new growth everywhere. He was covered in his own seed but it was quickly disappearing. He seemed to be stretching toward the sky, the lines of his lengthening body quickly populated with new cords of power. His thighs ballooned with smooth brawn. His chest was beyond amazing and approaching impossible. His arms and shoulders did a damned good job of matching his chest. His prick was hanging in lush and astonishing abundance between his legs, a smooth, thick shaft stretching a foot and a half, maybe more, with the shining tip of the head peeking out of its cowled foreskin. His flat belly was rippling with constrained power. His skin was velvety and flawless, a cocoa brown color with a very light fur of dark hair across the chest and down the legs and arms. His eyes were similarly chocolate brown with flecks of gold.

“You almost done, Doc?”

He could feel the immense changes that had pushed his body to what it now was slowing down. The rushing sense of swelling power that had immersed every cell of his being into a shining pool of raw brawn and bulging beauty was cooling to a simmer. "Almost," he said. His voice had the tone of a mountain range, the power of a thunderstorm.

"Ooh," said Chuck, "chills."

Todd laughed slightly. "Got to admit, Doc, I do feel a little overshadowed."

"I'll see if I can remedy that," he said, smiling slightly. "I have a feeling that our combined emissions might cause a similar..."

Chuck clapped his hands together loudly. "All right! A little three-way action!"

"Calm yourself, boy. Let the man speak."

"Thank you, Todd. As I was saying, theoretically the explanation for my," he began, pausing to look down at his new form, "rather amazing transformation is that unlike either of you, my initial exposure consisted of an overdose of the fluids. Additionally, I believe each successive augmentation to your own physiognomies has redoubled the strength and efficacy of the discharge."

"Say what?"

"We double dosed him with stuff that was super strength. Since we've been playing around and absorbing each other's mix, our bodies have somehow managed to make up a new batch of the power juice that's extra strong and extra juicy. Now that it's inside the Doc, and it's mixing with his own power juice..."

"If we swim in his pool, we get bigger, too?"

"Bingo."

"In theory," the doctor corrected.

"Do you already have the super transforming power?"

"It isn't a power, per se, Chuck. It's more of a capability."

"Yeah, but super transforming power makes it sound more impressive."

As the doctor stood before them, they watched his body change in slight and awkward ways. One ball swelled and drooped while the other shrank. He lifted his arm and the tricep swelled with power, making his arm look lopsided. He tried to change his hair to a different color but all it did was frizz into an afro. "I seem to be able to do it, but perhaps I don't quite have the hang of it, yet." His nuts and arm returned to their previous dimensions.

"It takes some imagination and concentration, Doc. And from what I've seen, you've got plenty of the latter but maybe not enough of the former." Chuck scratched himself familiarly, adding, "lose the 'fro, Doc. It's not you."

"What? Oh. Oh, yes." And his hair fell in cascades across his shoulders again.

"Anything else?"

"Pardon?" Although the doctor's body and face had almost completely changed, it was weird to hear the familiarly befuddled words coming out in the deep baritone. And for looking like such a studly hunk, he stood like he was still a little man in a white coat. He was even attempting to keep one hand over his privates, to very little success.

"You'll get the hang of this, don't worry Doc." Chuck smiled encouragingly.

"What I was asking was basically what you asked us earlier. You notice any other new talents?"

"I'm afraid I'm still getting used to all this sudden change. It's a bit... disconcerting seeing everything from this angle. Although I must admit feeling extremely... potent."

“Potent?”

“Horny, Todd.”

The doctor actually blushed. “Also, this feeling of strength, although quite pleasurable, takes a little getting used to. I feel very, uh...”

“Horny.”

“Chuck, shut up.”

“It’s as if I am living inside something I don’t own, if you see what I mean. It’s not exactly uncomfortable, in fact quite the opposite, but I must admit that I’m not adjusting quite as immediately to... everything.”

Todd approached the larger man and reached to put his hand on the doctor’s shoulder. It felt both soft and hard at the same time, like a piece of marble had been covered with butter-soft leather. The man’s warm skin felt incredibly wonderful to touch. “Look at it logically, Doc. You lived inside that old body twice as long as either Chuck or I did in ours. Maybe none of us was still in puberty, but at least for me and him we could accept what was happening and adapt to it. You’ve only owned your improved body for a few minutes! It takes a little for the mind to get used to such a drastic change all at once.”

“Yeah, Doc, give yourself a fucking break! It’s not like Todd or I had to adjust to quite such a drastic change, either. We developed in stages, and you skipped a few hours and got everything – hell, looks like more than everything – all at once.”

The doctor nodded, and stray strands of his new wealth of auburn hair swung into his face, startling him a bit. He raised his hand, watching the bicep swell and flex with detached interest, and moved the hair aside. “Perhaps you’re right.”

“I mean, it don’t feel bad, right?”

“No, it certainly doesn’t feel bad.”

“Just weird. Right?”

“That would be one word for it.”

Chuck smiled. “Know what I think?” Todd groaned, but Chuck went on. “I think you should go over there and start playing with yourself.”

“I’m not sure...”

“To put it another way,” explained Todd, “perhaps some experimentation is in order. Test your capabilities, explore your boundaries, discover what you can do now, how strong you are and can be, how your new body works and reacts to the tasks you give it.”

“Yeah, and play with yourself! Jerk off a couple of times. Nothing puts you in touch with how you feel like a good hand job.”

Todd sighed, but the doctor was smiling. “Perhaps you’re right.” He eyed the exercise equipment and sets of free weights with a renewed interest. “I would like to see what I’m capable of.” He glanced down to where his hand was still attempting to cover his augmented prick, dangling in huge and obvious magnificence along his well-muscled thigh. “And I suppose modesty is a little ill-placed given the circumstances.” He moved his hand aside and seemed to stand a little more erect, displaying the beautiful monster’s magnitude with a sense of pride. As he turned toward the equipment, his hands began to explore his new dimensions, moving his touch across his chest and hips and butt, feeling the new huge muscle and tight power everywhere on his body.

Chuck watched the newest member of their exclusive club walk away, keeping an eye on the swaying globes of a perfect ass. “That’ll take him a little while.”

Todd nodded. “He looks so young.”

“Gotta be freaky, going through something like that.” He watched the doctor doing some limbering movements, smiling at the look on the man’s face at the ease with which he was accomplishing seemingly impossible maneuvers, lifting his leg up perpendicular with his body, twisting himself over backwards until his hands touched the floor and then effortlessly moving into a handstand, his body not even shaking as he held the pose. “But he’ll adjust. I mean, how could he not adjust to this?” Then Chuck bent his arm and watched the muscle swell, putting his hand on the bicep and feeling its hard strength. “It’s just fucking amazing.”

Todd looked at his friend. “He’s funny, isn’t he?”

“How do you mean?”

“I guess I just think it’s funny, how it’s like the doctor is gone but there he is over there, pressing, uh, it looks like about 3,500 pounds up and down over his chest. That funny little guy is gone, but instead he’s just been put in another body.”

“A better body.”

“A much better body.”

“So, what do you want to do now, Todd?” Chuck wiggled his eyebrows.

“You can’t be serious. Not again. Not already.”

“You know what the song says. ‘Sex is natural, sex is fun, sex is best when it’s one on one’.”

“Were you this horny before?”

“Yeah, but I couldn’t do much about it.” He tried to look sexy, wiggling his hips and pouting his lips, but he only looked silly.

“A little advice, Chuck. You can manage to look sexy just walking around, or just standing there. When you try to look sexy, you just look stupid.”

He straightened up and walked closer. “I’m just fucking with you.”

Todd watched the man approach, noting the line of his form, the curves and bulges, the skin like silk, the sway of his hair, the pendulum of his prick swinging thickly between his legs as he walked. “No, you just want to be fucking with me.”

“Exactly.” Chuck moved his hand onto Todd’s prodigious member and stroked him.

“Watching the Doc just now, seeing his body growing all that muscle, how his arms were bloated with power, watching his huge dick swell above his head... kinda got me all...”

He let out a sigh that sounded like a deep growl. It was physical and intense. Todd felt it in his groin. Chuck stood chest-to-chest against his friend, their faces barely inches apart. Through a half-smile, he asked, “You want me to drive, this time?”

Todd put his hand against Chuck’s meaty chest. “Hold on there, fuck buddy. I’ve been thinking.”

Chuck pressed forward, putting his hand on Todd’s hip, moving his other onto Todd’s firm ass and pulling him closer. “Think later. Fuck now.” Chuck was working his fingers under Todd’s butt, digging his able and urgent touch into Todd’s hole.

Todd huffed out a breath. His hand moved over Chuck’s muscular mound and found his nipple, rubbing the firm nub with his thumb. “Haven’t you been wondering what this is all for?” He lifted his leg slightly, allowing Chuck’s probing fingers easier access to his undercarriage.

Chuck moved closer still, whispering, “What what’s for?” into Todd’s ear before licking his neck.

Todd was losing concentration fast. "Eh... everything. What... what's the point of this experi... uh, ooh, experiment." His leg climbed onto Chuck's hip, he was trying to keep from getting hard, trying to keep his supply of lube from escaping and smearing them both in a clear glaze of warmth. He knew he could start it whenever he wanted. He could feel lips on his neck, on his shoulder. He could feel teeth biting his hard muscle. Chuck grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled hard, bending his head back as fingers dug deep inside his ass. Chuck was kissing his neck, licking the indent between his shoulder and his sternum. He could feel his friend's hardness pressing on his belly, feel his size and heat, feel the ridges of his mushroom helmet rubbing against his own tight abdominals. Chuck was so hard, so hot, so big.

Chuck pressed his advantage, seeking Todd's mouth with his own, feeling the velvet of Todd's smooth cheek against the rough shadow of his own, pulling Todd's firm, tight muscles against the swelling power of his own. He no longer questioned his drives, his wants, his desires. He knew what he wanted, and that he wanted Todd right now. "Shut up," he said, pushing his tongue into Todd's mouth, sucking Todd's lower lip between his teeth and biting it softly. He kissed him harder, one hand digging into Todd's ass, his other cradling Todd's head, holding him against his kiss, loving the wet anxiousness of that passion.

Todd gasped his name, but Chuck ignored him. "Don't worry," he growled, "I'm in charge."

Todd knew he could struggle, knew he could match Chuck's strength, maybe surpass it, but he didn't want to. Whatever he was thinking about, it was gone. He was sinking into some fantasy, giving himself over, letting someone else take the wheel for a change.

Chuck's hot breath against him was like a tonic, a perfume, a fire. His hands were rough on his skin, his handling was firm and demanding. "you want... you want me... to..."

"I'm in charge," he rumbled again, pulling Todd's hair in emphasis. "You'll know what to do." He opened his mouth and pressed it against Todd's, pushing all his lust into the kiss, sucking and teasing and exploring. "No more words."

The doctor's explorations of his burgeoning strength did not go well. The man had no experience working out in the first place, having spent his life as an academic. He was having trouble adjusting to his added height and larger dimensions. Things kept getting in the way.

Number one was that huge dick. It flopped and dangled and slapped into things. He finally discovered he could keep it semi-rigid in a relaxed state so that it wouldn't helicopter around when he turned and also wouldn't climb into an erection that poked him in the eye when he bent over. He learned to control it without touching it soon after discovering that when he did touch it, eruptions of orgasmic pleasure shook him thoroughly. Maybe it was still tender, he thought, or maybe the other gentlemen experienced this same rush of elation even when they casually handled their penises. He simply concentrated on gaining better control of the appendage until it more or less obeyed his desires.

Then there was all that hair. It was just a nuisance! He wondered how women managed it. First he tried to tie it in a knot, but there was so much of it that it was only marginally less annoying. Remembering that he had control over his body, he pulled on his hair and it all came out in his hand, so he tossed it away. He rubbed his hand across his smooth head and marveled at the tingle of sensual bliss he felt. Was every inch of his body going to be delivering that pleasure?

He noted that Todd and Chuck seemed to be engaged in another round of sexual activity and decided it would be best to go about his business. He found it exciting, however, that his first inclination was to join them. He examined his own feelings of lust and desire, discovering that he was releasing a steady drizzle of lube while he watched them before shutting the valve off. 'Interesting,' he thought.

Pointing his brain back to the matter at hand, he decided to start with some arm work. He knew there wasn't much to it, he picked up a dumbbell and bent his arm, then unbent his arm, then bent his arm, over and over brainlessly to exercise the muscle. If one increased the weight and repetitions, the muscle would be forced to grow to accommodate the added strain.

He picked up a weight and set it back down, muttering, "Too light." Looking over, he noticed a contraption that consisted of a series of levers and pulleys attached to plates. He sat down on its bench, grabbed a handle hanging near the weights, pulled it toward himself and began.

He struggled slightly at first, but then watched with interest as the bulge of his bicep was suddenly swelling beneath the skin. He could see the muscle fiber expand, split, condense and expand again. His muscle was physically building itself by the second, altering to account for the burden set against it with an effortless grace. As he slowly bent his arm, the muscle rounded into a ball, a ball that grew larger and rounder, fitting itself into the crook of his arm and chest. It was as if each part of his body was perfectly attuned to every other part. Whatever was needed was granted.

When he lowered the weight, he discovered that it no longer seemed as heavy. It was still a burden, but not a strain. And the muscle that had previously swelled to such

extraordinary extents looked like it had before he'd started, no longer fat with new muscle. The power had not disappeared, it had merely been condensed in the muscle fiber, so that his strength was increased but his size had not.

And all this had happened without any thought on his part. It was a little like watching it happen to someone else, but he was feeling it all. He twisted around and added up the plates to see how much he'd done.

It was 800 lbs. He was curling the equivalent of a fully-loaded refrigerator. He found that... interesting.

The doctor had never been the type of person who cared about his body at all. If he woke up and his eyes showed him what was in front of his nose, and his hands could still use a keyboard, he was a happy man. Mirrors held almost no fascination for him, and the idea of a comb was something he'd tried once but found much too time consuming. He was all brain, no brawn. Gray matter encased in a collection of bones and flesh that helped it get around, and that was about it.

He looked at his hands curiously, flexing the fingers in and out, watching the play of muscle across his forearm as he did so. He was, of course, well acquainted with human anatomy. He knew the names of the bones and muscles, what connected where, and how it all worked. His gaze moved to his chest and the two huge globes of muscle there. His moved his hand across the expansive pectorals, feeling the tight ripples and hard bulges. But that had all seemed like a foreign language to him before. His body was an awkward assemblage of limbs and a round belly. He fed it when it was hungry. His hand moved down to his stomach, thinking that, and felt the rounded muscles against his flat abdomen. He sat up, stretching himself, feeling the stretch inside and out.

Exercise was something other people did.

Now he found himself living inside what could easily be called the most amazing collection of muscle, flesh and bone the world, and certainly he, has ever encountered. His hand traveled further south, finding a warm nest of pubic hair. It felt soft and silky. A body that could curl 800 lbs. His fingertips found the root of his huge prick. It still felt hot and firm. A body standing nearly eight feet tall. He curled his fingers underneath and gripped the mass of himself. A body that demanded to be tested, to be used, to be... wow, that felt good.

He looked down to see that he'd started moving his hand along the length of his cock, noticing fully the velvety softness of his tool, the beauty of the flesh covering the firm, meaty inches lying across his thickly muscled thigh. Inwardly, he examined these feelings of self worship he'd not encountered before, wondering idly whether they'd been there all along waiting for something worthy to revere or whether the transformation was bringing them forth, if he was like Chuck, perhaps driven to repeated acts of sexual release to further refine his body's capabilities. Was this hunger, this desire he felt simply a manifestation of... damn, that's incredibly sensitive right there. Ooh. Oh, yeah. Mmm, my my my.

He ran his fingers along the surface, inching them back up the length of his ample manhood until they again reached the swelling lip of the head hidden under his uncut foreskin. The whole of his tool was firm and warm, so thick around that he could not grasp its entirety within his grip without squeezing. He tensed his asshole, firming his shift and watched the head pull further from its hood. He could feel the beating of his

heart throbbing through it, a steady, heavy pulse that seemed to feed his desire to caress himself.

Spreading his heavy, muscled thighs wider he adjusted his grip, cupping his fingers underneath and rubbing the helmet under his thumb. He pulled the tight foreskin back and the head seemed to suddenly swell as if striking the open air had made it ripen. He was struck with a term he'd heard in his youth and looking down at himself realized that a one-eyed trouser snake was exactly what he had.

A drop of the clear lubing fluid appeared from the eye and he dipped his thumb into it, painting a glistening coat all over the helmet. A perceptive warming accompanied the paint job, a heat that dug itself into his cock and further increased its size and stiffness. Another thick gob of the honey surged from the tip and amplified, swelling into a steady drizzle that started to pool on the bench under his dick. He gripped himself in his free hand and used the other to spread the flow all over his thickening manhood, spreading it along the swelling contours like icing. His flow was building fast, the unhurried drizzle building to a steady surge that ran down his slowly rising length like a deliberate tide. The puddle that had been gathering under his balls on the weight bench was already flowing onto the floor in thick threads, building themselves into a thin curtain of lubricant.

His ministrations continued as he leisurely stroked himself to erection, watching the veins along the shaft grow and multiply, feeling their rippled density under his hand. He no longer needed to hold himself, he had grown rock hard but was still increasing in size.

The head had slipped clear of its cowl and was expanding like a mushroom cap, the lipped ridge flaring thick and wide. It was pressing into his abs so he leaned back, allowing himself room to grow. The spill of clear fluid was coating his muscular stomach and flowing through his silken pubes, the hair now dark and matted with his honey.

The intensity of the erotic pulses thrilling their way through his senses was growing along with his cock. Each stroke seemed to increase and tighten the connection between his cock and his body, to expand the electrical shock of orgasmic pleasure building inside. He was feeling the fuck everywhere, not just in his loins. It was most intense there, but the power was building and spreading. The tingling shock of bliss was growing into a deep, pulsing swell of passionate ecstasy that was slowly encompassing every inch of flesh, every fiber of muscle, into his bloodstream, through his bones, top to bottom, stem to stern.

If he could have, he might have pondered this effect. But his body was too happy to let his brain wander anywhere that might take it from expanding this feeling it was feeling. He felt more powerful, more alive, more intensely filled with pleasure with every momentous stroke of his prodigious prick.

He felt something against his thighs and felt a pressure between his legs. So he threw one leg to the other side of the bench to straddle it, allowing his balls space to expand. They were swelling like melons on the vine, filled with his powerful seed. They inflated in his ball sack until they reached the edge of the bench and started to slowly hang off the edge, the skin stretching and the balls swelling. His cock was now as thick as a beer can and as high as his chest. His whole body felt like a prick, shaken with unending pulses of erotic bliss.

The glistening eye of the monster was poised in front of him, and he bent toward it to welcome its hardness. The slick surface touched his lips and he could feel that same heat

penetrate. His mouth slid over the helmet's lubed surface and welcomed it inside. His taste was salt and musk, a pure masculine perfume that filled his head with pulses of erotic desire. He sucked on himself, pulling the head deeper inside, feeling the clear honey begin to coat his tongue and slide down his throat. He sucked and swallowed, moving his mouth further down his cock, raking his teeth along its firm and throbbing shaft. He could feel his load like a rich and beautiful burden, weighing his balls down with his charge. It wanted escape. It wanted to rush up and up his inches and fill his mouth.

Eyes closed, drowning in bliss, he let himself go, the sudden release rushing through his entire being like quicksilver lightning. The orgasmic ecstasy exploded inward and outward, following the trail of the doctor's incredible cum through the length of his massive hard-on, building like a fire in his loins that had been doused with gasoline. He shoved his mouth down on himself and welcomed his seed inside. It came like a flood, pushing itself free in a fast, fat fountain. Like the other men, he did not cum in short spurts, but emptied his balls in one, long stream. The excess gushed from the corners of his mouth as he tried to swallow it all. It spilled on his huge chest and mingled with the gleaming slick of lube. He could feel himself filling up, feel a heat building like hellfire in his belly that was spreading out like lava in his blood. Then his skin was soaking up the clear glaze like a sponge. Somewhere inside it was all mixing with his enhanced DNA, becoming part of every fiber of muscle, every cell of his skin and bones. The doctor's ultimate refinement had begun.



Chuck was plowing Todd's sweet ass like a man on a mission. He stood with his hands clasped behind his head, his torso bent slightly back so that his abs stood out in thick relief as his hips shoved his prick in and out. He had a grin on his lips that reflected the thrumming bliss he felt all along his cock, pumping in and out of Todd's lubricated hole like a piston. Chuck had a steady rhythm established and he was managing to thrust and withdraw at least twelve inches of his mighty prick with every pump.

Todd was bent over in front of his friend, his perfect ass high in the air to welcome Chuck's meat inside. His virgin ass was getting filled to the brink. Chuck's wealth of lube ran down Todd's legs, squirting out as Chuck pushed himself inside to splash

against his own groin and belly as well. Todd's flow was also gushing freely, and he'd already found himself cumming twice during Chuck's lengthy attentions. He could feel another load building and ready to surge unbidden. His cock was stretched so tight and rigid that it almost hurt. Sometimes it felt as if Chuck's prick was entering his own, doubling its girth and hardness.

"Mmm, Todd, you feel so good."

"You're sorta breaking the mood here, Chuck."

"Am I?" He paused, his cock buried deep inside his friend's ass, and allowed himself to swell and lengthen. "How're you feeling, now, buddy?"

"Mmm, oh God." He squirmed slightly and moved back, welcoming the huge cock more fully. He could feel another load building in his balls already. He felt like he could go on like this forever. "Oh, God," he whispered again, because Chuck was doing something new involving his nipples. He could feel the heavy weight of his friend on his back, feel the tight muscled power of Chuck's body pressed against his own.

"So, you prefer being the fuckee, or the fucker?"

"It's all... mmm... ooh, ah... good."

"Depending on your," Chuck said, pausing as he shoved all the way into Todd's ass, slapping his balls against his friend's, "perspective." He looked across the room at the Doctor, his grin of satisfaction widening into a smile of realization. "Looks like the doc's going through the final transformation." Todd raised his head to see, watching the doctor sucking his own dick even as his body was perfecting itself to a level of human beauty that was almost beyond belief.

The doctor was lost in a haze of orgasmic bliss, unaware that his limbs were growing slightly more muscled, encased with cables of power swollen with raw force and unlimited capacity. His belly tightened, cobblestoned with fist-sized abdominals in a defined eight-pack, his shoulders widened and grew into bowling balls clothed with fat strips of muscle, his face became sculpted with flawless masculine features – higher cheekbones, broader chin, dimpled and perfect. His skin was smooth, clean, soft, glowing with a golden tanned magnificence. His legs lengthened and grew stronger, bigger, fed with finger-thick veins that nourished the monster thighs and calves to engorged magnificence. The twin hemispheres of his already huge chest swelled with renewed eagerness, bulging out into squarish plates of palpable force.

He released himself from his mouth and sat back as the process finalized. His rock hard prick slowly receded to its semi-limp state, laying in lengthy glory across one heavy thigh as his body solidified into its ultimate state of perfection, and the man opened his golden eyes to look down at a body that not even God himself might dream within the realm of human possibility. Todd found himself squirting his load as he watched, and felt himself filled with Chuck's hot cream at the same time.

The doctor stood slowly, his hands rising to touch the smooth perfection of his body. His fingers danced across the expanse of his chest. He tightened the muscle and watched the play of fiber under his own bronzed skin. He could feel the tightly constrained power within the muscle, and stretched out his perceptions to feel the same swelling sense of power in every inch of his new being. His body was humming with muscular power and capability. He felt that, literally, there was nothing he could not now do.

And then his old mind returned, and wanted to know how this was possible, how the serum had managed to transform his nearly half-century old body into the form he now

owned. Was it something about the passing from one man to the next? Was it the special combination of the three of them? Was it his own metabolism? And could he pass this on, improving Todd and Chuck to his state of human perfection?

And would the next candidate further enhance the process – even though he could not imagine how it could get better than this. Smiling, he started striding across the floor toward the other men, who were even now soaking in the pool of thick cream resulting from their last coupling. They were staring at him, seemingly unaware that their bodies were again reclaiming the magical fuel they produced with a seemingly unending supply. “Jesus, Doc, look at you!” Todd folded his arms across his chest, smiling broadly.

Chuck approached and teasingly squeezed the doctor’s upper arm, which felt like warm rock covered with soft suede. “Hard as iron,” he said, then he twisted the bigger man’s nipple. “So, ya big stud, when do Todd and I get to sample the merchandise?”

“You gentlemen aren’t tired, then?” The doctor’s voice was like liquid thunder. Chuck could feel it reaching for his balls and caressing his cock. Todd huffed out a surprised breath and licked his lips. “And who,” he asked, raising one of his sculpted eyebrows as his hand moved down his torso, traveling over the rippling power on his belly until his fingers wound around his ample and amazing prick, squeezing it suggestively as he allowed himself to swell and lengthen in his grip, “goes first?” His cock was crawling downward, the shaft enlarging as it extended, the head mushrooming inside its tightening foreskin. A clear ball of super lube was swelling into existence at its eye.

Chuck’s eyes bulged, but it was Todd who knelt before the doctor and lifted his burgeoning monster to his mouth, kissing the translucent honey from the piss slit before swallowing the snake inside.

The doctor felt a little bit like a spigot, spilling his special transforming fluids inside Todd, who sucked on his tool like a man with a mission, which was not far from the truth. The doctor could feel the thrumming bliss of sexual gratification as he released a small flood of his clear honey, which Todd hungrily swallowed with a smile on his lips. It only took a few seconds of attention before the doctor could feel his load of hot cream building to release in his swelling balls. He decided not to wait, he wanted to see what would happen more than he wanted to get sucked off. His scientific curiosity winning out again. So he allowed his cargo of enhanced jizz to rush through the thick inches of his cock into Todd, watching the man’s face suddenly change from an expression of happy satisfaction to one of slightly contained alarm.

Todd felt the doctor’s seed enter him as if he were swallowing lava. The heat as the two fluids met deep inside him was immediate and overwhelming. He swallowed it all, though, feeling the hot pain mingling with another feeling just as deep and just as awesome, but this one a feeling of surging strength, building power, unlimited muscular might that started in his gut and shot throughout his being like lightning. He could not get enough of whatever the doctor was giving him. It was a fuel more potent and pungent than anything he’d felt until now. His body cried for it, ached for it, welcomed it like water on parched land.

The pain and the pleasure built inside and crashed through his body until it reached to his fingertips and toes and he felt the world turning black. The doctor pulled his wet prick out of Todd’s mouth as the man collapsed to the floor, sucking in deep breaths, his eyes wide and wild.

“Whoa,” said Chuck. But he didn’t move, because it was apparent that something drastic was happening.

As the other two men watched, Todd’s body began to stretch and swell. His face suddenly relaxed into a mask of ecstasy. He could feel himself growing both physically and in strength and power. Looking down, he watched his legs lengthen, the muscles pulled tight and long, then they were swelling with new growth. He raised his hand to his gaze, watching the fingers stretch, feeling his arms grow heavier with muscle.

Chuck was smiling, watching what was in store for him. Todd’s frame was expanding, improving again, growing more unmistakably powerful and beautiful. His chest stretched wide, then filled in with two huge mounds of perfect muscle. His neck lengthened and broadened. His shoulders were swelling into mammoth displays of raw muscular force. Todd’s pelvis shifted upwards as his ass tightened and rounded. His cock was growing even thicker, even longer, even more impressively enormous. Todd was moaning with evident gratification, feeling himself swell and grow and increase in power everywhere. Suddenly his flat belly erupted with an eight-pack of perfection. His waist seemed to narrow as two wings of thick muscle unfolded from his lats.

It was nothing short of incredible, watching his friend continue to develop before his eyes. It was as if Todd would achieve a certain measurement, his body expanding and perfecting into its new dimensions, then it would start to grow again. The diamonds of his calves would again swell, his nipples would again expand, his arms would again enlarge, his chest would again inflate. And through it all, Todd kept his eyes closed and drowned in a pool of sensual bliss, each perfection of muscle and bone and tendon sending shocks of orgasm through him.

The cycles would follow each other almost immediately, but through the process Chuck could see Todd’s form refine itself before beginning another growth phase. In between, his skin would fill with muscle, his limbs would stretch another couple of inches, his face would grow lean, taught, then fill in and distill to a more polished version of the Todd he had come to recognize. He could see the muscle develop. Fibers of new power would swell into existence and inflate, pushing Todd’s body to a bigger and better measurement each time. He didn’t appear to be in pain, even though it was evident that the process affected even his bones this time. How else could he be seen to be growing taller and wider to accommodate the massive growth of his muscles?

Todd moved onto his back, laying flat on the floor as his development continued. He could feel the cold tiles under his naked body against his skin as he began swelling into another round of growth. As Chuck and the doctor watched, Todd’s torso seemed to spread all at once, the muscles flattening to stretch across his wider and taller frame for a moment, then like vines or snakes the new muscle would start appearing, swelling up on his chest, inflating his shoulders, rippling his abs. His skin was elastic and shiny, velvet smooth and copper. His feet moved another few inches away from him as his head moved north. Again, the muscle at first stretched to accommodate the new size then fresh muscle began to grow and swell like cables of power.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the growth stopped and Todd opened his turquoise eyes, a smile of aching beauty on his face. “That was very nice,” he said. His voice, like the doctor’s, resounded with unrestrained masculine power and capability. Chuck watched his friend stand, towering over him, now taller even than the doctor, his form

loaded to the max with a perfected set of muscles and a monster cock hanging between his legs, lush and full and thick and beautiful.

With a drop of clear lube already at the tip. "Ready, buddy?"

Todd didn't have to ask twice. Chuck grabbed Todd's colossus and licked off the first drop. It stung his lips and tongue with its salty tang, as if the power it contained was being manifested already. Chuck smiled in anticipation of his next transformation. "Let 'er rip, big guy," he said, opening his mouth and swallowing the cock as Todd released a fountain into his friend.

Chuck drank all that Todd had to give, gripping the root of his prick with one hand and fondling Todd's ample balls with the other, feeling them growing heavy and swollen with hot cum. He dug a finger into Todd's ass to help heighten his friend's pleasure, rewarded with a swelling flood of lube before he felt Todd's monster enlarge in his throat just before the roaring fire of his seed was filling his gut.

Chuck would have howled if Todd's cock weren't lodged inside him. The pain of the twice-refined fire came hard and fast. Todd pumped a gallon of super juice into his friend. When he pulled himself out, Chuck stood drunkenly, with an odd smile on his lips. "Mmmm," he said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, "that was..." He paused as his eyes widened, and he whispered, "I can feel it." His breath grew ragged and his eyes seemed to sag for a moment, as if the weight of the world was on his shoulders. In another second, his body straightened and the man positioned himself for a display that neither Todd nor the doctor would soon forget.

It started with Chuck's legs, which stretched longer as they watched. Chuck closed his eyes, a satisfied smile on his lips, as his arms started to lengthen as well. Then his torso and neck equalized the sudden expansion and he stood before them looking thinner but perhaps half a foot taller. In another moment, his body began to swell with new muscle everywhere. It inflated under the skin as if someone were pumping him with power. Thick cords erupted on his chest, fat strands of brawn that met and condensed into two ponderous globes of power capped by two perfect nipples, dipping low before the muscular onslaught. More muscle appeared on his thighs and calves, on his upper and lower arms. Hard balloons of brute force swelling larger and larger. His neck filled in with cables of strength feeding onto bowling ball shoulders. His belly seemed to suction onto the high, hard eight-pack that appeared as if by magic.

Then it started again. Another spurt of growth pushing Chuck's frame taller again. Another round of muscle refinement and growth as his body developed into a taller, wider version of who he had just been. His face grew more beautifully sculpted, with a narrow nose and slender, dark brows. Then, as if his cock had decided on its own to join the fun, it suddenly grew fatter and longer, fed by thick veins on his pelvis and turning a dark purple that slowly receded to a more familiar pink color as it adjusted to its new dimensions.

There were four distinct cycles of growth, each one pushing Chuck a little less than the one before. The first had been a dramatic and sudden burst, adding several inches and who knew how many pounds of muscle and height. The next was just as dramatic, but slightly less noticeable. The third, another round that pushed his cock to new, unbelievable dimensions before the final round seemed only to perfect everything that came before.

At last, fully transformed, Chuck opened his eyes and immediately stroked himself, feeling the quicksilver rush of pleasure through his body. “Wow,” he said quietly.

After Chuck's conversion to new superman status, the doctor insisted that the three of them have measurements taken for his records. It turned out that Todd had overestimated the doctor's height, since the man was now seven feet, five and a half inches tall, "quite a bit shorter than eight feet," observed Chuck.

"Yeah, well, he looked awfully big before."

Todd was now the tallest of the three, standing seven foot nine, while Chuck was just an inch shorter. Chuck was the heaviest, however, weighing in at around 600 pounds. There was not much difference, all things considered, between the three men, but Chuck seemed to take comfort in the one area where he managed to excel.

"The density of the muscle fiber accounts for the weight. Average men..."

Chuck snickered. "Average men."

The doctor cleared his throat. "Average men of our height and appearance would normally be around 275, 280."

Chuck hefted his 16-inch schlong, saying, "I'll bet this adds 40 or 50 pounds all by itself!"

"Ha, ha, Einstein, whatever." Todd looked at the doctor. "So, now what?"

"Pardon?"

"What's next on the agenda? Now that we've pretty much attained perfection, what's left?"

"With your gentlemen's cooperation, I propose we find a new, unaltered test subject and see, indeed, what happens next."

"You mean, we should bring some new blood into the mix..."

"Or new cum," corrected Chuck.

"And see what happens?" The doctor nodded, reaching up to rub his neck. "And how do we do that? You have some phone numbers or something?"

"I think we need to go out and find some likely candidates."

"Go out? Like this?" Todd pivoted, showing his naked perfection. "You think that might attract some attention?"

"Not to mention being illegal." Chuck was rubbing his chin, and he suddenly sprouted a shadow of a beard as if it was an afterthought. "Not that I object to a little public nudity."

The doctor stood up, moving toward the far end of the lab where a door stood closed.

"We have some clothing back here that should fit. It's made of a new stretch fabric one of the other labs is developing." He opened the door as the other two followed him in.

Chuck suddenly sucked in a gasp and Todd and the doctor turned to see what the problem was.

What they caught was the reflection of all three men on a wall of mirrors. Although each of them had seen the other two from every angle, it was the first time all three of them saw all three of them at the same time. It was a little overwhelming.

"Jesus," said Todd, a big smile on his face, "why didn't you mention what a big hunkin' stud I was, Chuck?" He shot a double-bi pose at the mirror, watching his body perform in

muscular perfection. His arms swelled with high peaks of solid brawn. His chest split into diamonds of thick power.

“Because,” answered his friends, spreading his lats wide enough to block the sun, “I was too busy being a super hung jock to notice.” He reached down and tugged at his cock, extending it a couple of extra inches.

Even the doctor couldn’t help himself, turning slightly to see the reflection of his perfect ass in the mirror. “Not bad,” he confessed, sounding like a cook who was looking at the wedding cake he just baked. “Not bad at all!”

“Yup,” said Todd, “I’d say you managed to create something pretty fuckin’ special, Doc.” He slapped the doctor on the back with a good natured laugh. “I don’t see much I could complain about.”

“No regrets about the experiment, then?”

“Only that I wish I’d done it sooner.” He looked at himself again. “Seems a shame to cover this up with clothes, don’t it Chuck?”

“Mm hmm.”

The doctor had turned aside and was opening a locker, pulling out a very small plastic ball, then another, and finally a third. He handed one to each man and kept one for himself.

“What’s this?”

Rather than answering Chuck, the doctor twisted his own ball apart and something that looked like a wadded up piece of yellow paper popped out. He held it in his hand as it slowly unraveled. “This is the clothing I mentioned.”

Todd held up his ball. “This?” He opened it, revealing a red sheath of scrunched material. Chuck’s ball held a black set of whatever it was.

The doctor had separated his piece into two pieces, and was starting to stretch the material wider and wider, until he found a hole. “It’s designed to be super compact for travel. What you do is stretch it until you find an arm hole, a neck hole, etc.” He examined the edge of the hole he’d located. “They’re marked. Then you simply, er…”

Rather than explain further, he started pulled the material over his head and began to systematically stretch it until the arms became apparent, and he slipped into the sleeves, and finally pulled the material down his torso. It was so thin and clung so tightly that it might as well have been a second skin. Every muscular bulge seemed highlighted by the shimmering cloth, as if the doctor had painted himself yellow. He then took the second piece and shoved his legs inside, pulling it up his body until the seams met and, with a slight pressure, he attached the two pieces together.

“That’s almost more obscene than not wearing anything at all,” observed Todd, looking at the obvious outline of the good doctor’s enormous tool pressed against his hip. Again, the material sucked onto his body so tightly that every edge of his cock, from the flaring helmet to the thick shaft, was clearly evident.

“Perhaps it is not the most concealing of clothes, but it has several advantages. It keeps you warm in cold and cools you in direct sunlight. It breathes like cotton and is pliable enough to allow complete movement without binding or chafing.

“And you still look naked!” Chuck seemed actually pleased. He’d managed to work himself into his black sheath on shimmering cloth and was looking at himself in the mirror. “This is amazing stuff. It feels like I’m not wearing anything at all, but it covers everything. It even managed to work its way into my crack.” He illustrated his point by

turning to reveal that, indeed, the material had suctioned itself so completely to his body that the distinct hemispheres of his tight bubble butt were separated. "It's like the bat suit, only real! See? Nipples!" He pinched them and they perked up immediately, poking against the material.

Todd had his 'pants' on and was adjusting his cock to be not quite so apparent, but also not invisible. Chuck started to laugh watching his friend's prick dancing inside the red confines, growing one way, then the other, shrinking and extending until Todd was satisfied with the resulting bulge. "There. It's a cock, but it's not a COCK."

"What's wrong with having a COCK?" Which Chuck, evidently, did. His tool was so thick and obvious that anyone who saw it might think it completely unreal. "Besides, according to the letter of the law, I think we're sufficiently covered."

"You just want to flaunt it."

"Duh, Todd. I walked around in layers of clothes trying to hide my fat gut and tiny dick for a long, long time. Now that I got something to strut, I'm damn well strutting it!" He started pumping his arms, building up more and more mass with each flex until his had long, thick biceps piled on top of hard, bulging triceps. He sucked in a breath and his chest expanded by the inch, filled out with thick cables of heavy muscle. He rubbed his palm on his stomach as if polishing it, grinning with satisfaction as his abdominals swelled into power. Chuck continued refining his powerful frame, checking the mirror now and again, until he was satisfied with the result. "There," he said, striking a pose, balling his hand into a fist and swelling his bicep into a huge ball of hard muscle, "if this ain't a worthy advertisement for our services, I don't know what is." Chuck stripped himself out of the top, leaving the lower half of his body sheathed in the skintight black material, hugging every inch of his perfection. A sudden crop of dark curls erupted across the expanse of his chest, leading to a dark trail that wound down and under the pants, if they could be called that.

"I don't suspect we need to advertise anything, Chuck. I have a feeling when we see the right guy, we'll know it – and so will he." Todd smiled as he looked at the doctor's Latino features, his golden eyes and mane of soft, dark hair. The doctor stood finally at ease in his perfect body, looking comfortable and relaxed. His intelligence shown through his steady gaze, and his erect stature spoke volumes about not fucking with the guy, unless he wanted you fucking with him. Then he glanced at his own reflection, showing the blonde surfer God with sky blue eyes and a cock that could choke Linda Lovelace. He turned around, watching the fluid ease and athletic grace of his body, marveling how right it felt, how powerful, how strong. Finally, he was looking at Chuck's newest form, his body mounded with muscle, a cropped Marine crew cut on his head offset by the Black Forest that furred his torso. Chuck was smiling back at him, his teeth looking almost too white when contrasted with the fuzzy shadow of a two-day beard on his chin and cheeks. "Where do we start?"

The doctor considered. "I still have the files for the test subject candidates. We could take a look, see if we like one, go for a visit and see what happens from there."

Chuck was shaking his head. "I wasn't a candidate. Maybe it was my untested gene stuff that caused this reaction. You said yourself, doc, that this wasn't exactly the expected result."

The doctor nodded. "Perhaps." He looked at Todd. "What do you think?"

He shrugged. "Don't much care. Only, I think we need to add a little African to the mix, along with the my Nordic, Chuck's Eastern Euro and your Latino, Doc. Maybe it's that combo – the mixing from all races – that's the trigger."

"A valid point, and one I had considered."

"Hey, what about Jeremy!"

Todd looked at Chuck. "Jeremy, your neighbor?"

"Yeah! Jeremy's cool, and I know he'd kill for a little of this action. The guy already works out, looks pretty big. I bet he wants to be bigger."

"How old is he?" It was the doctor's question.

"About 22, I think. Just outta college. Smart guy, works with computers or something. Unattached."

"But what about the..." Todd made a jerking off gesture. "You think he'd be cool with sucking us off, or us pouring gallons of lube and cum all over him?"

Chuck clicked his tongue. "Jesus Todd, like we're going to find anyone who doesn't think that's a wee bit odd."

"You don't seem to mind anymore. I can think of a time a few hours ago when you'd a run like your ass was on fire before you ever sucked anyone's dick, let alone your best friend's."

"And need I remind both of you of the attraction pheromones. Although they may no longer affect us between ourselves, I should think that any man exposed to the three of us would be overcome by his desire to, uh, to be... um. To have us..."

"Fuck his brains out. Yeah, Doc, I do dimly recall my initial reaction to the big guy, here." Chuck slapped Todd's beautiful ass and laughed. "Man, I was almost creaming my jeans just being near you and that was, what, four or five helpings ago. I shouldn't wonder that any guy who walks in on us here would be instantly hard and lapping at our cocks before we even said hi."

"So, Jeremy?"

"Jeremy." Chuck looked down. "Wonder why we got all dolled up for if he's coming here?"

"Probably best not to totally shock him at first, anyway. Three guys hanging out in a lab all naked?"

"Hell, it already looks like a gym. If we had a sauna there'd be no problem." Chuck glanced at the doctor. "You'll like him. Like I said, he's totally cool. And I can't wait to see what a little dark blood does to our juice." He slapped his hands together and rubbed them. "Where's the phone?"

"Hello?"

"Jeremy! It's Chuck."

"Chuck who?"

"Chuck your neighbor Chuck."

"What's up with your voice? Trying to sound all macho and shit?"

"Uh, yeah. Listen, what're you up to today?"

"Just hangin'. Probably work out a little later. Why?"

"Feel like getting a work out, now? I found this new gym you're gonna love."

"You? Mr. Beer Gut? At a gym?"

"Yeah, well, you'd be amazed at the progress I've made."

"I'll bet."

"Uh, well, I'd be willing to take that bet."

"Sure, man! What're you putting on the line?"

"Fifty bucks says you don't recognize me when you get here."

"I just saw you yesterday!"

"So what? Sounds like a sure thing, to me."

"You sure you don't have a cold or something?"

"C'mon, is it a bet or not?"

"Sure, sure, whatever man. Where you at?"

Chuck hung up the phone. "He's on his way." He looked at Todd, then checked himself in the mirror. "How d'you think I'd look as a redhead?"

"You lost me."

"Never mind. Um, so, how are we gonna do this? Just, like, spring it on him? Like, 'Hi, Jeremy! Say, don't we three look pretty fucking amazing? All you have to do is suck my dick and you, too, can be one hot, sexy superman who can control your body's appearance and increase your muscular strength just by thinking it.' I mean, you really think..."

"I should point out," remarked the doctor, "that the transforming fluid works internally or externally."

"Your point?"

"I think he means that unless Jeremy's really into swallowing a monster cock, which I suppose he might be..?"

Chuck shrugged. "Never came up. 'Jeremy, can you get me a beer while you're up and by the way, do you suck cock?'" Chuck scratched himself through the black material. His dick seemed to blossom slightly, like a very large puppy moving to be closer to the petting hand.

"Yes, well, um, as we know the body will soak in the cum no matter how it's applied. So, I mean, if it comes down to it, we could churn up a batch and tell him it's an ointment he can apply to his body and that'll work. Or even just hand him a glass of it and invite him to drink a toast to the new Jeremy. His mouth never actually has to touch..." Todd grabbed a handful of his own monster, finishing his sentence.

"You always want to take all the fun out of everything."

"What, you want your next door neighbor to suck your dick?"

"Hello? Todd, I want everybody to suck my dick."

"Well, that goes without saying."

"But I thought I'd mention it."

"Thanks for the input."

"I'm wondering about the pheromone effect."

"What about it, Doc?"

"Chuck, when you were exposed to Todd..."

"Literally."

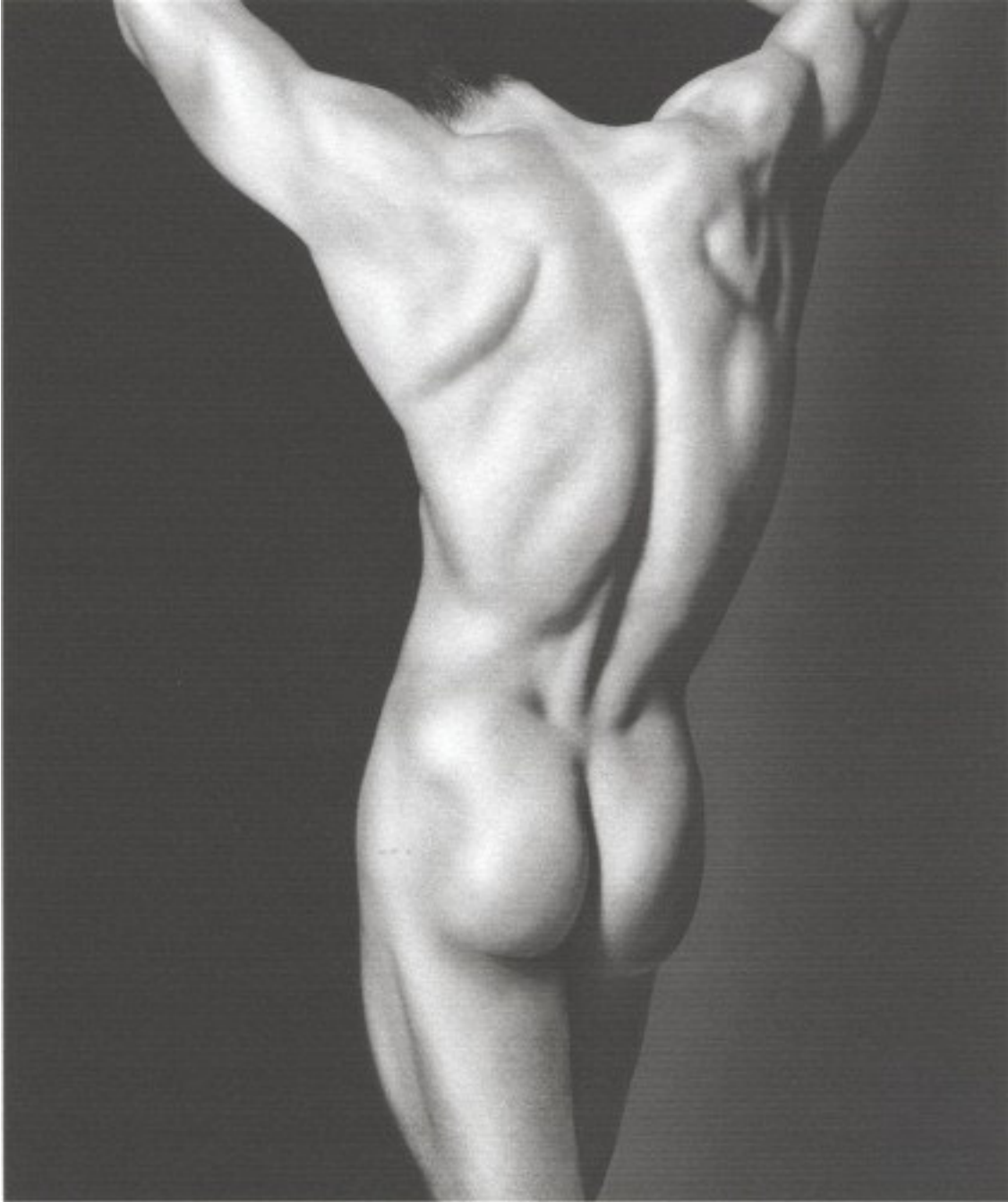
"...I noticed that you had a rather difficult time restraining yourself."

"Well, yeah. After jumbotron here pulled out his foot long and started stroking, it was like I was knee-deep in sex. I mean, whatever he was putting out, I was really soaking in

it. I had to jerk off, my cock was just too insistent. Hard as a rock and wet as the mighty Mississippi. From the minute I walked into his place, I could feel it.”

“And that was only one subject, prior to the multiple transformations the three of us have been through since. I would suspect that any man walking into this building would be more or less rendered immobile by the strength of their need to satisfy the sudden sexual desire that would likely overwhelm their senses.”

“Whoa. Cool!”



11

Jeremy pulled up to the lab and stepped from his Jeep. He was already a fairly well built specimen of a man. Standing just over six feet tall and tipping the scales at 215, Jeremy was an ex high school football jock. He'd graduated from the local college a few months

back and moved into Chuck's building. They were not close friends, mostly meeting once in a while to watch TV over a few beers.

Jeremy wore his workout clothes, looking forward to a sweaty round of weights and aerobics. He was justifiably proud of the body he'd built. He knew he was pretty lucky in the gene department, and he also had nothing to worry about downstairs, either. He hadn't told Chuck, who seemed like your average red-blooded all-American homophobe that he was gay. What did the guy care, anyway? He was certainly not going to be making anyone's hit list with that beer gut. It was about time he got off his ass and started getting the fat down. His lover Jeff was expecting him over for dinner, so this would have to be a short, intense session working his upper body.

He truly loved Jeff; a Native American beauty who'd started out as just another fuck buddy, but had quickly become more. Jeff was the same age as Jeremy, with dark eyes and full lips and an amazing ass. That's what Jeremy first saw, if he were honest with himself. He told Jeff it was his sense of humor that attracted him, but it was that tight, round butt in a pair of Wranglers that really set him off.

Jeff told Jeremy what he liked about him was his eyes. Jeremy had almond-shaped eyes slightly upturned at the corners, so it always appeared that he was smiling. His skin was a nice shade of cocoa, or what Jeff called High Grade Milk Chocolate. He was the product of an African-American father and an Asian mother, gathering the majority of his genetic soup from his dad who'd gifted him with size in all the right places and his dark skin, while his mother's blood showed in his eyes and facial features and a complete lack of body hair, and also lent him a lithe figure rather than bulky. His muscles were arranged on a tall frame that got him plenty of attention, which was fine with Jeremy. He shaved his head as well to complete the picture, yielding a smooth, muscular body.

Jeremy suspected what Jeff liked was his big dick – since he paid so much attention to it – and his chest. He packed eight thick inches of limp prick in his shorts that would swell to ten hard, growing broad and huge. Jeremy also worked hard to get a pair of impressive pecs that looked even larger inside the low-hanging tank top he was wearing now. The deep cleavage was almost entirely exposed, and the nipples poked out just above the armholes, so that the cotton rubbed against them giving him a slight thrill even when he was walking.

He adjusted himself in his jockstrap before grabbing the tote with his change of clothes in it. He hoped this place had some new meat on display. He was looking forward to a shower where he could do a little window-shopping.

"Look but don't touch," he said to himself as he walked toward the building, not noticing the almost complete absence of cars in the lot, nor the fact that there was no indication of any sort what this building was. This was where Chuck said he was, and he didn't have time to wonder about anything.

He just wanted his workout.

As he turned the door handle and stepped inside, he was suddenly and overwhelmingly reminded of sex.

More than sex, of fucking. Fucking hard and fucking deep and fucking plenty. His skin prickled from it, his senses heightened like an animal's after a scent. Each step forward seemed to intensify the feeling. And it was men he smelled. Man sex. Men together. He could almost feel hands on his ass, fingers on his nipples, dicks at his hole. He could feel the sex like a cloak. It was dripping from the walls, soaking through his shoes, flooding

the hallway with the heat of it. Roughness, smoothness, hardness, softness. Skin and muscle, velvet soft and rock hard.

His mouth was dry. He felt himself growing harder and harder, straining against the elastic of his jock. His shorts were tenting. A sheen of sweat broke out on his brow and arms. He was flexing and relaxing his hands. His ass tightened up, his balls began to churn and tingle.

Rounding a corner, he saw an open door at the end of a long hall. He felt something cold against the head of his prick and realized a flow of precum had soaked through his shorts already. His hand moved toward his chest and he began caressing himself. His erect nipples needed pinching. His skin felt slick and hot. The smell of men and sex was overpowering, now, like nothing he'd ever encountered, at least not this strong. Not ever. It was spicy and heady. It flooded his senses.

At some point he'd stopped to lean against a wall. His mouth hung open as he gulped in breaths. His other hand had found its way into his pants, digging inside his jock to fondle his stiff prick. He pulled it out, shoving his shorts off his tool. He was already firing off huge spurts of cum. His hot seed spilled over his hand and splattered his belly. He was so hard it hurt, so hard the shaft and head were glossy. He arched his back as he started jerking himself to another orgasm. His was swimming in sex, drowning in fucking. He didn't notice the tall figure standing in the doorway at the end of the hall.

"Oops. Looks like you were right, Doc. There's Jeremy, and he's well past introductions."

Jeremy heard something like music or thunder, a faint sound that sank into the pleasure centers of his brain and licked his balls with a long, wet tongue. A voice of such power and depth that hearing it sent a shiver of orgasm through him. He was already cumming again, a quick second round of sticky heat shot out of his rock-hard prick.

Chuck folded his arms across his chest as he leaned against the doorframe. "So, what do we do, just wait for him to get through?"

The doctor appeared next to him. "I doubt that would prove useful. If my theory is correct, he'll never quite be through. I'm afraid the combination of the three of us... unless this is also controllable."

"There's an off switch?"

The doctor looked over. "Possibly." He looked at Jeremy, perched against the wall and fucking himself senseless. "Probably." He made an effort to shut down his man sense.

Jeremy's hand slowed slightly, his head lolled to one side. His body was still hungry for more. His dick was veined and red, pulsing hard with hot blood. His balls tried to produce but couldn't. Still, he felt the quicksilver throb of another orgasmic blast rock his being. If he could have cum again, he would have.

"So, what, I just.."

"You just shut it off. Like any of the other changes."

Chuck grunted, looking back at Jeremy. "Convenient."

“Oh, God.”

Jeremy felt the flood receding. The heat diminished. Somewhere, he managed to find another cargo of spunk and he started pumping another load of hot cream on his hand. It was a small load. It dribbled over his hard belly. He could still hear the voices, the sound of Gods talking.

“Funky!” Chuck shouted over his shoulder, “Todd, shut down your stink, you’re driving Jeremy fucking nuts.”

Jeremy sat down against the wall, his dick in his hand, still spurting. He had a smile on his face.

Chuck moved down the hall toward his neighbor, bending down to eye level. “Hey, Jeremy. You bring the beer?”

Jeremy opened his eyes and looked into Chuck’s face. It was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen. He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. He was looking at the face of a sculpture, the face of someone designed to be the perfect man. His silky hair fell across one of his laser sharp green eyes, and he brushed it back with a powerful hand. The bulge of his bicep drew Jeremy’s attention, and he felt like cumming all over again if he had any left. His eyes stayed locked on the other man as Chuck rose to his feet again while Jeremy scanned every perfect inch. The long, elegant neck. The wide, thick chest. A rippled belly filled with condensed power. A bulge that left nothing to the imagination, showing a cock that couldn’t possibly be real, held against the man’s thigh under some black material, or maybe his bottom half was black, since it looked just as shining and healthy as the man’s beautiful skin. The muscles of his thighs played around each other as he rose.

The man reached down to him, and when he spoke, Jeremy’s ears could hardly contain their ecstasy. The tone was as deep as the ocean, as beautiful as a song.

“You gonna sit on your ass holding your cock all day, or are you coming inside to get the full effect on?”

Jeremy looked up and up, his gaze crossing the unbelievable contours of the huge stud, over every muscled inch, toward his face again. He felt like he was looking at some fuck fantasy made flesh, it was impossible that such a man actually existed. When he smiled, it was with a crooked familiarity. His teeth were electric white and the look on his gorgeous face sent another erotic shock through Jeremy’s system. Could lips be that kissable?

Could a man’s skin appear to be so flawlessly smooth, so velvety soft?

Jeremy followed the length of the man’s arm from his powerful shoulder, along the bulging, perfect lines of his bicep and forearm to the gracefully masculine hand with its long, graceful fingers and polished nails. Even his fingernails were beautiful.

“Jeremy? Hello?”

That voice again: as powerful as a storm, as sensual as an embrace, as sexual as a mouth on his cock.

“I’m Jeremy,” he answered softly.

“Duh. Are you going to get up or do I have to pull you up by your balls?” The man arched his slender brow, his magnificent eyes shifting to Jeremy’s lap where, in fact, his balls were laying.

Jeremy pushed himself up the wall, avoiding the huge man's hand as if touching the fantasy would make him disappear. He stood and, after a moment, realized that his dick was still hanging out of his shorts and he sheepishly hid himself, any satisfaction he might have had earlier regarding the size of his package sent running as he stared openly at the tall man's assets, snuggled tightly behind his odd skintight pants. No one had a limp dick so large and thick and firm. Was it limp? It had to be. And no one had a set of balls so round and perfect. He wanted to hold them, to lick them, to pull them inside his mouth and suck them dry.

He offered his hand, saying, "I'm Jeremy," again. His eyes stayed glued on the big man's basket, however. He didn't seem to notice the thick strings of his own cum on his fingers. "Yes, Jeremy, I know that." He was laughing slightly, his smile a picture of ultimate temptation. "Guess this means I win the bet."

That was when Jeremy's roof caved in. "Chuck?" And all at once he started to recognize the crooked smile, but that was about all the Chuck there was left in the man standing in front of him. "Holy shit."

"That sums it up pretty good. So, I guess you like what you see." His gaze moved downward to where Jeremy had begun slowly caressing his dick again, his fingers rubbing his stiffening prick through his shorts. "And if you're that intent on hand-jobbing something, I got something you might find a bit more challenging." Chuck moved his hand down his pelvis, digging his fingers under his waistband and shoving it down, exposing a thick dick root nestled in a forest of soft, silken curls of fur, pulling himself free, hauling out inch after fat, amazing inch of his tool until the whole 16-inch tube of love flesh was hanging in the open air, Chuck's hand grasping himself several inches along the wrist-thick shaft. Jeremy watched with intent interest, his lips slightly parted, breathing slowly. He couldn't believe what he was seeing, but there it was, inches from him. A glistening drop of precum was already swelling at the piss slit on the cowed mushroom head. And the guy wasn't even hard.

"Jesus."

"No. Chuck. Remember?"

"Are you going to stand there all day playing with yourself, or are you going to bring your friend inside so he can join the club, you big dumb stud?"

Jeremy heard another voice, as deep and resonant as the man before him. Looking over, his eyes nearly jumped from his head as he watched another God walk the earth toward him. This one was as beautiful as Chuck – Chuck? – Chuck was, but he had a mane of golden hair and even from here, Jeremy could see turquoise blue eyes, piercingly blue like the sky, looking back at him. This one was totally naked, though. No black sheath of material clinging to his well-muscled contours. A pendulous dick, as thick and beautiful and long as Chuck's, was swinging back and forth as he walked. And his movements were athletically graceful, sensual, erotic, speaking to the power that his form made evident.

Todd was smiling as he put his arm on Chuck's shoulder, looking down at Jeremy. "You forgot to mention how hot Jeremy is, Chuck!"

"I never really thought of him as hot before. But now that you mention it, can you imagine what a little of him is gonna do for us?"

The other man seemed to be caressing his own chest, his thumb absently teasing his nipple to hardness. Jeremy watched the play of muscle in his arm and shoulder, how the

thick fibers moved around each other, how the sun-kissed skin seemed like liquid copper. His chest was two mountains of solid rock, honed smooth and beautiful by a master's chisel. "How's it going, Jeremy? I'm Todd." He nodded a friendly greeting to Jeremy. It was like being recognized by the sun.

"What... How..."

Todd hiked a thumb over his shoulder toward the doorway. "Come on in, Jeremy. Have we got a proposition for you!"

Jeremy had always felt like a big man until that day in the lab. He was seated at the weight bench, surrounded by the three most beautiful men in creation. Each standing well over seven feet tall, each gifted with an overabundance of physical beauty and strength. When he saw the doctor's Latino form, he nearly creamed again. He stopped questioning how it was possible – but only until Chuck started demonstrating what they meant by 'complete control of all physical faculties.'

He watched Chuck's form inflate with increasing brawn before his eyes. He watched Chuck's cock swell like a balloon, growing fatter and longer until it hung beyond his knees. He watched the man's hair and eyes change color, watched as he denuded himself completely, loosing all his hair and just as quickly regrowing it.

"And you can change it however you want?"

Chuck nodded. "Any requests?"

"Dark hair. Jet black. To your ass. Black eyes, too." As he mentioned each desire, Chuck fulfilled it. "Shit," said Jeremy, "this could be dangerous. Now, broaden your chest. Bigger. Still bigger. Go for it, Chuck! Yeah! Bigger nipples! Bigger! And let's see some shoulder action. I'm talking full, round mothers. Shirt busters. Shit. Holy shit. Okay, okay, now the arms. Swell them suckers, Chuck! Double bi me! Higher! Get them peaks up! Lick 'em!"

"Whoa, there, boy." Todd put his hand on Jeremy's shoulder. "Wouldn't you rather be doing this yourself?"

Jeremy was immediately on his feet. "I want in! Shit, yeah!"

"Okay, cool. The doctor's going to take some measurements and then we'll get you going."

"How long till I'm big like you motherfuckers?"

"What, five minutes, Doc?"

"About that, yes. Depending on whether it takes a single application or several. Since Jeremy is a new subject, I'm not sure what the requirements are."

"How long did it take you, Chuck?"

"To get where I am now? We started this morning at Todd's place. Then we came here. Fucked each other. Sucked each other. Grow, grow, grow. Presto change-o. Got the doc involved in the action. Little self suck, couple more blow jobs. Bim bam boom, supermen." Jeremy's mouth was hanging open. "Oh, yeah, Probably forgot to mention the little wonder that does it all for us."

"It started out as a serum that the Doc gave me last night. But..."

"Yodda, yodda, yodda, Todd. Long story short, Jeremy?" He nodded. "Okay, this'll sound far out, but since the evidence is standing in front of you, it's a little hard to dispute." The doctor came over and started measuring Jeremy's pre-transformation stats. Jeremy had already stripped naked, and the doc was the only man in the room still

wearing any covering clothing, even if his bodysuit was skin tight and form-fitting. Chuck came over and knelt down so Jeremy wasn't looking up at him. He placed his hand on Jeremy's leg and started to caress his calf, which caused Jeremy to raise a brow but otherwise withhold comment. "Can I ask a personal question, Jeremy?" His hand moved up behind his knee.

"Sure, Chuck."

His hand was on the back of Jeremy's thigh. His touch was firm but his palm was warm and soft. "You ever do it with a guy before?"

He had to laugh slightly. "I'm gay, Chuck."

Chuck returned the laugh, and his hand was suddenly grabbing Jeremy's ass, one long finger digging into his hole. "That makes the whole thing a lot easier." He lifted himself slightly and pressed his lips to Jeremy's, opening his mouth and shoving his eager tongue into the other man's mouth. After a moment, Jeremy returned the favor, his hand grasping the back of Chuck's head and holding him in the passionate kiss.

Todd just shook his head. "It's polite to ask first, shit for brains."

Chuck pulled back, but his hand was still working magic with Jeremy's undercarriage. Their eyes met. "It works like this. You can either swallow my cum, or I can cover you with it. If you want a bigger jolt, two of us can coat you. If all three of us do you at once – we don't know what'll happen, actually."

"It's the cum?"

"It's a combination, actually, Jeremy." The doctor was all business, as usual. "Once you've been transformed, your body will start to produce a slick lubricant from your penis at the start of arousal. This flow of clear fluid continues until the point of ejaculation, and it may be quite substantial."

Chuck clicked his tongue. "You always make everything sound so not sexy."

"Yes, well, to continue. When the pre-ejaculate and the ejaculate are combined, a chemical process which, frankly, I can't account for, takes place and it is this fluid that acts as the actual agent of conversion."

Chuck rose to his full height, towering over Jeremy. He dipped his lips to Jeremy's ear, whispering, "and if you feel like maybe you're not into it, we have another little added benefit that comes with the change." And he re-engaged his man scent, flooding Jeremy's senses with the powerful pheromone, and the smaller man almost buckled.

"Oh, oh God."

"Good, huh?"

"Oh, shit. Holy shit, oh my God." Jeremy was reaching his mouth toward Chuck's, pushing his tongue inside. Chuck's long reach found his asshole again, and he helped it along with some rough fingering. His body reacted almost as hard, his dick swelling to erection in record time before Chuck shut it down again, but the kiss lingered.

Jeremy rested his head against Chuck's massive chest. "Holy shit."

"Any questions?" He heard Chuck's rumble as well as felt it.

"We should mention the giant dick part."

"Oh yeah. I always forget that."

Jeremy shook slightly, still reeling from Chuck's unwarned assault. "Giant dick part?"

"Well, see, after the first change, your body does this weird...thing."

The doctor spoke up. "It is only temporary and doesn't seem to reoccur – unless, I suppose, you will it to after the physical control capabilities manifest."

“Weird thing.”

“Your body will change first, from our loads. Then your dick gets huge – we’re talking amazingly colossally big. Like, over your head, third leg, unbelievable huge.” Jeremy’s eyes registered his disbelief. “Then you cum, and then you soak it all in – all your own load, and another transformation takes place.”

“The first one makes you grow, the second one sort of refines things, with a little more growth.”

“Uh huh.”

“After that it’s pretty much up in the air. It was different for each of us, as the serum started changing when it went through each guy’s system. Or something. Right, Doc?”

The doctor shrugged. “I’m afraid my clinical notes could not keep up with these gentlemen after a time. Once I became directly involved in the process...”

“It was the Doc’s juice that kicked the fucker into overdrive. Todd and I were about a foot shorter before he took our loads, then he really grew, and then we each took another hit off him, and that’s where we are now.”

“So at this stage,” summed up Jeremy, “you think you’ve taken the formula or whatever as far as it can go with three guys, so you’re going to see what happens...”

“With some fresh cum in the mix. Which I assume you’re up for.”

Jeremy looked from one man to the next. “Hell, boys. Get another uniform ready, you’ve got another team member on his way.”

“You got what you need, Doc?”

“It’s all in the computer. You’re a very excellent subject, Jeremy.”

“Yeah, I thought I was one fuckin’ stud before...”

“You’ll be fuckin’ a stud before you know it, don’t you worry.”

Todd and the doctor approached Jeremy. Todd said, “You want us one at a time, or you want it all now?”

After a deep breath, Jeremy said, “Slime me.”

The doctor stripped off his pants and all three supermen hung their ample cocks over Jeremy, who lay down on the floor. Almost in unison, the men began their flows of precum, drizzling clear honey on Jeremy’s naked skin with an ever increasing supply. They were each stroking themselves as they covered him in their loads, and as Jeremy spread the slick fluid over his body, he watched in amazement as three sets of balls began to swell to lemons, then grapefruit, then melons.

“Let’s give him all we got, gents. This one’s for all of us.”

“Shut up, Todd, I’m trying to concentrate.”

Todd looked at Jeremy, smiling. “Chuck thinks the better it feels, the more powerful the juice.” He smiled. “I’m not sure he’s wrong.”

“You don’t have to get a hard on to cum?”

“We can cum whenever we want. It’s just not the same if we don’t...”

“Could you two shut the fuck up? It’s a little hard to... uh... oh... oh, yeah, there we go.”

Jeremy glanced down as Chuck’s balls were suddenly inflating. He could see them filling up with Chuck’s powerful load. He looked over and saw that the quiet doctor’s ball sack was equally heavy, hanging very low and swollen with hot cum. All three dicks were pouring their clear precum on him and he was lying in a thick puddle of it now. There

seemed to be gallons of it. Once Todd's load had joined the race, he said, "Everyone ready?"

Chuck's perfect features were screwed up in evident orgasmic ecstasy. "Yessss, oh yesss..."

"Okay, then."

A fire was lit on Jeremy's chocolate skin. The precum all at once turned to scalding oil on his flesh, and he grit his teeth to keep from screaming. It was an exquisite pain that infused him to his core. No one had mentioned this little piece, and he knew why.

They came in torrents, flooding their loads onto Jeremy's body until he looked as though he were cocooned in it. He lay very still, and once Chuck, who had the largest load as usual, had spent his entire cargo, the three stood back to observe.

"It'll be okay, Jeremy," said Chuck, "the heat only lasts a few seconds, and then..."

"Whoa," said Todd. "That's fucking incredible."

"Indeed," agreed the doctor.

Jeremy had already absorbed everything. The pool of sticky super cum was gone as they watched, sucked into Chuck's friend so quickly that they wondered if they'd seen what they'd seen. "What do you think, Doc? Is that because there were three loads? Or is it because Jeremy's never been transformed? Or..."

"I can't say, Todd."

"Shit, Todd, shut up. Nobody knows what the fuck is happening except Jeremy, and he's... there he goes."

Once the fire had died and moved into his system, his entire body was a prick being fucked. Jeremy fell into a depth of ecstasy like no one had ever felt before. He felt like he was cumming out of everywhere, like he was in a state of constant orgasm that shook him from head to toe. He couldn't move, all he could do was drown in the bliss.

His breath grew shallow, his eyes were closed, and the only indication that he wasn't in pain was the smile on his lips.

Then he could feel himself getting bigger, growing heavier, his muscles all swelling with sudden strength and size. It was like he was stretching, but he made no movements of his own. Instead, his body was just increasing, like he was blossoming. He could feel it intensely, the feel of muscular development mingling with the deep humming orgasm that shook him to the core.

"This is pretty amazing, what we got here."

He heard Chuck's voice somewhere outside his sensation of constant growth and increasing strength. He could hear the rumbling tone, but not the words. He sighed with deep contentment.

"Wow." Todd bent down and placed his hand on Jeremy's swelling bicep. "He's hot. I can feel the muscle growing. This is so totally cool!"

Jeremy was expanding in every direction. As he grew, his features refined. His arms would bulge with muscle almost too large to believe, then a moment later the arm would lengthen and the muscle would stretch literally to fit. His chest would build up into twin hemispheres of fat muscular power, then his torso would expand outward. It was a continual process of building and refining. Swelling power bulging everywhere, then his

body would stretch itself again and he'd be perfected into a newer, larger, more beautiful version of himself.

His dick just seemed to ripen and swell in an unending process. He already had a more than decent sized cock, but as his body expanded in phases, his prick just grew and grew. Fatter, longer, smoother, bigger; a thick pipe of chocolate flesh erupting from his groin like a hose, unwinding over two round, swelling fruit. Jeremy's balls looked like lemons, elongated spheres swollen with his growing power, ripe and juicy.

He opened his eyes, turning his head to look at the men standing over him. He was becoming one of them, he could feel himself growing stronger and bigger with each heartbeat. He leaned forward, feeling a sudden swelling of might in his abdomen as his muscles flawlessly obeyed his commands. He continued to develop as he rose to his feet, feeling slightly dizzy from his extended orgasmic pleasure trip. Something heavy hung from his groin, something ponderous and huge. He looked down, over his still growing chest, watching the muscle fiber crawling across its expanse, growing plump with corded brawn like bands of steel encasing his ribcage, and further down, beyond the popping cobblestones of his impossibly defined belly until his gaze reached the source of that feeling of weight and power that coursed through him, fed from his loins by something his eyes told him could not possibly be true.

Smiling, he reached down, his hand growing larger as he watched, the strands of muscle reaching along his forearm and inflating with capacity under skin that looked paper thin and elastic, smooth and perfect. He touched his fingertips to his burgeoning tool, remembering the words Chuck had spoken. 'Then your dick gets huge – we're talking amazingly colossally big. Like, over your head, third leg, unbelievable huge.' He ran his touch down the length of his pole, watching it continue to expand as he watched. It didn't pulse into erection, it was visibly growing.

"Look at him go. I'm so proud of our little boy!"

Todd laughed despite himself. "Yes, if he keeps up at this rate, I think we've got a new champion in our midst. Sorry, Doc."

Chuck circled around his neighbor, watching the man develop by the second, growing ever taller, expanding ever wider, getting ever stronger. He watched the muscles of his back swell and multiply, fighting each other under the skin for supremacy in their confined space, then his back would suddenly spread wider like a cobra's hood, and the muscles settled in for a moment before another round of bulging growth would occur. Jeremy was already as tall as Todd, which meant that he'd managed to gain over a foot in height. He looked about four feet across as well. "Damn, those are some killer shoulders."

Jeremy smiled and twisted around, looking at Chuck. "Thanks." Then his face registered the surprise he felt at hearing his new voice, which had dropped a couple of registers and sounded like it was coming from inside a cave.

Chuck smiled his crooked smile. "Sure, Bud."

Todd asked, "How's it feel?"

Jeremy turned back. He was continually feeling every inch of himself. His hands moved down one arm and then the other, played across the huge hemispheres of his chest, danced down the rippled glory of his eight-pack. "Feels fucking amazing. I feel so strong. It just keeps getting better. I can't believe... when's it going to stop?"

“Difficult to say. Your development does not appear to be slowing, and you had your first exposure approximately four minutes ago.”

“Feels like four hours.” He looked down at the huge tool hanging between his legs. It was incredibly thick. He grabbed it, feeling a sudden rushing surge or heightened gratification. “Holy... Oh, Jesus...”

Chuck looked over. “Phase Two, coming up.”

“Literally,” smiled Todd, nodding.

As if Chuck’s word set him off, a bubble of clear fluid appeared at the tip of his cock and quickly swelled into a flowing river of slick honey. Jeremy cupped his hand under the flow, since his cock wasn’t getting hard yet, and spread the precum all over his tool. The warmth returned, infusing his cock, which responded to his attention by growing harder as he caressed himself. The head bloomed thickly.

“His fuckin’ arm’s as big as his head!”

Jeremy smiled and tensed his bicep, feeling the huge muscle’s belly grow round and full.

“Whoops. Make that ‘bigger than his head.’ Shit, Jeremy, no need to make us feel puny.”

“Just wait,” he said, pumping his prick with both hands, feeling the electric charge of orgasmic bliss running through him. His flow was streaming thick and hot, now, and as his yard-long cock started to stand at attention, he set his legs apart to support its weight. It was a fabulous burden, feeling it tugging at his groin. Or maybe that was his balls, which he could feel rubbing against his thighs, swimming in a coat of clear honey.

His body was still growing. He was taller than the doctor now. Too wide to probably fit easily through a doorway. His head would graze the ceilings back at his apartment.

Chuck looked at Todd. “You feel that?”

Todd nodded slowly. “You think it’s him?”

“Sure as hell isn’t us, or we’d have felt that a while back.” Chuck started petting his snake. “Jesus, if we can feel it, an ordinary guy wouldn’t stand a chance.”

“It is a rather... potent sensation,” agreed the doctor.

“Jeremy, are you turning on the mojo? You’re doing something to us here that, whoa, I mean, it’s nice and all, but could you save it for later?” Chuck could feel his short hairs stand on end. He was starting to feel extremely horny. Todd had his eyes closed and was leaning his head back, moaning softly as he played with his nipples. Even the normally stoic doctor, who’d pulled his pants back up, was digging down in his crotch under the sleek material.

Jeremy just smiled. It was like he was experiencing so much pleasure, he had to let some of it drain off him. It was as if he could sense a sphere of his sexuality stretching out as he stroked himself to greater heights. “You want me to reel it in, Chuck?”

His neighbor was rubbing the ridge of his cock helmet with his thumb. “Just for now, Jeremy. Shit. Oh, shit. Yes, please.”

“You sure?”

“Jeremy, please...”

Then the sensation was gone, like a fire had been doused. Jeremy sucked it all back in and drown in his luxurious pleasure. He bit his lower lip, feeling a blissful strain as he attempted to hold all the orgasmic eroticism he was experiencing inside his huge body. Was it like this for the other three? How did they stand it? Why didn’t they warn him? His cock was now as big and thick as his leg. It swelled out from his groin like a huge limb, spider-webbed with finger-thick veins. The head glistened above his head. His

whole body was at an angle to offset its immense weight and size. His balls pressed against each other painfully, filled to overflowing with hot, energized cum. When he first heard this explained, it scared him a little, and also excited him. He thought they were fucking with him, but now here he was with a four-foot high, two-foot wide, three-feet around hard-on and there was something about it that seemed... right. He couldn't explain it, didn't have to, but as he stroked the steel-hard cock, feeling the heat of it against his massive chest and flat, rippling abdomen, he felt like this was exactly as it should be.

"Fuck, that's a lot of lube." Chuck blinked a couple of times, watching the flood accumulate on the floor, the pool spreading out from Jeremy in an ever widening circle, encompassing even the three men who stood nearby.

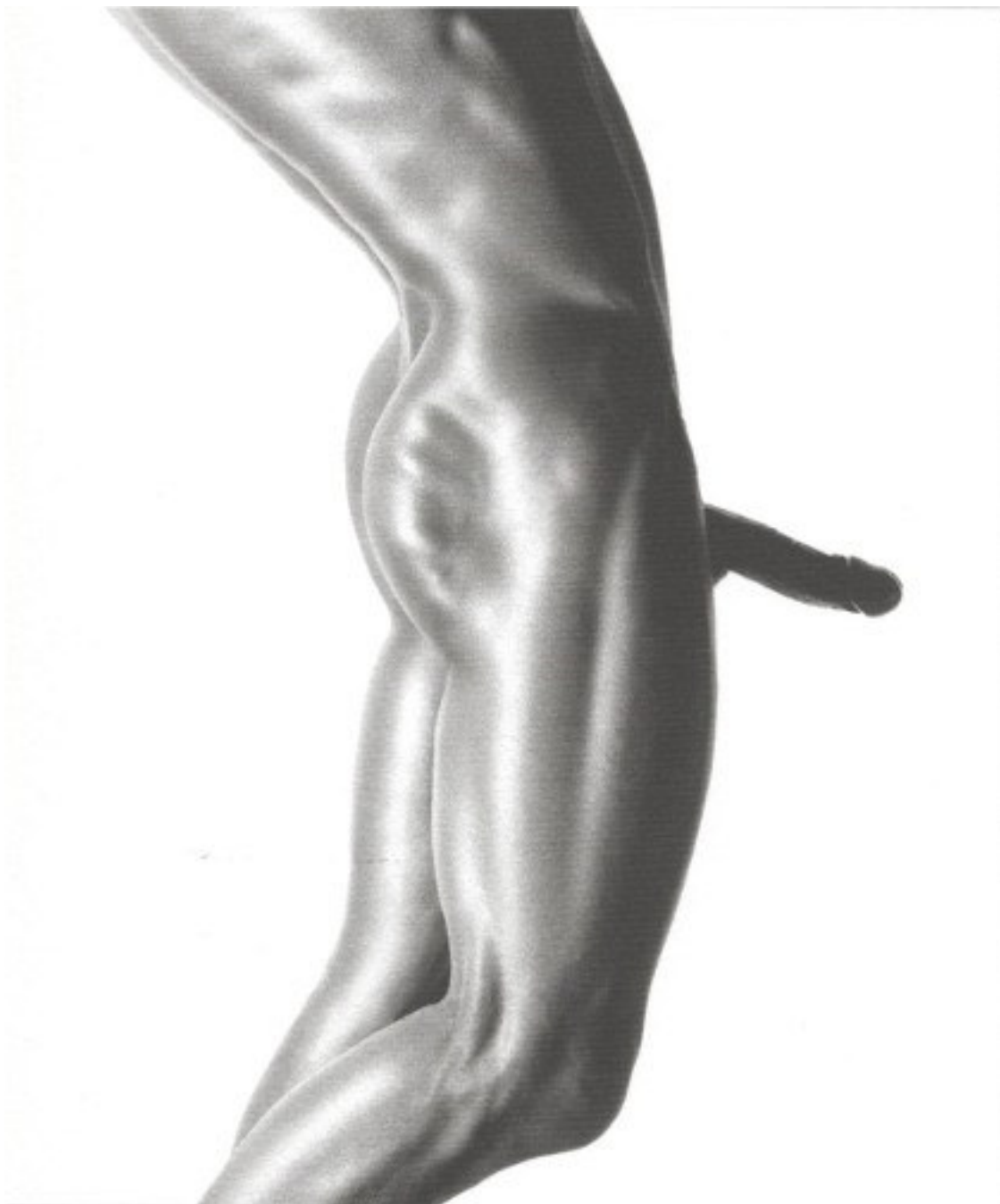
"It may be a direct reaction to the amount we provided." The doctor rubbed his chin, a gesture held over from his previous body.

"Should we..."

"I'm going to blow..." Jeremy's voice was tense and thin. His balls were huge, with thick veins covering the surface.

"Do it, Jeremy! Shoot your wad!"

"Here it comes..."



12

Jeremy bent his knees as his load fountained out of him. It was thick and brilliant white, almost incandescent. He came so fast, so fierce, so full that he plastered the ceiling and a

rain of his powerful seed fell on all four men, mixing with the heavy pool of precum at their feet and they were all suddenly soaking in his final transforming flood.

He came gallons, buckets, a torrent of hot, creamy jizz erupted out of his huge erection and coated them all in sticky heat. Chuck immediately fell to his knees and started to coat himself in the clear glaze, effectively mixing the doses together and it started soaking into his muscled flesh. "Oh God," he said. "Oh my God."

"What, does it hurt? Does it burn?" Todd was trying to wipe it off, but it was coming down in a flood. "What, Chuck?"

"So good. It feels..." He didn't finish the sentence. Instead, he fell forward, immersed in Jeremy's tide. He could feel it soaking into his muscles and bones. He could feel it like a current running through him, and he realized he was starting to grow.

Todd saw Chuck's sudden development, his body morphing with more muscular power, then he felt some deep and sudden rush of sexual bliss and he knelt to the pool of quickly fusing fluids, plunging his hands into the thick, warm stuff and feeling it move into his skin and up his arms, the biceps suddenly swelling as if flexed, up his legs, the muscles of his thighs bulging with new growth, into his groin and down the length of his dick, which was already fattening, the head dropping toward the floor. The thrum of orgasm shook him.

The doctor made no move to hasten the process. His feet remained planted in the edge of the puddle, Jeremy was still erupting, sooner or later it would all come together in him. But he could feel Jeremy's masculine sexual heat building like a balloon about to burst. His hands were shoving his pants off his hips. His ample prick bobbed into the open air, and he was stroking it with a slow, luxurious touch.

Even as he continued blowing his load, Jeremy was growing larger still. He was overwhelmed by everything that was happening. He couldn't control the power of his pleasure, he had to allow it to spread. He couldn't stop himself, he couldn't hold it in. The pleasure of his orgasm was too deep and wide and hard to contain. He filled the room with his drive, his passion, his sex. It was a thick and pungent masculinity, a throbbing heat of sexual satisfaction too big to contain. He sensed it as it extended, he could pinpoint where it was going, as if he could target it if he wanted, as if he could condense its power in a silver arrow of orgasm and thrust it out at a target, make a man cum just by looking at him, sending him waves of pleasure like bands of heat until his cock was hard enough to hurt and his balls were pumping out cum like a shake machine. He was his passion, alive within it, everywhere.

His arms were bursting with strength. His muscles were swollen with power, his body shook with it until his load was finally spent, and his mammoth prick began to slowly recede to a limp status. Once he'd stopped, he pulled his man sense back to himself, sucking it from the room.

Chuck felt the heat of passion drain from him, and he rolled over, breathing hard. He'd gained another six inches of height already, and he felt as though he was about to burst from his skin, so strong was his sense of power.

Todd's mouth hung slack, his eyes closed. He felt both tired and invigorated. He was now eight feet tall, owned a 19-inch cock and felt like he could bench press Los Angeles. He was still absorbing Jeremy's fuel.

The doctor had his cock in his hand, feeling it swelling. His eyes were open, but unfocused when Jeremy's sexual presence was withdrawn from his senses. He was over eight feet high, now. The pool no longer touched his feet.

Jeremy was soaking in his load as fast as he could. There was so much of it that it seemed impossible that he had made it all, or that he could collect it all. The other men were also absorbing it, he could feel that. He could feel their power, their strength, their masculine energy. There was some connection to them, one he couldn't quite express if he had to, but it was definitely there. He could even tell who was who. It was a sort of intimacy beyond anything he'd felt before. Not that he knew anything about them, their history, their emotions, their opinions. He knew them. He knew the core of them.

Or something.

He turned his sharpened senses – he realized that this was true, now, as well. His senses seemed heightened, the feeling that he could release and direct his masculine power was part of it, somehow. He turned his attention inward, feeling the final refinements taking place inside and out. His muscles grew stronger and larger.

“Jeremy.”

He felt all powerful. His whole body was humming with the feeling. He had an innate sense of himself, of his body, of his being.

“Uh, Jeremy?”

Every breath felt silver clean, like he was filled with light. His skin was tingling, a sensual charge cloaked him head to toe.

“Earth to Jeremy!”

“Huh?”

He opened his eyes. The floor under his feet was clean and dry. Before him stood the three men he had come to know, but they had again changed, in some ways subtle, in some ways dramatic.

He did not think they could be any more beautiful, and for the most part they were as perfectly formed in every way as before. There were minute changes here and there, skin a little more flawless, muscle tone smoother, harder. But they were each larger now than they had been when he first met them, which he also doubted possible. But there they stood, defying expectations.

Chuck was smiling his sideways grin, his massive arms folded before his chest. Had his waist become more compact? His slim hips widened to a set of thick, muscular lats that flared like wings. A wavy lock of dark hair draped across one of his substantial shoulders. Todd stood next to him, his body transformed to that of a smooth golden statue. His skin glowed, literally, under the fluorescent lights. It looked as if it were made, at least partially, of burnished bronze. One hand rested on the bicep of his opposite arm, his grip unable to contain fully that engorged football of cabled might. The man they called The Doctor stood behind and between the two. Whatever had happened had altered the heights of the men, so that now Todd was the tallest and Chuck only slightly less so. The doctor appeared nearly unchanged, but a glance at his cock told a different story. It had been a lengthy tool before, but now its girth made it look even more impressive. It looked as thick as a beer can, but he realized it had to be even thicker than that, on a man his size.

And they were huge. Massive. Broad with muscle, so much naked brawn on display that he felt like cumming again, right there and then. “Hi.”

“Hi, yourself. So, you ready to see the result of all that fun?” Jeremy raised an eyebrow, but his smile betrayed his eagerness. “Step right this way to the mirror funhouse, buddy boy.”

Chuck lead him into the next room – damn, that is one extremely fine ass on that man, thought Jeremy – and then motioned toward a wall covered floor to ceiling in mirrors. Jeremy could feel something warm and firm and very big swinging from his groin, brushing his thighs as he walked but he didn’t look down to check himself out until Chuck turned him and motioned at the wall, and the vision that was reflected back to him was nothing short of unbelievable.

He knew he was big. You couldn’t not know when you moved and felt the weight of that much muscle move with you. And peripherally he noticed his shoulders, mounded with brawn, his chest, like two mountains shifting as he walked. He was aware of the feeling of each muscle, the tightly constrained power that filled them up, the smooth, sleek, effortless strength that would allow him to do anything he ever dreamed of.

But even in dreams, he never imagined a man such as the one in the mirror.

“So, what do you think?”

There he was. There were his almond-shaped eyes that Jeff loved, but they were in a face of an African deity. A noticeable brow shadowed those eyes, adding a proud bearing to his face. He smiled, and watched as his face turned from merely breathtaking to immediate erection material. If he’d ever seen this face in a crowd before, he was sure it would haunt many an erotic fantasy the rest of his life. He reached up to touch it, to test that it was real, and his gaze fell to the arm that was rising in the reflection. Like the rest of his new body, it was painted with his milk chocolate skin, but it was made better. His skin looked like velvet. It was the sort of skin one ached to touch, to run your fingers along its smooth, warm softness and experience a sudden jolt in your jeans, thinking about caressing it everywhere. The elegant hand, the shining nails, the flow of muscle on his forearm. The huge swelling bicep that suddenly inflated into being was incredible. He paused, just looking at it.

Chuck looked over at Todd, who was leaning against the doorway. “I think he likes it.”

His chest was amazing, or maybe there’s a word that’s bigger and more amazing than amazing, because his pecs certainly were. Smooth, rounded squares of incredible brawn sat there. He almost felt dizzy looking at this man, this man who was him. His torso narrowed down to slim, well-made hips and a straight line down the center of his body, starting in the deep separation between the globes of his chest and extending down between the awesome ripples of his abdominals, pointed toward what could only be described as the most beautiful cock he’d ever seen, in picture, illustrations or fantasies.

“Holy fuck.”

“Yeah, he likes it.”

Sure, he’d just had a four-foot high hard-on, but that paled in comparison to the man-tool hanging in luxuriant abundance between his thickly muscled thighs. It was colossal. It was spectacular. It was everything a great cock should be, and it was his. “Wow,” he said.

Chuck glanced down at the object of Jeremy’s attention. “That about sums it up, yeah.”

He reached over and petted Jeremy’s prick, sending it bouncing ponderously. “Thing must weigh what, 50 pounds? What do you think, Todd?”

“Yeah, about that.” He was pushing his wealth of golden locks across his shoulder, smiling.

“Gentlemen, I would like to take some measurements.”

“Wouldn’t we all.” Chuck grabbed Jeremy, his huge hand not managing to encompass the prick.

“Jeremy? If you please?”

“Yeah. Yeah, sure Doc.” Jeremy walked out slightly bent over, watching his cock move, unable to take his eyes off it.”

“Look, I know what you’re thinking.” Chuck looked down. “Or maybe not. But anyway, you don’t have to worry that it won’t fit something or other. Remember, you’ve got control. You can make it smaller if you want to. This is just your, sort of, relaxed state. How you look when you’re not thinking about how you look.”

“Right.”

“Though I must say, I’m not sure I’d change a thing. That’s one mighty fine piece you’re packing, Jeremy.”

“Uh, thanks.”

The doctor’s figures showed that Jeremy had put on over 1,000 pounds of muscle, solid packed and ready for action. He now stood eight-foot-two, a gain of almost two feet in height. The other men had added from 6 to 9 inches in height, but Jeremy had clearly benefited most from whatever he added to the brew.

Jeremy discovered that the other three did not have his ability to release the male pheromone to the extent that even the three other supermen were affected.

With a little trial and error, he learned very quickly how to control it to a remarkable degree, so that he could couple the waves of erotic bliss with his glance, sending a stream of whatever it was – Heat? Lust? Hunger? Desire? -- intense and focused at a target and make that man instantly hard, instantly in heat, overwhelmed with a sexual desire that he could not control. He could temper the flow so that the target might only feel a heightened sense of desire, or he could flood the other man’s senses so that he would be lost in an orgasmic bliss, creaming from swollen balls, nearly incapacitated by sexual pleasure.

Chuck, it came as no surprise, seemed the most susceptible to it, or maybe he was most willing to succumb to any opportunity at sexual gratification. Jeremy wasn’t sure how deep and hard he could push a man, since what he’d accomplished with Chuck, in particular, who kept asking him to “pour it on” until he was flat on his back, moaning and laughing and cumming like a fountain, didn’t tap him out. He still had reserves he could have pushed at Chuck, but he worried there was a danger here.

The doctor could only guess as to why he had this particular power. “Perhaps your system was saturated with the pheromonal emissions from the three of us when you arrived, since it is not a naturally occurring human facility, at least to the extent that it is physically effective on others. We have been here a few hours and all that time, we have been giving off the scent, if you will, without realizing it. Not knowing exactly what it is makes it difficult to pinpoint a cause and effect, but we know that pheromones are used by nearly every creature for sexual attraction. Perhaps we have inadvertently reawakened some dormant gene or gland, or the serum has energized some part of the brain not

normally used. The amount you were exposed to may have been absorbed and altered in some way, giving you this capability.”

Jeremy found that he had a heightened sense of awareness of this effect, as well, almost as if he could ‘see’ his power as he directed it. Chuck called it the Mind Fuck

“This is just fucking incredible!”

“Yes, Jeremy.”

“I still don’t get how this is possible.”

“See, Chuck? I’m not the only guy around here who asks questions.”

Jeremy was working out on the equipment, since he wanted to test their claims that his new body was, for all intents and purposes, a self-adjusting muscle machine able to handle unheard of amounts of weight for virtually endless reps. He was now curling 4,500 lbs.

Chuck was lounging on one of the weight benches. His hands were cupped behind his head and he was holding a half-sit-up position, his abs pumped to full power. “And I still say, who gives a shit?” He looked over at Jeremy. “So, are we gonna fuck, or what?”

Jeremy let the weight slam back into place. “Excuse me?”

“Oh yeah, Chuck’s a real fuck pig. Probably not what you were expecting from Mr. Redneck Beerdrinker, but he’s had an amazing change of heart in the current circumstances.”

Jeremy raised an eyebrow. “Top or bottom?”

“Huh or whuh?”

Jeremy laughed. “Fucker or fuckee?”

Chuck shrugged. “Either way suits me. I just want to test drive that beautiful cock of yours.”

Jeremy cocked a thumb at Chuck. “I never figured him to change teams so easily.”

“And doesn’t he have a way with words?”

“Quite charming. Funny thing is, the way he looks, that line works really well.”

“You should let him give you a blow job, first. Either he’s had some training on the side, or the guy’s a natural.”

Jeremy quirked a grin. “Nobody knows more about cocks than a guy who owns one.”

Chuck stood up. “Talk, talk, talk. Is that all you guys want to do?”

“I have a suggestion.” It was the first time the doctor had spoken in a while, so the other three paid attention. He crossed toward Jeremy, setting his hand on his chocolate-coated shoulder. “I propose,” he said, moving his hand across the muscled expanse of the dark man’s chest until his fingers found Jeremy’s erect nipple, which he pinched hard, “that we all get a sample of this man’s remarkable equipment.”

Todd laughed out loud and Chuck looked like he was having a heart attack. “Doc! Your mind finally heading south?”

The doctor brought his Latino features down next to Jeremy’s sculpted cheek. His hand was reaching lower as well. “I am as susceptible to our new friend’s obvious assets as anyone else.” His grip squeezed the root of Jeremy’s most obvious asset. “And I am, so far, the only one of us still inexperienced at the art of fucking another man’s brains out.” He planted a heavy kiss on Jeremy’s full lips, his wealth of auburn hair cascading across the bigger man’s body, tickling his abs and prick.

“You go, Doc! Yeah, boy!”

“Jeremy, how’s about you pump out a little of your heavy duty love heat to get our engines going.” Chuck clapped his hands and rubbed them with gusto. “I’d love to see how it works when I’ve got something to work on besides myself.”

Jeremy was still lip-locked with the doctor, but he heard Chuck’s request and gladly obeyed, sending out soft, wet vibes of his passion like waves of heat that washed over the room. He started slowly, letting the passion sink into each man, bringing them to a slightly heightened level of desire. It was like smoke that drifted between them, a scent like animal sex, like rough leather, something that tickled their pricks and licked their balls.

Each time he used this new force, his control over its potency and the feelings he wanted to infuse grew stronger. He could color the man-sense with visions of sex, with colors and sensual thoughts, and these seemed to be communicated and manifested in some way. ‘This is what I want to do with you, this is how I want you to feel, this is how I see you, this is where I’ll touch you...’ He enclosed a suggestion in his current experimentally, directed at Chuck, and the response was immediate.

Chuck closed his eyes and his head fell back as he sucked in a deep breath, feeling Jeremy’s erotic charge wash over his senses. The light fur on his chest spread like a fertilized lawn, extending down his flat, rippled belly, growing darker and furrier. His bulging muscled frame became branched with vascular beauty. The dark curls at his groin expanded and thickened, his cock swelled with veins, his balls dropped low. His legs grew hairier as well, until Chuck looked the perfect bear, his well-muscled torso thick with soft fur the way Jeremy wanted to see him.

As the doctor pulled Jeremy off the weight bench toward the floor, Chuck turned to Todd and grabbed his ass hard, digging his fingers into the other man’s golden flesh. Todd was erect almost immediately, gasping under the effects of Jeremy’s scent and Chuck’s forceful demands. Chuck’s hairy body pressed against his back, feeling both soft and hard, both smooth and rough. Chuck’s teeth dug into his shoulder as Todd’s hand reached back to squeeze Chuck’s balls.

All four men were on the floor, and Jeremy gradually turned up the heat, sending out his energy in increasingly thicker waves, bathing them all in deep passionate erotic flows. He pulled them together, a tangle of sweat and muscle. The men were releasing a flood of precum, lubricating their bodies in the salty musk. Mouths sucked cocks, lips sucked nipples, hands caressed asses, thighs, chests. Todd’s legs were over the doctor’s shoulders, the Latin beauty’s cock buried in his ass. Todd sucked on Jeremy’s balls as Chuck swallowed his own dick. Then Jeremy taught Chuck what a blow job was, and how to lick out an ass, while Todd turned the tables on the doctor and took him on all fours.

They fucked and sucked and came and fucked and sucked and came again. An orgy of continual pleasure, their lithe and muscled bodies twisting into impossible positions, trading off who was where doing what to whom. Deep throating monster pricks while being royally fucked up the ass. Eating out a soft rosebud while being eaten out from behind. Balls in mouths, kisses on chests, nibbles on necks, tongues in ears.

And they pumped out load after copious load of hot, white jizz. Their bodies soaked it in and gave it out in endless cycles, gifting the huge, muscled men with deep, sustained, mind-blowing orgasm after overwhelming, breathtaking orgasm.

Finally, it was the doctor who pulled himself away, his old scientific curiosity once again holding sway over the overworked pleasure centers, wanting to see what the result was, if any, of this latest extended round of pleasuring.

“I doubt we could get any bigger than this,” Chuck volunteered, making a muscle on his arm and playfully sending his bicep into overload, watching the ball of brawn swell larger and larger with each flex, a huge grin on his lips.

“Anyone else catch my sex drive thang?” Jeremy was laying on his back on the floor, a relief map of intoxicating power. His head rested on one arm, the muscle swollen with fine striations. “I’m sorta anxious to feel it pointed my way for a change, not that I mind being the center of attention of course.” He launched a playful lob of his potent man-scent at Todd, watching the blonde god suck in a sudden breath as his dick inflated again. “Don’t aim that thing unless you intend to follow through, Jeremy.” Todd was smiling as he said it. “But I’m afraid I don’t seem to have caught that bug. You, Chuck?”

His friend closed his eyes and seemed to be trying to perform Jeremy’s trick, but no one felt a thing. “If I’m doing it, it’s just at sub-god power. Probably drive mere mortals to start spurting cum at 100 paces, but not you studs. Looks like you’re one up on us, Jeremy.” The black man smiled. “Just promise to use your powers for good, not evil.” Jeremy rolled over onto his stomach and looked toward Chuck. “Sure, my man.” Then he fired a white-hot arrow of sex toward him. When it hit, Chuck’s dick swelled and hardened, and a stream of precum started to flow. “Was that good enough for you?”

“Mmmm, you’re getting very good at that.” Chuck started to stroke his meat again, but was interrupted when the doctor spoke.

“I would suggest that if any growth did occur, we all shared in it equally and would probably not be aware of it. If I might take a few quick measurements?”

The men had, in fact, developed again, but only slightly in comparison with past growth spurts. Jeremy was another three inches taller and had gained close to 140 lbs. of additional muscle weight. The other three had made better muscular gains, between 160 and 225 lbs., possibly because they had some catching up to do, but remained slightly shorter than Jeremy’s massive 8 foot, 5 inch frame. And Jeremy had only one thing on his mind – the next candidate.

“Chuck, you met Jeff.”

“That Indian guy?”

“Native American. Yeah.”

“He was always so quiet.”

“Well, at the time, he was a little cautious around you, being such a homophobe.”

“I wasn’t!”

“Please.”

“But things have changed, anyway.”

“That’s the world’s biggest understatement, you hot buttfuck bunny.”

“But,” asked Todd, “would he fit in?”

Jeremy was nodding vigorously as Chuck rubbed his chin for a moment. “He’s pretty... pretty.”

“Beautiful,” corrected Jeremy. “I mean, the minute I saw this guy, it was lust.”

“You guys were lovers?”

“Are lovers, Chuck. Jesus, you can be so dim sometimes.” Jeremy turned, walking in front of the other three guys as he spoke about Jeff. His movements were smooth and graceful, effortlessly sensual and completely arousing. “He has this amazing skin. It’s so smooth, so warm. His eyes are caramel colored when the light hits them. And what an ass, that’s all I’m saying. That man’s ass could stop a herd of butch lesbians in their tracks.”

“That’s one nice ass.”

“Believe it.”

Todd was already holding up the phone handset. “Dial,” he said.

“So, how should we handle this?”

“First, turn off the juice. He’s already jazzed enough by my voice on the phone. Sounded like he was stroking off a load just talking with me. If he runs into a wall of that man heat sex juice, he’s done for.”

“Are you sure you should have told him everything?”

“I never lie to Jeff.”

“I’m not implying... I’m just saying.”

“Don’t worry about it, Chuck. He’s cool. And I left out most of the more... unbelievable details. You heard me.”

“We all heard you, Jeremy,” the doctor replied. “But I would have to join Chuck’s hesitation about revealing so much so soon.”

“When he walks in the door, what then?” Jeremy shook his head. “Believe me, it’ll be okay. Much better to get him prepared than shock the hell out of him the way you guys did me.”

“Should we get dressed or anything?”

Jeremy almost laughed out loud. “Yeah, sure Chuck. Why don’t you slide that 18-inch beer can down some Calvins to hide it.”

Jeff pulled into the lot and saw Jeremy's truck sitting there. His mind was swimming with fantasy images of what his boyfriend had described. Could it be true? Some magical transforming serum developed at this laboratory had turned him and that redneck neighbor and some other guys into Supermen? It was like some bad fantasy tale you might read on the Web or something.

"Okay, well, picture a Tom of Finland guy. You know, dick big enough to choke a horse, smooth muscles, all man, masculine power incarnate. Got it?"

"Yeah..."

"Okay, now multiply that by about ten."

"Uh huh."

"I'm not shitting you, Jeff."

"Uh huh."

"Honestly. I'm standing here looking at my bicep. I'm bending my arm and watching the muscle grow. And grow. And grow."

"And grow?"

"To put it mildly."

"How is that possible?"

"I'm just the monkey in this experiment, I didn't cook up the formula. I could put the doctor on and let him explain if you want. By the way, he took the stuff too. He's a Latin heartthrob that makes Ricky Martin look like Dom Deluise. He's got golden eyes and long, dark hair to his ass. His chest could be a whole Gay Pride Parade by itself."

"And you said that neighbor freak is..."

"Chuck is here, too. He invited me. He's got a Jagger body -- it would make a dead man cum."

"But what about..?"

"Don't think. Just get that beautiful butt over here. Now."

So he did. Jeremy certainly sounded like he was a lot bigger. If one could judge a man by his voice over the phone, Jeff pictured the man who owned Jeremy's deep, sexy baritone as a man standing about eight feet tall, about six feet wide, his body bulging with rock hard muscle swinging a bat between his legs to hit a few out of the park every time. The voice was practically oozing sex through the phone at him without trying too hard. He wanted to see the man behind that voice.

He wore his best-fitting jeans and a clean, white T shirt severely tucked. He knew he had a good body; he'd worked hard enough for it. Jeremy was often going on about how nice his butt looked, but Jeff was prouder of his arms and flat stomach. He wasn't always in such great shape until he'd come out in his late teens. Then the urge to merge made him start paying attention to how he looked and took care of himself.

Now he had to admit that he was a "catch" in anyone's book. He went from rail thin and anemic to muscled and powerful in about a year and a half, and kept at it religiously. He loved the feeling of power and capability he felt during and after a workout. He loved the

pump, and loved showing himself off. He may own an average sized dick, but the rest of him was – by his own estimate – way better than average.

The lights were on inside the labs as he entered the long hallway leading to where the four awaited him. He could feel something like excitement tingle his skin, but it was more palpable than that. He felt anxious, alive, invigorated. The feeling grew stronger as he walked deeper into the building, and it seemed to want to centralize in his Wranglers. He was suddenly vitally aware of his cock, conscious of its weight and size, feeling the heat of it down there. He was getting hard just thinking about Jeremy. There was an urgency building inside that started in his crotch but was spreading everywhere. He could feel the cotton of his shirt on his chest, particularly as it rubbed on his suddenly alert nipples. His biceps felt tight in the sleeves, when they hadn't before. His legs stretched as he walked, and he could sense the muscle in them, the innate power.

He swallowed hard, unaware that his hand was rubbing his cock through the jeans. His pace had slowed as he began to pay more attention to himself, to his body, the hot flesh and hard muscle. His balls felt tight, cooped up inside his jeans. His hand shoved under his waistband, his fingers reaching down his pants, the added pressure popping the button fly open. He groped himself in his briefs, his hot dick pressing itself against his palm, growing harder by the second. Was it already drooling on his touch?

He pulled his hand out of his pants and licked off the salty tang of precum. The head of his prick was testing the cotton boundaries, swollen and red. He pulled his shirt up, exposing his flat belly and the goody trail of dark hair that lead down into a forest. He caressed himself, enraptured by his own tight body. His cock was pulsing with each beat of his heart, and he was about to grip himself and start jacking when he heard it.

“Damn.”

The sound struck his ears like a wet kiss, like a deep thrust in his ass. It was the sound of sex, the sound of passion and heat and muscle. He looked toward the voice and nearly came right then. “What..?”

“Hey, Jeff. Looks like my juice is even more potent than we thought. Sorry about that.”

He straightened, saying, “Jeremy?”

The figure at the doorway spread his arms wide, unveiling what could only be described as a body to die for. Jeremy's lats opened like muscled wings. His shoulders swelled like bowling balls. His chest was two huge hemispheres of power. And the prick that hung from his loins was nothing short of incredible. “In the flesh.” Jeff's partner started walking toward him. Every step was an exercise in perfect athletic grace. The muscles moved under the glowing cocoa skin like invitations to sex. His thighs swelled and flexed, his arms bulging as they bent with might beyond imaging. And “big” didn't even begin to describe his dimensions. Huge, maybe. Mammoth, colossal, massive...

“Holy....”

Jeremy stood near Jeff, towering above him. “Yeah, not bad, huh?” He made a muscle and Jeff watched the bicep build and build and build. It swelled into a mass of power, bulging larger and larger under Jeremy's smooth, warm skin until the head split, and then it got bigger still. The muscle grew and grew, just as Jeremy had described it over the phone. “Call me a liar, now.” And the bicep got bigger still, filling Jeremy's upper arm and growing toward his fist.

“Holy...”

“You said that already.” Jeff scanned down Jeremy’s collection of gorgeous muscles, over the huge rounded squares of his chest, the cobbled eight-pack on his belly, and further down until his eyes rested on the most beautiful manflesh Jeff had ever seen or dreamed of. How big was it? How could that be real? “So,” intoned Jeremy’s passionate embrace of a voice, “did you want to put your dick away, or weren’t you done with it, yet?”

Jeff looked down at his own cock, stiff as a board and pulsing hard. He’d never felt so hard in his life. Love and lust curled up inside him for Jeremy, and all he wanted was to be with his man forever. What he said to the naked colossus before him was, “I could use a little help.”

Jeremy smiled. “My pleasure.”

And something happened. Something changed. Something started. Jeff was suddenly overwhelmed with an orgasmic pleasure that dug itself into his core. A tide of bliss overwhelmed his senses and he started to cum in thick, hot spurts. He was ripping his shirt off as he came, moaning with undeniable pleasure.

Jeremy launched a much-softened version of his man scent, knowing that anything approaching even a half-load of his heat would probably drive any ordinary man insane. He barely nudged Jeff along, allowing only a slim thread of his power to escape at this close range, but it was enough to cause such a drastic reaction in his lover that he reeled it back in almost at once. He’d have to really learn to contain his power in public if this was the result. But like cologne, the scent lingered in the air around them and Jeff’s urgency didn’t abate for a few minutes.

By the time it had, Jeremy’s dark-skinned companion had his pants around his ankles, his underwear and T shirt were in shreds and his belly was coated with a fairly decent amount of sticky cum. His cock was still jerking dully even as he came back to his senses. “What the fuck was that?” he breathed.

“Me,” said Jeremy. “Come on, let’s get you started and see what you can do.”

Meeting Todd, Chuck and the Doc was another shock for Jeff, but after a round of intros they began to demonstrate what Jeff had in store for him with a few body modifications and some strength and size displays.

By the time it was all done, including Chuck’s self-suck demo and obvious enjoyment in relating their many extended fuck fests, Jeff was hard again and ready to sign up.

“Okay, you’ve got a decision to make, then.” Jeremy knelt down and was looking up at his lover, holding his hand. “When I got the treatment, all three of these beautiful men gave me their full load. The result was that I got bigger than any of them, in addition to the super scent I can put out driving any guy into a wild frenzy of uncontrollable sexual heat.”

“To put it mildly,” agreed Jeff.

Jeremy nodded. “And that wasn’t even close to half power, or even 25%. What I zapped you with was like spitting in the ocean.” Jeff’s eyes widened for a moment as the full realization of the statement hit him. To have control of something like that, he thought. What a temptation.

Jeremy continued. “None of the other guys has that to the extent I do, although the three of them together can be a pretty potent force on a regular guy, they don’t have any effect

on each other or on me. But if I wanted to, I can make any of them – or all of them – fall into an ecstasy to put your wildest sex fantasy to shame.”

“Believe it,” added Chuck. “He can even suggest what he wants us to look like, altering our appearance for us.” He smiled his half smile. “And I gotta admit that he’s a damn fine sculptor, speaking from personal experience.”

The doctor said, “It appears that each man adds something to the mix. Todd’s transformation was the catalyst. Chuck and Todd together added the transforming powers. My participation enhanced and strengthened what came before, and Jeremy has the additional capability you’ve experienced yourself.”

Jeremy nodded. “Even though the guys already had the sex scent, I can control it almost totally, and my version is about ten times stronger than theirs, combined.”

“So with me in the mix, there may be new capabilities, or I may enhance what’s come before, or...”

“Or you may merely experience the enhanced muscular development and size. We know that much will happen, at least, because that’s what the serum was designed to do.

Enhance the masculine characteristics to extreme capacities.”

Eyeing the examples around him, Jeff had to say that the doctor’s goal had been met and then some. “That’s good enough for me.”

Jeremy stood up. “How do you want it?”

“I want it all.”

Ten minutes later, Jeff was lying in a pool of transformation fuel. The four of them together outdid themselves, knowing that whatever gift Jeff brought to the mix, they’d all share in it one way or another. Their balls had swollen huge with white hot jizz, and they’d released a flood of precum to accompany the huge loads they delivered. Now the fifth member of the team was busy absorbing it all, and they stood back to watch the process all over again.

There was an immediately noticeable difference, because Jeff began to develop as soon as the first drops of seed splashed into the clear preparation honey. The seed burrowed into his arm and the bicep turned red and swelled as if stung by a bee. As more of the cream covered him, bulging growth sprouted everywhere in an uncontrolled manner. Muscle and sinew became swollen with new power, and only after his body could physically contain no further muscle did it begin to expand.

It looked as if he was actually being inflated. It happened so fast and he grew so big that the others worried that he was in pain, for no human body could possibly undergo so rapid and extreme a change and not feel pain.

“Jeff? Jeff, you all right?”

All Jeff felt was pleasure. It was the intense gratification he felt after a workout magnified a hundred times. He could feel his strength swelling. He felt himself enlarge and as the muscles grew, his body hummed with vitality and power and capacity. He felt invincible and the feeling just kept increasing.

“Jeff?”

“I’m fine,” he said. His voice was already an octave lower. “I’m great.” He opened his eyes and smiled. “I can feel it.”

“Feel what?”

“Everything. Strength and muscle and...” He sensed something else building and tentatively tested it.

“Shit. Oh, shit.” Even Jeremy could feel Jeff’s pheromones. His dick was instantly hard, and Todd was cumming again, spouting a white fountain of cum all at once.

Jeff pulled it back, feeling that capability developing as rapidly and as powerfully as his body. To the others watching, it looked like Jeff’s skin was boiling in slow motion. His growth was happening so suddenly, his development so rapid that the muscle looked like coils unfurling in unending succession. It was as if his body could hardly catch up to the growth that was being forced into it. He twisted his arm around and raised his hand to his gaze, leaning forward to watch the snaking power swell on his forearm. It was so weird that it seemed to be happening to someone else.

A suddenly swelling sense of sensual pleasure erupted suddenly in his loins when his cock began to sprout like a weed. He gazed down his lengthening form, noticing his feet reaching farther away from his head and saw the shaft of his manhood growing thicker and thicker, as if it were a loaf of French bread ripening in an oven. The whole of his cock curled around, the helmet caught in a deep crevasse of his quickly growing thigh muscles.

“This is incredible!” Todd was beside himself.

“Remarkable,” agreed the doctor.

“Is he going to stop?”

“Of course the development will stop. It’s just a question of when.”

“And how much,” added Chuck.

“And how big,” said Jeremy, watching Jeff’s dick continue to grow.

The doctor tilted his head slightly. “Do you think you could stand up, Jeff? I’d get a better indication of your growth in relation to the rest of us that way.”

Jeff simply nodded and climbed to his feet, seeming to continue to stand up even after he’d gained his footing as his body continued its metamorphosis. He was already looking eye-to-eye with Todd and would be at Jeremy’s height in seconds. His muscular development seemed to be trying to catch up to his growth at this point, after having been fully in charge for the first minutes of his transformation. He had to keep repositioning his legs further and further out to allow for his developing thighs and balls, but then his shoulders would catch up, he’d stretch taller still and they’d be at shoulder width again. “Shit, lookit that. He’s already moving to phase two.” Chuck was watching the drizzle of lube start to pour from Jeff’s knee-length cock.

“That seems to be a common element, now,” observed the doctor. “The lag time between initial outside-originated development and self-actuated development is growing less and less. The body no longer fully matures into its initial development before it begins producing its own subsequent fueling emissions.” He paused a moment. “Or it may be that the amount of fluid involved in the process forces the body to begin producing immediately or the excess would...”

“Would what?” Jeremy sounded slightly worried, even having been through it himself. After all, they’d really creamed Jeff.

The doctor only shrugged. “It’s a moot point. Obviously the male body conforms to the serum’s changing properties and adjusts accordingly.” The pool of Jeff’s precum flood was already at their feet and growing bigger. His huge cock, already swollen to three feet in length, was producing a thick, hot tide of the clear honey in an unendingly abundant

supply. He'd yet to start stroking himself. His balls were also showing how anxious his body was to begin his next phase of perfected muscular growth, not that he needed one. Because Jeff was already half-a-head taller than Jeremy and still growing. The development had calmed down to a steady rhythm of growth and adjustment instead of the earlier uncontrolled swelling. Jeff's eyes were closed, but the smile on his lips and his slow, deep breathing illustrated for Jeremy and the others that he was deep in the passionate embrace of orgasmic pleasure.

His chest broadened with cables of steel. His legs lengthened and filled out with thick, tight wedges of brawn. His skin glowed like forged copper. His arms expanded with firm bellies of strength. He pulled in a deep breath as he slowly extended his arms from his body. His stomach erupted with a cobblestone street of hard abdominals. His dick was rising in the air, now four feet high. They could all feel a heat pouring off him like a furnace. He almost seemed to be glowing. His balls were swollen like some massive fruit, stretched tight and glossy with his seed.

All at once, he was cumming, without ever touching himself. His monster cock, still growing, began to fountain a stream of white hot lava, surprising the others with its unexpected appearance. Jeff's mammoth chest was rising and falling as he breathed into the orgasm, feeling it everywhere and then, unable to contain himself, he released himself from the bonds of his own building and flooded the room with his manscent.

The result was instant fucking chaos. Or instant chaotic fucking.

Jeff's cum coated them all, mingling with his flood of precum outside and inside. All the men were absorbing his emissions as they began to simultaneously cum and fuck and suck each other. Dicks were engorged and spurting, plugged into asses and shoved into mouths. Hands were grabbing and caressing. The power of Jeff's pheromone flow was an overwhelming onslaught that drove everything out of the brain except sexual gratification, the need for it, the want of it, and the desire to give and get it. Someone was licking his asshole. Hands reached for his immense hard-on, sliding their grip along the heat of his flesh sending intense shocks of erotic pleasure through him, which he shoved back out through his man scent, strengthening it all over again.

And he could still feel himself growing. In every way, he was getting bigger, stronger, more powerful, more beautiful. His development was renewing as he absorbed his own seed, and he could sense the other men starting to exhibit the signs of his effect on them, or they on him, or what they had made all together. Another round of development was taking place, and he could feel that something else was manifesting in him, now.

Something swollen with power.

He couldn't quite touch what it was, didn't know how to control it, but he could feel it building like a wall of molten glass that he would pass through to touch the hot core of whatever it was. It felt like something was crystallizing, coming into focus, bringing itself to life or waking from a centuries-long slumber. His body was pulsing with still-increasing muscle and intensity everywhere.

And he was still releasing his powerful seed on the men around him, released to uncontrollable passion by the depth of his own ecstasy. Everyone but him was fucking like bunnies as they grew into new, larger, better bodies. Shoulders were swelling with cabled might, chests expanding until the crevasse between the meaty muscle would hide an entire hand, legs extending and growing thicker and wider, all the men – Todd, Chuck,

the Doctor and his Jeremy – all of them increasing with capacity and ability and size to unheard of dimensions and strengths. Unstoppable, unbelievable.

He opened his eyes as his fountain finally abated and he felt himself grow limp. The world looked different from this angle, so tall above the floor. His shoulders were so broad and chest so large that he could see them in his peripheral vision, watch himself continue to grow into this new body with its unlimited capacity for strength. He pulled in his manscent, and it was like dowsing a fire. The men around him slowed in whatever sexual pursuits they had been engaged in and seemed to come to their senses as Jeff's powerful lust was withdrawn. Slowly, they disentangled themselves from one another, their bodies soaking in the last of the thick, hot fluid product of their mingled encounters and Jeff's second phase transformation and stood looking at each other as their development slowed to a standstill almost all at the same time.

"Wow." The word came from Todd's lips like a feral growl. He was looking down at himself, flexing his hand and bending his arm to watch the new muscle perform.

"Shit," agreed Chuck, who was looking at his friend's larger form with open admiration, and then he was scanning the others in the room with equal parts of lust and wonder. Each of them had attained an equal height for the first time, all standing at eye level with Jeff. "Interesting," observed the doctor. "No transformation imbalance at all. Perhaps because we were all engaged – fluidly active, as it were – in the final phase of Jeff's development. We all shared equally in the process and all enjoy its benefits."

Jeremy was standing next to Jeff, almost afraid to touch his lover's perfect male beauty, and to the others the two men had virtually identical physiques, right down to the matching massive perfection of their cocks. Jeff simply reached up his hand to rest on Jeremy's neck and pulled him into a passionate kiss. The invisible wall broken, Jeremy wrapped his muscled arms around Jeff and fell headlong into an extended, deep kiss that expressed the intense love the men felt for each other.

Todd smiled at the obvious emotion the two were expressing and wondered if he'd ever feel that way. He'd bedded his share of women, and he'd come to love the feeling of a dick in his ass, but that was all hot passion and animal need, it had never been love. How would he react when it happened to him?

Chuck watched the exchange with interest, his face not telling very much about the thoughts going through his head. Mostly, he just thought it was hot seeing the two immense muscular specimens go at it so unabashedly. Yep, he thought, ain't nothing wrong with love or sex no matter who's doing what to who. It was all okay, as long as he could get a piece of it. He glanced at Todd in an unusual way, as if sizing his best friend up, but he just couldn't see falling in love with him. Lust, certainly. Fucking, positively. But love? He just hoped Jeremy wouldn't pull rank and deny him access to Jeff's amazing body and prick. Man, but he wanted to swallow that man whole. And to feel his giant erection tickling his prostate... man!

The doctor, as usual, was all business. Clearing his throat for attention – the sound akin to that of an 18-wheeler starting its engine – the two lovers broke off their kiss and turned toward him, still wrapped in each other's arms, while Todd and Chuck did the same, not wrapped in anyone's embrace at the moment. "I was wondering if you were experiencing any new manifestations, Jeff. It's clear you possess Jeremy's strong pheromone attraction, perhaps amplified even stronger than his ability."

Jeff arched an eyebrow and smiled, looking at the men around him. "We could always find out right now."

Jeremy placed a restraining hand on his lover's meaty chest. "Hold on, stud. Let's hear from the doctor before we re-engage the fuck engines." Jeff's skin felt warm and supple under his palm. Copper velvet on smooth, hard marble. Chuck was grinning despite himself, looking forward to another round involving the newest hunk on the farm. Jeremy asked, "Anything new happening, Jeff?"

His partner considered the question for a moment. "I did feel like something was happening. I don't quite know how to describe it. It was a feeling of building power, but not like muscle, not like this." He bent his arm into a display of raw force that made Jeremy feel woozy. Todd whispered something under his breath, probably "Wow," again, and Chuck bent his own arm to compare sheer size and obvious capacity with Jeff's incredible and seemingly effortless show of muscle. "It was something..."

"Something controllable? Some kind of force?"

"Something," said Jeff. "It's like I know it's there waiting for me to..."

"To discover it?" asked Todd. "To find it?"

"To use it." Jeff tilted his head curiously and looked like he was reaching for something inside, sending his concentration inward, using his innate and immense strength in a new way. The world tilted sideways. New perceptions manifested. Parts of Jeff's brain that had never been used activated and a new way of seeing things suddenly changed everything that anyone believed possible until that moment.

That was when he looked like he was growing taller again. Jeremy let his arms fall as he felt Jeff pull away. It was only when the doctor said, "That's impossible," that the men realized what was happening.

Jeff was floating. His feet had lifted from the ground and the man was literally hovering six inches above the floor.

Jeremy shouted, "Jeff!"

"What?"

"How the hell...?"

"What?" he repeated, opening his eyes. But he already knew, because the world was different. "It's so easy," he said. "The air, space... everything." He was floating higher, now, looking toward the ceiling as his body began to rise up toward it. "Anyone can do it. It's the air," he said again.

"What air? Jeff, you're fucking flying, dammit! How are you doing that?"

"Look," he said. "Look at the air. Use the air."

Chuck looked at Todd, and then they both looked at the Doctor. "Okay, what the fuck is happening?"

Jeff was twisting around in midair like a gymnast, his movements graceful and effortless. He was spinning, diving, floating and falling. He seemed unbound by gravity, embraced by magic. Todd's mouth hung open. Chuck asked again, "What the fuck is going on?"

The doctor's eyes were slitted as he concentrated on something. "I can almost..."

"Almost what? Why won't anyone fucking tell me what's going on?"

"I can see it." The doctor lifted a leg up and then, as if stepping on a ladder, he lifted his other leg and appeared to be climbing into nothing. "Oh my," he said. Then his body was floating upwards as well. "The currents," he said as his huge frame twisted and he began to spin on an axis, his arms stretched out. "Air has mass, volume, weight. Concentrate on

seeing the currents around you. Try to fall into the air, to grab it or slide through it or find a current and... float.” He moved higher toward the ceiling, finally coming to rest standing upside down on the acoustic tiles. “Reach inside. See if you can find it.”

“Find what?” Chuck was very agitated. He asked Todd, “Do you understand what the hell he’s going on about?”

The doctor elaborated. “The strength of your body is virtually unbound. Remember that you can lift any weight and your muscles will compensate. Move your arm through what you’d consider nothing, and you can feel the air. That’s not nothing, it’s something. You can use that, we always could, but we were missing something.” He rubbed his chin with his finger. “Two things actually. One was that strength, the power to use the volume of air around us to lift ourselves into it. The other was perception, the ability to see the currents, to feel them, to use them. Something... something up here,” he said, tapping his forehead, “has changed. But you have to realize it, you have to find it and use it.”

And suddenly Todd was launching off the floor. He’d raised his huge arms, overwhelmed with hard muscle, and thrust himself through the air as if diving upward. He was flying at the ceiling like a man falling toward the ground, when all at once he twisted around, bringing his powerful legs in front of himself, planted on an overhead beam, crouched, and launched himself in the opposite direction, racing toward the floor. He looked like he was about to become a wet spot on the tile when he bent himself and coasted along about a foot above it. Chuck’s brain was having a hard time with the concept of his best friend, already become this beautiful expression of muscle and manhood, literally flying. Todd swooped toward the far wall and was soon flying up its length until he reached the top when he simply put his hand in front of him and stopped himself, floating motionless in midair with a huge, satisfied grin on his perfect features. “Damn,” he said, “I could get off on this.”

“Todd, how the fuck...?”

Jeremy had his eyes closed and had missed Todd’s aerobatics. He was looking for that spark or whatever it was, reaching inside. He concentrated on feeling the air surge past his skin, heightening his senses, allowing himself to overcome what he thought was possible and accept that he could fly.

“Forget reality, Chuck. Jesus, after everything else that’s happened to you today, I’d have thought adding the ability to fly to the ability to change your physical appearance, cum on command and manage tons of weight with your finger would be easy.”

“But... it’s... you’re...”

“Chuck, use your strength. Fucking use it. Don’t think of lifting something else, think of using something else to lift yourself.”

“But... I... there’s...”

“Oh, fuck.” It was Jeremy’s voice. Chuck looked over to see the fourth member of the flying muscledicks join his comrades in the air over his head. Jeremy started off awkwardly, as if climbing through an uneven hole. Maybe he was having trouble seeing the currents as clearly as the others, but after a few moments of his jerky movements, a smile came to his face as all the pieces fell into place and he was suddenly climbing with an effortless ease. “Oh, fuck!” Then he was performing spins and skidding across ponds of air like a smooth rock. He curled into a ball and started twirling like a leaf caught in the wind. He bobbed on ripples of air, then fell toward the ground as if slipping between streams before alighting back on the floor next to Chuck, putting his hand on the man’s

broad shoulder. “Just give in to it, and it’ll do anything you want. It’s fucking fantastic!” And he launched himself back toward the high ceiling to join the others, who were all hanging in midair looking back down at Chuck.

The Doctor said, “I understand this is a difficult concept to grasp, and I admit that it goes against every law of nature ever written, but think of it this way. These are unwritten laws. This is new territory. We are not the men we were. That much should be obvious. We are so much more that what we were seems like the dream, and this is reality.”

“It all sounds good, and with you guys hanging over my head it’s hard to argue with you, but I just can’t seem to believe...”

“Chuck,” said Todd as he floated closer, “take my hand.”

“You gonna be Clark to my Lois?”

“I’m going to show you what it’s like. You’re going to feel the caress of the air against your skin so you can tell how to use it. You’re going to feel the safety of the wind’s embrace and know that you can stay suspended here forever, floating above the ground as light as a feather, as powerful as a storm. You’re going to feel the pure freedom of the sky, even in this room. You’re going to surrender to your own power, your body’s new limitless potential, and know that nothing is beyond you, even your dreams. If you come up with me, I know you’ll get it. You’ve got to! Can you imagine fucking up here?”

That was all Chuck needed to hear. The pretty poetry about freedom and flying was all very nice, but the thought of being unchained from gravity, to float above the ground surrounded by warm winds while getting fucked and sucked and caressed and manhandled by any one of these muscled perfect beauties – or all of them at once -- was a goal he could get into.

He placed his hand in Todd’s and his friend’s limitless strength took hold of him as he tensed his muscles and felt himself rising off the floor. He still felt as heavy as lead. He could sense the huge weight of his massively compacted muscles, his body wanted to be on the ground. “Close your eyes,” advised Jeremy, who was now floating in the air next to him, helping to support him. “Feel the power of the air around you. Feel your own power flowing through your muscles. Can you feel how strong you are?”

Chuck closed his eyes and tuned his senses inward. He became acutely aware of the strength of his body. He could feel unrestrained power waiting his command, raw, unconstrained brawn in the muscles arms and chest and back, running the length of his legs. Muscle and power and ability to do anything he wanted, power to obey his wishes, muscle that would grow to suit his needs and desires, a body of bottomless potential.

Jeremy said, “Reach for that new power, Chuck. It’s there, inside you. Your body wants to allow you to fly, to swim through the wind’s currents, to float in warm pools of air and dive and swoop like an eagle. It can sense the strength of the air around you and use it to push itself upwards, higher and higher, surrounding you in its welcoming waves.”

“Open your eyes, Chuck.”

He heard Todd’s voice now farther away, and when he opened his eyes, he found himself supported by nothing, his head inches from the ceiling, his feet dangling in the air. He could sense the still air in which he stood, how his powerful body was using the air to support itself. The other men floated nearby watching, ready to catch him if anything happened. They were all incredibly beautiful, and as he looked at them, he could see the currents surrounding them, and how they rested inside them, how they positioned themselves and they were not floating on nothing, they were supported from beneath by

waves of air, pools of it, thick blocks and wavering columns. Their naked flesh was caressed and supported by a soft, warm ocean that surrounded them everywhere.

“This... is so cool.”

And he dove toward the ground, arms at his side, diving through the wind, watching the currents twist and move before him as he brushed the tiled floor and pulled up, arms thrown out, twisting upwards like a corkscrew until he came up to where Todd and Jeremy and Jeff and the Doctor watched and hung suspended in front of them, folding his arms over his massive chest, a sideways grin on his face. “Let’s go outside. I can’t wait to stretch my wings.”



The doctor voiced a strong objection to their leaving the lab, but arguing with four men who could just break through the wall anyway seemed pointless after a while. They were like children wanting to play with the new toy.

They walked out onto the parking lot in their naked glory. Five 9-foot tall supermen with flowing manes of shimmering hair, their amazing collections of powerful muscle encased in sleek, smooth skin of metallic hues, cocks as big as a normal man's arm hanging in thick, obvious glory between their legs. The wind was warm outside, much warmer than inside the lab, and their senses were almost overwhelmed by the mass of it out there.

But Chuck immediately launched himself into the sky, his body soaring upwards like a bullet, propelled by his strong legs into the ocean of air over the earth. He went hundreds of feet up, feeling the air growing colder as he rose, his wealth of midnight hair streaming behind him. The wind tickled his prick and caressed his ass. It was like skinny-dipping in the sky, his naked body enjoying unconstrained freedom and power.

He stopped and floated, looking down. From there, he could see Todd below him, his arms outstretched, a beatific smile on his bronzed face. He was floating on his back, his face toward the sun, soaking in the vitality and heat. Below him, Jeremy and Jeff were together, and he guessed that it wouldn't be long before they were experimenting with new fuck methods that had never been possible before. He felt a strong erotic tingle in his cock that shivered through his body at the thought. He thought that no one had ever felt this free and alive before.

The doctor remained on the ground, or perhaps just above it. A thought occurred to Chuck, then, and he turned and headed back down, falling out of the sky as quickly as he had ascended until he neared the asphalt, and he pivoted and hovered in the warm embrace of the wind above the doctor, who was, indeed, simply standing on the ground.

"What's your name?" Chuck asked. "It seems stupid to keep calling you Doc."

"Carlos."

"No shit?"

The doctor – Carlos – smiled a perfect smile. "Yes," he answered, "I shit you not."

"Carlos. That fits you."

He shrugged. "It's my name."

"You aren't going to come up for a swim?" Chuck allowed himself to float freely in the currents, so that his body was twisting and turning like a feather. He enjoyed the feeling of the wind on his naked flesh. It was enormously erotic.

"I was considering the ramifications of this latest twist."

"Flying? What's bad about it?"

"I didn't say it was bad, I was merely contemplating... What are Jeremy and Jeff doing?"

He pointed into the sky and Chuck pivoted in the air to look up.

"Oh. That's called a 69."

"Aptly named."

"Yeah. Jeremy's got Jeff in his mouth, Jeff has Jeremy in his, and they're sucking each other royally." He looked back at Carlos, that crooked grin on his face. "You wanna try it?"

“Aren’t you and Todd...?” He left the question unfinished.

Chuck laughed out loud. “That ugly son of a bitch?” He looked up to where Todd was slowly floating under the sky, keeping a leisurely pace. “I enjoy his ass, he enjoys mine. It’s just fucking. I’m not in love with him, and I know he’d offer to do you if you wanted him to. I guess I’d be with him if he looked interested, but he’s enjoying himself. Jeremy and Jeff, well, it’s not surprising they’re already going at it. And you’re standing on the ground looking all sexy as shit.” He met Carlos’s golden gaze with his own forest green one. “You do know you’re sexy as shit, right?”

Carlos smiled back. “I’m learning to cope.”

“I know exactly what you mean.” Chuck came closer, wrapping his body around Carlos, his arms in an embrace around the Latin man’s broad shoulders. “Let’s have some fun while the sun shines. It isn’t as if we have any pressing engagements.”

Carlos leaned his head back against Chuck’s muscled form. “It’s pretty amazing, isn’t it?”

“Redefine amazing and maybe it’s that. I assume you never intended this particular happy accident when you were developing the formula.”

“I don’t recall ever thinking, ‘and here’s the chemical bonds that will free up the mental and physical constrictions that keep a man under the yoke of gravity’s tyranny’, no. Not exactly.”

“Jesus, Carlos, you do have a way with words.” Chuck was lifting him off the ground, and their lips met in a deep tongue wrestling match.

A few minutes later, the parking lot had a sudden rainstorm of a rather unusual type.

It didn’t take long for Jeremy and Jeff to start releasing massive amounts of their sex scent into the open air. They were doing things with their new bodies previously only fantasized about. With so much sexual overload, they couldn’t help but allow the power of their passion to escape, and the super-saturated winds surrounded the men in a storm of sexual heat.

The other men, too, released their strong scent without thinking, allowing themselves unfettered freedom as they floated among the warm winds. They breathed each other in and gloried in the thick lustful passion, their senses infused with the heady masculine musk that they now all produced in abundance. The air around them smelled strongly of sex, of hard cocks in wet mouths, of tongues on nipples and dicks in asses.

And what was not caught on their bodies or in their mouths or asses fell like rain. Their fountaining cocks showered honey and cum on the ground below where the fluids mingled and combined into the super-rich formula ready to turn any man who encountered it into a perfect muscular beauty from a wet dream. Puddles of it, big and small, gathered on the parking lot blacktop where it could not soak into the earth.

And while the men pleased each other, soaring high above the earth, tangling limbs and tongues, drizzling their clear honey over their slickened skin, caressing and sucking, fucking and fondling, their huge muscular bodies flexing, bulging, gleaming with sweat and precum in the afternoon sun, the scent traveled on the winds to the nearby college, streaming like smoke through the campus. Heavily diluted but too powerful to fully dissipate, it found its way to some of the young men. Straight or gay or bi, they felt themselves strongly driven to find someone to couple with. Dicks grew hard in tight

jeans, pushing to burst through. Suddenly, these young men were seeking fuck partners, overcome by lust, and they turned to each other, the male heat buried in the scent making them desire other hard bodies, long limbs and hard pricks. Man to man sex, rough and sudden.

And of those men, four recognized a desire, a need so deep that they were compelled to seek the source of what they felt. Something inside told them that more awaited them, and although they didn't know each other, their common desire drove them to find the well from which that scent had come.

David was a runner, and a fast one. He had a tall, sleek body of able muscle, particularly his legs. Long, thick cables of power lined his thighs, and hard diamond-shaped muscle sat on his calves. He had a shock of strawberry blonde hair on his 20-year-old's head and wore a tightly cropped goatee. He didn't care much for anything except that feeling of speed, and of winning. He literally ran toward the lab, his long strides carrying him there effortlessly.

Sam was a freshman and small for his age. A pale, white 18-year-old with ratty brown hair and acne. He was very, very smart and very, very shy. But he had been blessed with one extraordinarily large endowment between his legs, a cock so thick and long that he was taunted and embarrassed in the locker room, or when it inadvertently slipped out his shorts leg or climbed over his waistband. It seemed to have a mind of its own, and this time it seemed to want him to find out where that feeling he was feeling was coming from. His roommate, Larry, was sucking on him at the moment. Sam didn't know if he was gay or not, but he loved Larry's attentions. He also knew he'd be headed out as soon as the blow job was over.

Stephen was in the math department, an untenured teacher. He'd just started at the college this year, and had spent a little time at the nearby lab doing some research. He was 25 and slightly dumpy, carrying around a beer gut he'd worked hard to get during his own college career. His hair was thinning and his horned-rim glasses had a hard time hanging onto his small nose. He always looked like he had a five o'clock shadow, and the unibrow didn't help. But he was very tall, nearly 6' 5", and parts of his body, particularly his arms and chest, still displayed the work he put in on them when he'd played football.

Mike was a BMOC. He had everything going for him. Wealthy, handsome, athletic, charming and intelligent, the only thing that spoiled his perfection as far as his father was concerned was his homosexuality. That had come as a shock, especially considering the care that his father, a biologist, had taken with his conception. He wasn't normal, but he wasn't meant to be. Mike had a secret that accounted for his special attraction.

Mike lettered in every sport, excelling in baseball and swimming especially. He had a Slavic background, with an olive complexion and bright blue eyes. All the girls showed their interest in him plainly, but he'd been out of the closet since his Sophomore year. The 22-year-old college senior was in his Alfa driving through the thick scent, jerking off with one hand while navigating with the other, his ample cock stiff and red in his hand. He was smiling broadly, showing a row of straight white teeth on his tanned face. Something was calling him.

The four men were all making their way toward the lab, and arrived within minutes of each other in the parking lot.

None of them considered looking up.

The area was drenched with sex scent. Mike arrived first in his red convertible, and was sitting in his car holding his spurting cock when David arrived. Mike had literally ripped his shirt off but hadn't managed to remove himself from his pants before being overcome by the man scent that was everywhere here. The outside winds managed to disperse a lot of the strength of the aroma, but with the endless fucking happening over his head, it couldn't disappear entirely. Something warm and thick had dropped onto his exposed chest from overhead, but lost as he was in an erotic frenzy, he didn't notice it soaking into his skin. As more of the stuff coated him, he didn't notice that he was growing larger and larger, either.

David had stripped out of his clothes as he ran, now streaking naked across the asphalt toward the guy in the car. He didn't see the puddle on the ground as he ran through it, but when his skin struck the slick fluid, he felt compelled to stop in his tracks and go back though he had no idea why, and he dipped his hand in the syrupy puddle, watching as the stuff glommed onto his skin and was absorbed up his arms as if he were a sponge.

Sudden cables of new strength bulged on his forearms immediately, and soon his shoulders, back and chest had joined in on the fun. He threw his head back, suddenly overcome by strong erotic pulses that shook his entire frame while he soaked in the rest of the pool of transforming fluid.

Stephen arrived on his bike, dropping it to the ground and running barefoot the rest of the way into the lot. He was aware, even through his haze of sensual turmoil, that there were two other men already here and that something impossible was happening to them.

Slowing to a walk, he watched a guy in a sports car swell with brawn. The guy had his eyes closed and seemed to be jerking off, and as his arm rose and fell, each time it had a larger bicep attached to it. His chest was already huge and was expanding as if he was being inflated. The guy was growing too large for his car, that was obvious. Then something wet and thick fell on his skin and disappeared. Another thick glob fell on his shoulder and was suddenly gone as well. In both cases, a sudden growth of muscle would swell huge and then even out, as the rest of his body caught up. Then Stephen noticed that thin, gleaming puddles covered the guy's car. Whenever his hand or arm slid into one, it dried immediately. At least, that's what it looked like was happening. Whoever he was, he was beautiful.

A sound like a groan drew his attention to another figure, someone low to the ground further away, but this guy, too, seemed to be undergoing some enormous, incredible change. Stephen's hand crawled down his own pants as a strong current of man scent struck him suddenly, his nostrils flaring to suck it into his body. A surging tingle erupted in his loins and his cock was hot in hand – no, he'd just cum on himself, and looking down, he almost stumbled headlong into a puddle of something as he watched a wet spot grow on his Dockers. He looked back up at the red-haired guy, his face displaying the disbelief he felt as he watched the guy's upper back suddenly flare wide like a cobra's hood. The guy started to stand up and turn around, and Stephen stepped forward into the pool at his feet.

David stood up and turned around, having absorbed all of the puddle in front of him and he wanted more. He saw Stephen standing there with his hand down his pants and saw the huge pool at his feet quiver as he stepped barefoot into it. David merely smiled, knowing what was in store for the other dude, whomever he was. Looking down, he had

to giggle when he saw the huge muscle on his chest. Reaching up, he could feel it still growing, actually feel himself swelling with more strength and size as whatever was happening to him kept happening. Something hot and wet struck his chest as he was looking at it, and he watched it being absorbed. Then he looked up.

Sam arrived last, having no car or bike and not being able to run very fast. He'd just managed to pull on his boxers, but by the time he arrived at the parking lot it didn't really matter. His prick was so hard and so huge that it had popped through the fly long before he got there, and he strolled across the black top stroking his huge, wet meat with both hands. Another talent Sam possessed was being able to somehow produce load after load of hot cum. It was like everything else about his body had been short-changed to make up for the blessing of his loins. But he'd been sucked by Larry twice, and he'd come twice again on the way, so that now he was shooting blanks but still shooting.

There was a guy lying across a car. A huge guy, so big that his upper body nearly concealed the trunk of the convertible. He seemed to be breathing hard, because his chest was getting really huge. But it wasn't going down. Maybe he was holding his breath for some reason. And, 'Jesus,' he thought, 'that guy's dick is bigger than mine!' The guy was caressing himself. He was completely naked.

There was another guy directly in front of him, a tall guy standing in a puddle of water. Something weird was going on, though, because the guy's clothes were all split along the seams. His pants were hanging low on his hips and they were high water pants or something, like the guy was so tall he couldn't find pants that fit. The guy's legs were sticking out the bottom. And his shoulders were huge! The guy had to be a major bodybuilder or something.

On the other side of the lot was another guy looking back at him. Sam realized he was still holding his prick and felt embarrassed, but the other guy was completely naked – just like the guy on the car, who looked like he still hadn't exhaled – and he had a fairly impressive hard-on going himself. The other guy was beckoning him. He was huge, too! What was this, some Mr. Universe convention or something?

The sound of ripping material drew Sam's attention back to the tall guy. His upper body was completely bare, suddenly, and his shirt and jacket were falling to the ground. But his arms were at his side – fucking huge arms, too – so he hadn't torn his clothes off. So how...? He watched in vague amazement as the guy's pants ripped upward, exposing an immense collection of muscles on his thighs.

The other guy was shouting something. Poodle? Step on the poodle? What the hell did that mean.

"What?" he shouted back.

"The puddles! Step in a puddle! There's something weird happening!"

Well, that much was obvious. But why should he step in a puddle? He looked at the one the tall guy was standing in – Had he actually been that tall before? And where'd all that hair come from? – and noticed he wasn't standing in a puddle anymore. What the fuck? Then the tall guy was lifting his arms... no, he was grabbing the waist of his pants and he... ripped them off his body. He had a round, perfect ass and looking between his legs, this guy had a monster prick, too! It was so obvious it was almost comical. The guy was doing something to himself, rubbing his belly or something. He was apparently flexing his muscles because he looked like he was getting even bigger just standing there.

Sam looked over at David and watched him walk toward a shimmering pool on the ground and step into the middle of it. He made it very obvious that he was doing that for a reason. Then all the sudden something warm and wet fell on Sam's head. "Fucking birds," he said, reaching up to wipe it off when another splash hit him, and he felt suddenly as if someone had poured boiling water on his head. It burned for a moment and was gone, but he abruptly felt a renewed bout of sexual gratification all over his body. He was trying to cum again, but there was nothing left in his overworked balls. Then he was struck with a huge load from something overhead that coated him and his clothing in some weird glaze. And he was overcome with erotic bliss and dropped to his knees at the same time that his arms began to split his T shirt open.

It was Jeff who noticed that anything other than their endless fuckfest in the sky was happening. Probably because he was least affected by the sex scent, but he could tell that there was a car in the lot that hadn't been there before, and something was lying on the car. Something big.

"Guys?"

Then he saw something – no, someone was walking across the lot and had stopped. And the someone seemed to be in the middle of a mirror. There was something shiny, in fact there was a lot of something shiny all over the parking lot.

"Uh, guys?" He turned off his sex scent and unwrapped his legs from around Carlos, allowing his stiff prick to slip out of his Latin lover's tight ass. He tried to get Jeremy's attention, and had to basically grab Todd's ass and throw the blond god across the sky to stop his chocolate boyfriend's mouth from sucking Todd's huge erection to another delivery of sweet, hot cum. "We've got company."

Chuck looked at Jeff from under Carlos's legs where he'd been licking his balls. "Say what?" A huge drop of cum mixed with precum dropped off Chuck's chin and fell toward the lot. Todd's stiff dick was still fountaining a huge load that didn't have anywhere to go but down. Jeff realized his own cock had been cumming or lubing constantly since they'd started up – how long ago had it been? And not all of that had found its way into or onto one of the others.

"I think we've inadvertently invited a few new recruits." Jeff was looking down at the lot, and soon the other men were, too.

"Holy shit. How the hell...?"

"Well," Jeff began, "considering we've been up here fucking around..."

"Literally," added Chuck.

"...for something like an hour, and all that time I know I was sweating fuck scent like a man in the desert, I would assume we attracted a little unintentional attention."

"No fucking way."

"Considering how strong we know Jeff and Jeremy's scent to be, and adding that I was also allowing my pheromones to drift freely..."

"And me," agreed Chuck.

"And me," added Todd.

"Well, shit. Now what?" Chuck looked downright disgusted.

Carlos shrugged. "Since what's been done can't be undone, I suggest we go down and help them fulfill their full potential."

"You mean, why give them leftovers when they could be feasting on the true source?"

“He means let’s go down and welcome our new friends and see what they’ll bring to the mix. After all, so far the best results come from new blood.”

“Hey! That’s true!” And with that, Chuck was streaking toward the ground, anxious to see what the new recruits looked like, and to see what new magic the elixir could bring.

David stood in another pool of whatever the stuff was, allowing himself to pull it all in and continue to get larger and larger. God, it was an amazing feeling. It was like being licked everywhere, like he was one big, hard dick being sucked and fucked and fondled all at the same time. Couple that with the feeling of surging strength, the swelling of his muscles and his growing height, he just wanted this to go on forever.

Sam, once he realized what was happening, literally rolled himself into his next load.

He’d ripped his clothes off as he’d seen the tall guy do, using new, amazing muscles that were sprouting everywhere. Jesus, it felt good. And judging by the relative sizes of the other dudes, he had a ways to go to catch up.

Stephen couldn’t help but be analytical about it. He was trying to estimate how much he’d grown, how much he weighed, what the relationship was between the amount of the stud he absorbed and how much bulk it produced. And, God, did he feel horny. Seeing the amazing physical beauty of the other men seemed to just make him hornier. He was gripping the hard, round swelling of the new bicep on his right arm when a hand touched his shoulder. “Hi,” said a voice, one so full of masculine power that Stephen felt momentarily overcome. He looked over into the face of perfection.

Mike’s male beauty had been honed to a new, incredible state. He stood slightly taller than Stephen, and his eyes were a piercing aqua blue. They sparkled in a face carved with a strong jaw and amazing cheek bones. The man next to Stephen exuded confidence and charisma. It was clear that this was a man completely comfortable with himself, even if he had managed to gain something like 300 lbs. of muscle and now stood what Stephen estimated was nearly seven feet tall. “Hello,” responded Stephen at last.

“I’m Michael,” the god intoned.

“Stephen. I’m Stephen.”

Michael offered his chiseled hand and shook Stephen’s hand in a friendly, firm grip. The mathematics major decided that he really liked this guy. He wondered if there was something odd at work that would create such an aura of attraction around him. Then he remembered the scent that had pulled him here in the first place. “Yeah,” smiled Mike with a casual shrug, “I think I’m putting that scent off. Maybe I always was, come to think of it.” His lips smiled a perfect smile. “I think I read somewhere that it’s called the underarm effect, because they think that’s where we put out pheromones.”

“Really?”

Mike nodded, then looked across the lot. “Looks like our unknown friends are still at it. Shall we go introduce ourselves?” Everything about this guy was screaming at Stephen to take him in his arms and kiss him so hard and so deep that they’d die from lack of oxygen.

Instead, all he said was, “Sure,” as Mike took his hand and lead him toward where David stood.

David had been methodical about finding the richest pools and his dimensions were clear evidence that he’d chosen correctly. He was perhaps half a head taller than Mike, and nearly as broad as he was tall. His lanky frame seemed to welcome the new muscle with

ease. He was still developing new brawn as he watched the other two approaching, and he smiled as he folded his arms across his chest. “Hey,” he said, “looks like I win the contest.”

Mike laughed slightly. “I didn’t know that’s what this was!”

David nodded. “Naturally. My name’s David.”

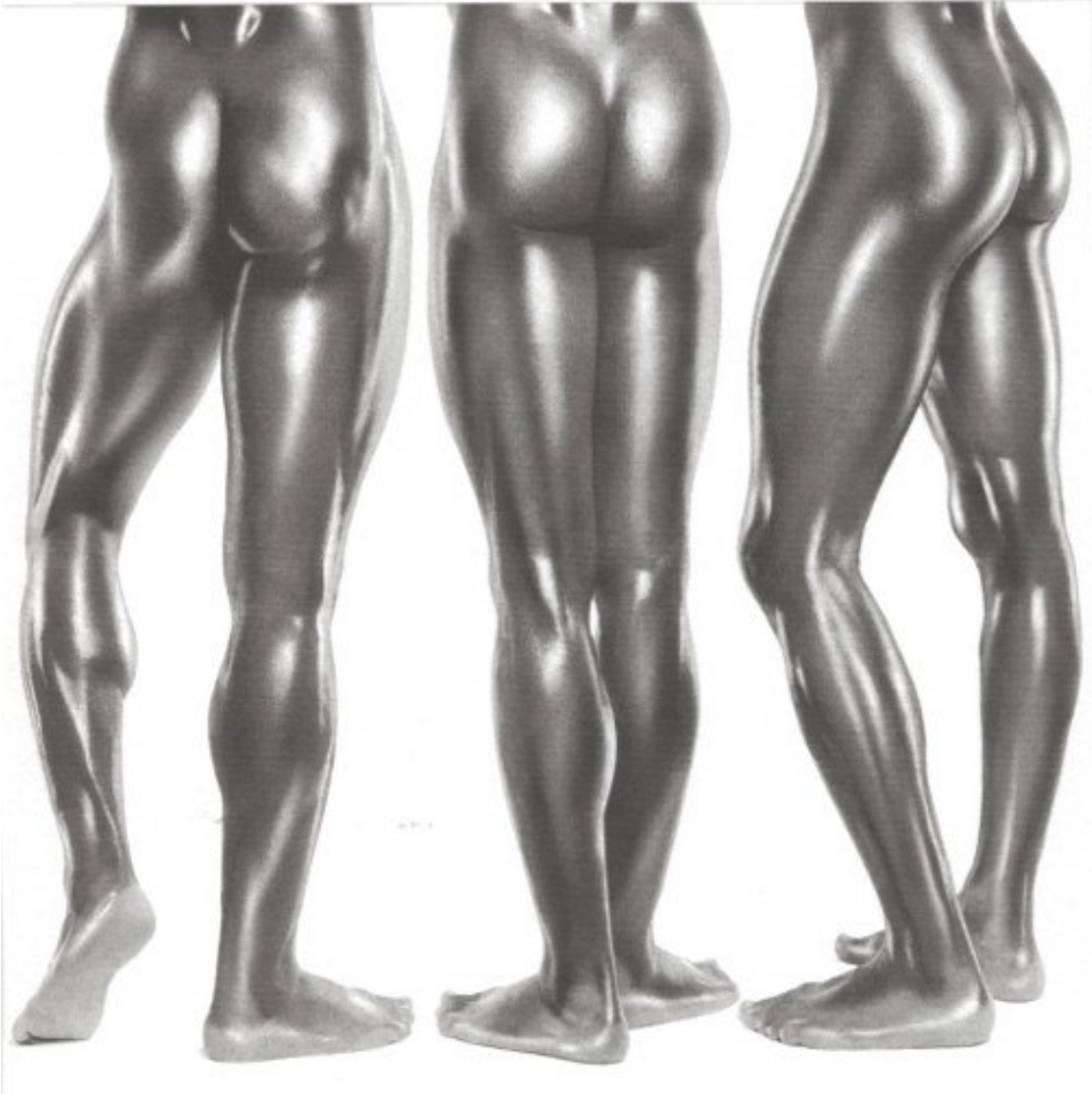
“I’m Mike, and this is Steve.”

“Stephen. Hi.” He waved, feeling his shoulder bunch with unexpected muscle.

David nodded a greeting to the other two and then looked up. “I think we’re about to find out what’s going on.”

The other two men followed his gaze, and Stephen said, “Holy shit.”

“That about sums it up,” agreed Michael, laughing again.



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Chuck swooped down from the blue and floated over the heads of the three men, looking down at them. One was nothing short of amazing, already as physically beautiful if not yet as big as any of his approaching friends from above. Chuck's loins stirred just looking at this guy, who was smiling up at him as if this was the most natural thing in the world. Next to him was a massive man, there was no other word for him. He had shining red-blond hair and a closely clipped goatee on his face. His eyes were silver, or looked it. He appeared to be still growing, assuming that was possible. The guy was huge!

The third guy stood there with his mouth hanging open. His arms and chest bulged with vascular power. He was taller than either of the other two, almost as tall as Chuck. A look of innocence and wonder covered his face.

The beauty said, "Hello."

Chuck alighted to the ground, standing over them in towering majesty. "Hello, yourself." He glanced up as four other giants fell out of the sky and stepped to the ground with aching grace and beauty.

"My name's Mike. This is David and Stephen." He gestured to the other two. "I assume we have you gentlemen to thank for what's happened to us? Assuming you're gentlemen and not alien beings or robots or something, having escaped your confines and taken to the skies. Which would still be pretty cool."

"We are human," said Carlos, stepping forward. "Albeit greatly enhanced. My name is Carlos"

"A pleasure. I assume this is a result of the lab we all stand before, no doubt."

Carlos smiled at Mike. "To an extent. This is Todd, Jeff and Jeremy. Chuck you met already."

"Yes," he said, throwing his gaze along Chuck's contours, "he makes quite an entrance."

"Just being neighborly," he answered, floating a foot off the ground as he bowed.

"Well then, it looks as though you've discovered our secret. Shall we go inside and discuss it?"

Mike nodded, then looked across the parking lot. "As soon as our last friend is done, of course. I think he's rather enjoying himself at the moment."

All eight turned to look at Sam, who was kneeling in a pool of transforming fluid, working on one of the biggest pricks any of them had ever seen that wasn't going into a phase two transition.

"Jesus," said Todd.

"My, my, my," agreed Jeremy.

"I'll buy that for a dollar," joked Jeff, arching an eyebrow.

"He is rather impressive, even given the relative, uh, dimensions of the rest of us and considering that you five have a foot or two on us newcomers." Mike placed his hand in a friendly manner on Stephen's shoulder, gazing downward at his companion's monster.

"Which is not to shortchange any of the rest of us in that department, of course." Jeremy and Jeff looked at Mike, and he turned his face to them as if he could feel their eyes and wiggled his brows at them. "Yes," he said, "I am."

Chuck looked over. "You are what?"

"Gay, of course. Would I be this charming if I weren't?"

Jeremy started, "But I never said..."

"No," agreed Mike, "but it's a talent of mine." Then he smiled in a way that made them think of sex and that there were other talents this guy wasn't yet sharing. "Well," he sighed, "I've a feeling that if we don't interrupt him, we shall never learn his name. He seems quite insistent on that particular activity."

"It's a byproduct of the transformation," added Carlos.

"Among other things," added Todd.

"Well, this does sound interesting. Shall we?" And without waiting for an answer, Mike started toward where Sam was.

"Rather forward guy, isn't he?" remarked Chuck.

“Yeah,” said Todd, “but for some reason, I really like him.”

“He has that effect,” observed Stephen with a wry smile, then they were all following Michael across the lot toward Sam.

Sam had never known such joy in his life. His body was transforming, growing stronger and bigger and better every passing second. And whatever this stuff was, what it did to his dick was the best thing of all.

It was huge and super sensitive. He figured it had grown to twice its normal size, and when he last measured that it was ten inches soft. Every touch, every caress, every stroke sent deep, hard pulses of orgasm through his developing body. If he cupped the junk in his hand and coated his dick with it, a warmth would surround it like he was deep in someone’s wet pussy, or mouth, or whatever. But it was better than that, more satisfying, more amazing. The stuff was slick and warm. And the more he used, the bigger and harder he got.

“Hey, dude.” Sam looked up and nearly came all over the place. The most beautiful man – fuck that, the most beautiful human being he’d ever seen was standing over him. His mouth went slack and he forgot for the moment to keep jerking off. “So, the rest of us were wondering if you wouldn’t mind pausing in your single-minded and completely understandable pursuit of self gratification to come inside and find out what’s going on, here.” The man before him had everything. Beauty, strength, humor and a magnetism that drew Sam to him like no one else he’d encountered before.

“Were you always like this?”

The man seemed to understand the question. He shrugged in a friendly manner and smiled, but rather than answer he simply said, “I’m Mike.” He offered his hand and Sam took it, lifting himself out of the puddle – which he realized wasn’t there anymore, anyway.

“I’m Sam.”

“A pleasure to meet you, Sam.” He glanced down, adding, “And your beautiful cock.” Jesus, even the guy’s voice seemed to curl around you like a warm kitten in your lap. He had a body that would make the dead get up and dance. Sleek, muscular, athletic and perfect. He laid his muscled arm across Sam’s shoulders and said, “Let’s go hear a story. I think it involves us flying around like birds, which sounds pretty interesting, don’t you think?”

It didn’t take much convincing. The four new men had personally experienced what it felt like to be enhanced by the serum in the form of the others’ super cum and were already enjoying some of the benefits. David, who had taken in the most of the cast-off jizz in the parking lot, was already able to transform his appearance and alter the size of his body. He was huge everywhere. His muscles were sleek, tight balloons of brawn, bulging in round beauty whenever he moved.

Stephen’s strength had increased ten-fold. His body had welcomed the metamorphosis by building massive, vascular muscles everywhere, but especially on his chest, arms and legs. His waist was very tight and flat, maybe 28 inches around, but the enormity of his upper body and the thickness of his thighs made it appear even smaller than that. In addition to already being eight feet tall, he was also the hairiest man in the room, with a thick carpet of dark curls erupting on his chest and belly. His huge prick seemed to

growing out of a patch of darkness and his balls sat in the hairiest nut sack anyone could remember seeing. His ass, a wonder of physical construction with high, rounded bubble cheeks offset with deep dimples, sported its own dark forest that lead down his legs. Sam's dick had doubled in length, outgrowing the development of his body but he seemed happy to own a prick 20 inches long and 12 inches around, even though it was impractical to do anything with it in an ordinary sense. His size had increased, but his body didn't show anything like the development of the other three. Rather than a bodybuilder's enormity, he looked more like a swimmer or gymnast. Mike said that Sam had taken his old body, all except for "Sam's incredible fuckpole," as he called it. As for Mike, his development was nothing short of male perfection in motion. He volunteered with some modesty that he had "not been bad looking" before the change, adding that he'd done some modeling and was proud of his body. He showed the most comfort with his new, enhanced form, moving as if he had been born to it. His actions were a study in grace and beauty. Everything from his broad shoulders to his rippling stomach to his long, muscular legs fit together as if he'd been created from a new mold of man rather than re-created as an enhanced one. He looked perfect, as if he was what god always intended in the first place.

After reviewing the DNA samples he'd taken from the men, Carlos turned and looked at Mike in a pointed way. "Mike, there're some rather unique properties here that can't be accounted for by my serum. It appears that you've been enhanced in another procedure. You have too many chromosomes."

"Actually, I was told I had the perfect number."

"How is this possible?"

Mike tilted his head slightly. "I didn't exactly have what you might call a normal birth."

"Genetic mutation?"

"Of a sort. My father was a biogeneticist. Some say he was a little whacked, and judging by his reaction to my coming out I think 'a little whacked' applies. He wanted the perfect son, so he cooked the stew a little longer than normal, creating enhanced X and Y chromosomes which he combined and further enhanced in some way that he keeps secret. I'm a biology major and have been trying to figure out what he did." He held up his hand, assign, "not to undo anything, you understand. I mean, I can hardly complain about the way things turned out. I've led a charmed life, I'll be the first to admit. Enhanced physical strength and dexterity, enhanced physical beauty, enhanced everything." He ran his hand the length of his huge prick, indicating that it was nothing to laugh at earlier either.

"So what we're seeing – and feeling, to some extent – is the result of your father's experiment coupled with my male enhancement formula."

Mike nodded. "I can only assume that's the case. And I've also been experimenting of my own, on myself. I've been doing a lot of investigation of the properties of masculine properties as well, so we have something in common." He looked around at the equipment in the room. "Of course, I didn't have access to what you've got, but I've managed to add a few enhancements of my own to my particular chemistry, increasing my stamina and strength with some added... side effects."

"The attraction."

Again he nodded. "A similar effect as your unintended pheromone, only it's less intense, more finesse. It also seems to work on both sexes, which by observation I would deduce yours does not."

"But you haven't fully manifested, yet."

"Seeing as how none of us have experienced the monster erection you spoke of, I'd say we're stuck in some mid-transformation limbo. Enhanced greatly, but not transformed."

"So what happens to you from here..."

"Whatever happens, from what I know about your formula, I would imagine that once the bond is entirely complete and my enhanced DNA becomes super-enhanced – I mean, I can't fly as I am – I'll be able to pass on my own built-in enhancements, perhaps improve or alter yours and the combination could result in new powers altogether. We're moving into truly unknown territory." He let that sink in, and then said, "So, how exactly does this work?"

Todd said, "That's up to you. To be honest, we really never know exactly how the transformation will affect the guy until it happens. And the combination of how many are involved in the process could also change the outcome."

"How so?"

Jeff said, "No one could fly until I was changed. Something clicked. And the sex scent was strong when Carlos, Todd and Chuck were the only ones – Chuck could feel Todd's pheromones effecting him when they met after Todd's first transformation – but it kicked into overdrive when Jeremy arrived." His lover nodded. "Todd changed Chuck. Both Todd and Chuck changed Carlos. All three changed Jeremy and all four changed me."

"And there's no telling whose stuff is inside each of us," David added, "because you were all enjoying yourselves over our heads so the stuff on the ground..."

"You could have only one of our seed, or two or three." Todd shrugged his massive shoulders, the cables of power bunching under his bronze skin.

David said, "I want it all. I want to get as powerful as I can."

Sam nodded an agreement, but looked at Jeremy's massive dick and said, "I'd like more of whatever you're giving, if I may."

Jeremy arched an eyebrow and followed Sam's gaze to his own amazing cock, lifting the heavy monster into his grip. "You want one of these?"

"Oh, hell yes. The bigger the better. I've always been hung like a horse, as they say. Had ten inches before any of this happened, and it was always sort of embarrassing."

"You've been hanging with the wrong crowd."

"Apparently. Anyway, now that I can get as big as I want, I want to be as big as I can get."

Stephen looked at the five flying men and answered, "I'm with David. All or nothing."

Mike seemed to be considering something before he said, "No offense intended, but I only want Jeff and Jeremy to do me."

Chuck looked very disappointed. "Why them?"

"I have a theory I'd like to try out."

"What theory is that?" asked Carlos, genuinely interested.

"You may have read that new studies indicate that gay men actually have more testosterone than straight men. It's not 100% true in all cases, nothing is. But one theory suggests that gay men, in the womb, get an overabundance of the male hormone making

them, you should excuse the expression, extremely masculine. That might explain my own tendencies, if my father skewed the mix.”

“So you’re suggesting...”

“I’m just curious about what would happen if I got an undiluted shot from the two men we know were gay before the process. Maybe the formula is altering the male hormone in all of you and you’re now, um, more open about sex with other men. But it seems to me that the greatest changes in what you can do came about when you mixed in a little of Jeff and Jeremy’s DNA. And the intent of the original formula was to enhance the masculine aspects of the male animal, so what if you enhanced an already naturally enhanced male animal? Maybe if I got a concentrated dose, whatever’s going to happen will happen stronger and I can share it with everyone immediately.”

“Look, I don’t care who does you as long as you do me at some point,” Chuck volunteered.

Mike came over and pulled the big man’s face down to his, kissing him on the lips deep and hard. “It’s a deal,” he said.

They agreed that Mike would be first. That way, if he developed any new talents, he could share them with the other four during their initial transformation. The others were anxious to get started, Sam was particularly looking forward to the four-foot penis, but they agreed that it made the most sense, as if anything made any sense anymore, to allow Mike to undergo “the full treatment” first.

“What should I do?”

“Just lie on the floor, and the we...”

“Oh. On the floor?”

“Well, yeah. We just let fly a little of the slicky stuff, then the sticky stuff, and...”

Mike smiled slightly. “Do you mind if I ask a favor?”

Jeff and Jeremy looked at each other, then at the beautiful man before them. “Probably not,” answered Jeremy.

“If this is the only time I get the full treatment, I was wondering if you wouldn’t mind taking a more active involvement in the application.”

“How so?”

To demo his wish, Mike cupped his hand under his own prick and filled it with his precum, then proceeded to rub it onto his skin like cocoa butter. “I just think we’d all enjoy it so much more with a hands-on approach.” His rippled belly was shining with a slick coat of clear honey. “Feeling your hands on my body would enhance the experience so much for all of us, don’t you agree?”

Jeff let out a smooth sigh and Jeremy was smiling as he looked over at Mike’s male perfection. The man might not yet come up to their size and power, but there was definitely something undeniably attractive about him. “Actually,” he began, allowing his flow of thick fluid to start pumping, “that’s a wonderful idea.”

Jeff followed right after him, his dick streaming a clear gush as he placed his hands under the stream and started to coat Mike’s incredibly muscled body with his creation. The twin behemoths allowed themselves to stream copiously, producing gallons of the prep fluid that they slathered over Mike’s skin. He helped them, stroking them to hardness and twisting his frame around to get every inch coated.

Everyone was really getting into it until Jeremy sucked in a deep breath and announced, "I'm cumming." Then he was spraying a heavy load of hot cream all over Mike, holding his prick like a fire hose as his load erupted, splattering like cake batter into the thick coating of clear honey.

Mike opened his mouth to catch the stream as it approached his face, and a few moments later another hot bath of cum started to spray all over him from the opposite side.

If he felt the liquid fire, he never showed it. But as soon as the Jeff's load started splashing, his body began to soak it all in as fast as it was cumming.

Carlos said, "Unusual."

"What?" Todd didn't take his eyes off the super sensual spectacle.

"With every other subject until Mike, the change began as soon as the first drop of semen met the precum. With our friend here, it didn't appear that his body accepted the fluid until..."

"Until he was ready for it."

"Which is unusual, to say the least."

Todd turned. "You think it's him or something else?" But Carlos didn't have time to answer before Chuck let out a loud shout.

"Holy Christ!"

He was pointing at Mike, who was undergoing a change unlike any they'd seen before. His body wasn't morphing like the others. He wasn't going through rough changes, his muscles swelling to enormity, then his frame stretching to fit. Instead, he simply seemed to be magnifying, everything swelling in size and power and beauty all at once. He had a smile on his lips and his hands clasped behind his back. If anything, he looked relaxed. But what was happening to him was anything but. His legs stretched long and thick with smooth, hard bulges. His chest inflated with cables of mass, as if the two hemispheres were made of rising bread. His shoulders were swelling larger and larger, upward and outward, round mountains of strength. His deltoids stretched and swelled. His lats as large as any of them.

And he was getting larger and taller in a smooth, graceful process. He was simply growing before them, everything swelling and elongating, including his cock.

And that was what Chuck was pointing at, because it was doing something none of them had imagined a cock could do. It was growing another one, a twin next to it, of the same beauty and size. It started as a bud of flesh that quickly manifested a broad helmet and thick shaft. In moments it had matched its brother in every way, and then the both of them came to some agreement and continued to develop, hanging thick and lush and beautiful over his enlarging balls.

"Oh, my," said Carlos quietly. "I suppose I should have expected that."

"Holy fucking shit, how?"

He shrugged his mighty shoulders. "With so much testosterone, so much masculine power flooding his body, something had to happen."

"Two pricks?"

"Apparently."

"Holy fucking shit."

"If it's any consolation," intoned Mike's deep voice, "it feels fucking great." He'd unclasped his hands from behind his back and was stroking the twin tube steaks, one in

each hand. They were both already flooding the floor with a tide of clear, slick honey. And they were growing.

“I can’t believe this!”

“It’s like being on orgasm overload, guys. It’s like...” Mike was breathing slow, deep breaths, dying inside an ocean of bliss. “Oh, shit.” His still-growing body shook with a sudden spasm. “I’m not cumming, but I’m cumming.”

“Shit! Shit!”

“Oh, god. Oh, god, the feeling...”

His cocks were swelling to giant proportions, releasing their load of precum. They were growing erect, both covered with a net of thick veins pumping more and more blood to feed the monsters. Suddenly, they were swelling almost unbelievably quickly, the skin stretching thin and shiny, the cocks elongating like water balloons at a tap. The lip of the helmets were flaring wide and thick, the piss slits open wide to allow more and more of his flood to flow, then gush, then fountain all over the place.

“Jesus fucking...”

His body was still transforming, his huge feet perfectly supporting his 10-foot, muscle-packed frame. His two giant pricks, six feet high and each as thick as his bulging legs, crowned a nut sack so filled with cum that it looked like it held basketballs. Swelling basketballs.

And all of a sudden the fountain of slick honey became a flood of hot, thick cum. It was all an orgasm, every step of the way, from the release of his precum to its build to a gusher to the final change to white cream. As the cum began to fountain, Mike underwent an equally sudden transformation as his entire form seemed to refine and tighten until the muscles were all in distinct relief. His face was beautiful, his body a lesson in muscular development, overwhelmingly powerful. The muscles grew rapidly, then, as he came, and then his body filled out again and he stood before them nearly eleven feet high, with two yards of shoulders and arms bulging so large with muscle that the men around him would have started cumming themselves – except that they were undergoing their own changes as Mike’s flood rained down on them.

Growing a second prick felt like absolutely nothing else in the world. Even the incredible muscle growth and increase in height and weight did not feel anything like this.

Mike's transforming fuel came in through every pore and opening, and then it zeroed in on the crotch like an arrow fired at a bulls-eye. This is what it felt like:

First there was pressure. A tightening, a swelling, a tense restriction as if the body had been grabbed at the base of the prick and pinched. It was a pain, of sorts, but more like a shining pleasure so deep that it hurt. Then that pain was suddenly replaced with a lingering tickle, a thrumming sting of pleasure that wanted touching, wanted release, wanted to tease and please and tingle. Something was rubbing itself down there. It was like being a kid again and suddenly discovering that climbing poles had its own special pleasure.

Looking down, assuming you weren't so deeply in the throes of orgasmic pleasure from the transformation that you could think to look down, you'd see a small bump like a knuckle start to swell against the side of your cock. You'd feel a hard nudging against yourself, like there was someone pressing the thick, firm flesh of your prick with their finger. The knuckle would bulge and lengthen, and a thin seam would crown the tip and, as you watched, a miniature dick was suddenly beside your monster one. Perfect in every way, exact and tiny.

The tingling feeling would increase, the tickle growing into a slow pulse of pleasure. That pulse would swell in proportion to your new cock's size. And everything from here would start happening pretty fast.

Your cock would be pushed to the side as its twin grew stronger, fatter, extending itself by the inch. It would bloom there, longer and longer, pink and perfect until it was exactly the same size as your old cock, in all ways identical in appearance.

And hungry for your touch, yearning to feed you unending tides of orgasmic delight. And when you reached down with your thickly muscled arms and caressed yourself, the profound throbbing sexual ecstasy you've grown accustomed to would be doubled over again, each cock delivering such profound depths of heavenly bliss that you would want to die from it. It would shake you to your soul.

All of them, Todd and Chuck, Carlos, Jeff and Jeremy, David and Stephen and Sam were transformed by Mike's flooding load.

For the two original men, the physical changes manifested almost all at once. Secondary dicks bloomed beside originals, crawling like swelling snakes from dark forests of pubic hair, each a twin of the man's primary fuckstick. It took only moments for Todd and Chuck to develop their second cocks and moments later to discover that what they thought had been the feeling of ultimate pleasure before was just a shadow of what they experienced now. They were each filled up with the power of masculine strength, bodies swollen with new muscle, pricks engorged and spouting, overcome all at once with what Michael was delivering in copious amounts. In seconds, they were adding to the shower of hot, incandescent male power.

Carlos's development took only slightly longer, the feeling of ultimate pleasure and overwhelming strength growing inside him like a supernova. He had no time to think, no time to consider what was happening, wondering at the suddenness of the transformation. His cocks inflated to steel hardness and fountained white perfection. His dark Latino skin was bursting with fresh power everywhere.

Jeff and Jeremy found each other, Michael's enhanced male scent too much for them to ignore when they were so close to the fire. It shoved through their senses and drove their libidos into overdrive. Their hands couldn't move fast enough, their mouths couldn't find enough of each other, and as they began to sprout new appendages, they could feel the hard heat pressing between them, thick shafts swelling into existence topped with flaring helmets dripping with precum. They could feel each other growing bigger as they embraced, sliding their four stiff pricks against their rippling bellies before welcoming each other into their mouths as they jerked themselves off.

David's massive muscular development took off like a rocket, fulfilling his desire to achieve the largest muscle mass possible. Everything swelled larger and larger, muscle into muscle under paper-thin flesh. He moaned with deep satisfaction as the feeling of strength and power increased everywhere. Everything grew and bulged, powerful swelling strength building almost unbounded, fibers becoming ropes becoming cables of towering potency as his muscles expanded wider, thicker and broader. When his second prick swelled into existence, he grabbed himself and pumped out a flood of precum that that began to fountain before his pricks grew to enormity, towering over his head with a load of cum pumping out of his huge nuts.

Stephen's hairy body drank in the sweet, hot rain of jizz and quickly grew past nine, then ten feet, approaching eleven. His limbs stretched and filled in with swelling brawn, overlaid with thick veins like the branches of a tree. The hair across his chest grew thick and dark, his nipples like shiny two-inch wide buttons lying in his black fur. When his twin monsters started their own shower to bring him to ultimate glory, he was approaching the twelve-foot mark.

Sam was in heaven. The farthest back from the action, he watched the others changing in front of his eyes until the flood of cum and precum was too much to withstand. Figuring that the best way to increase the size of his dick was to make that the spigot through which he'd draw the transforming cream into his body, he dropped to his knees and leaned forward, touching the mouth of his prodigious prick to the flood, feeling a sudden unearthly surge of power draw through it and into him. His body may have been drawing extra energy from the spurting shower of man power raining down from above, feeding his muscles to new growth and power, but the pull from the source through his dick at the thick pool on the floor was making his appendage swell huge with firm meat and roped veins. He could feel its weight increasing, pulling from his groin like a heavy burden he was all too happy to carry. The shaft swelled larger and longer, the helmet blossoming to the size of a tennis ball, and he gloried in the feeling as his body rushed to catch up to the growth of his monster cock and grapefruit-size balls, filling up with potent white cream. The extended orgasmic overload continued for some time, as the cycles of growth and renewal fed into each other and Michael's thick, pungent waves of testosterone-fueled man scent filled the room. When at last the throbbing, swollen period of super masculine transformation began to subside, and the mingled fuel of the nine men had been fully

absorbed and converted into muscle and cock and thick, hard, beautiful, perfected manhood, they looked at each other in awe of the results.

"Fuck me," said Chuck.

"Holy shit," agreed Todd. Both men were still caressing their new double cocks, Todd shaking his head with disbelief while Chuck's huge, lascivious smile spoke volumes about what he was thinking - and feeling. The original duo had grown into larger, even more muscular versions of their previous selves. While the four newcomers had grown incredibly more massive in their separate ways, Todd and Chuck's physical perfection had coalesced into a solid some time ago. Their bodies continued to develop, growing larger and thicker, but their overall appearance was more or less as it had been, except of course for the new dicks. Carlos, though, did seem somehow different. Looking at the beautiful Latin, one couldn't say exactly what that difference was. His own second prick was an obvious manifestation and maybe that amazing augmentation distracted the attention from whatever the change actually was.

"Mmm," commented David, his hands moving over the gargantuan contours of his heavily muscled form. "This is too fucking unreal." His touch crawled across the massive strength of his chest, grown to two huge mounds of striated power. His body had grown so filled with strength that each muscle, each fiber of each muscle, pressed against his thin, copper-colored skin. He raised his arm to see the bicep swell bigger and bigger, watching as each cable of power swelled with strength and capability, pressing one against the other, growing ever more massive as he bent the arm to tighten his strength until it threatened to burst out of his skin. He was incredibly thick, with huge, round muscle masses everywhere. It looked even as if he had muscles no one else had, as if he had grown so large and so powerful that the muscles themselves had developed muscles. Veins suffused his form, feeding his brawny body with hot pulses of power. He was almost throbbing with might, the size and thickness of his muscled body both awesome and incredible.

Sam stood up, grinning madly. "Now this is what I call a cock," he said, lifting into his larger hands what could only be described as a giant prick. Even limp, it hung past his knees and looked to be at least as thick as his legs. He had achieved some muscular development, but the majority of his transformation had occurred in the one place where he really wanted it. He now owned a body of honed beauty, with sleek power that bulged and flexed as he moved. He felt stronger and more alive. But the development of his body was no measure to the growth of his dick. The shaft was firm, thick and pink. A heavy cowl of skin hooded its head, its thick, soft skin allowing only the tip of the helmet to show. His piss slit was already drooling a thick string of pre-cum that lubed and moistened the head. His hands lifted his cock and he held it before him like a serpent whose thick, muscular body extended from his own like another limb. He could feel the heat of it, the urgent need of it, tingling in his grip. So much dick delivered a fairly heavy rush of pleasure with each long stroke.

Carlos was also examining the latest transformation, noting that each of the men's new cocks was cowed with a fleshy foreskin just as his was - although he would expect that because he had been uncut as it was. But it made sense, that these newborn cocks would grow from their bodies intact and perfect. Then he was looking at the new members of their party, interested that while the original five had again grown more, for lack of a better word, perfectly male, the four new members had developed more targeted

developments. David was a muscle monster, Sam had his monster cock, Stephen had grown taller than any of them, and then he looked at Michael.

And Michael was nothing short of astonishing. His male magnificence had increased and crystallized with his transformation. It was almost hard to look directly at him, so beautiful and perfect were his features. Carlos felt himself growing aroused and whatever the attraction was that Michael exhibited before - whether it was only charisma or something stirred into his genetic soup - it was now an evident tug Carlos could feel everywhere. Mike's form was both powerful and lithe, the bulging muscles that covered his body displaying their hard, masculine power while managing to remain inhumanly flawless. Standing there, Carlos felt his mouth go dry and his balls tingle with thoughts both carnal and worshipful floating in his head. When Michael's eyes met his stare, he felt a thunderbolt pass through him. When the other man smiled, he felt as though a shower of warmth and love and sex was pouring over his flesh.

Of all of the men who'd gained a new appendage down under, only on Michael did it seem exactly perfect. It would take some adjustment to get used to seeing Todd and Chuck, even as beautiful as they were, walking around with twin swinging pricks between their legs. But looking at Michael was like seeing the new model for male perfection made flesh. It was as if one cock wouldn't be enough for the man.

Stephen's voice broke Carlos's train of thought. "Can we all fly, now?"

"Only one way to find out," answered Jeremy as he stepped into midair, lifting himself effortlessly higher on the sea of wind within the room. "Can you see what I'm doing, Stephen?"

The tall man - tall being a relative term in a room full of men all over ten feet high - squinted his eyes, his square jaw tightening slightly. "I don't see it so much as..."

Todd nodded as he joined Jeremy in flight. "It's perceiving. It's learning to recognize..."

"Shit, this is cool!" David was pushing himself toward the ceiling using his massive arms. "I'm getting the hang of it."

Stephen smiled slightly and the others watched him fall backwards, only to see his huge form stop inches above the floor on a cushion of invisibility. "I think I'm gonna love this." He twisted around and swam upward, slipping between the streams of air on his way to the far wall, where he stopped and stood, parallel to the ground, folding his arms and crossing his legs to literally stand on the wall.

Jeff and Chuck soon joined the others in the air overhead. Chuck was spinning and posing, performing aerial acrobatics like some ballet star set loose of the earth. Jeff joined Jeremy, granting his lover a sweet kiss on the mouth as his hands each grabbed one of Jeremy's cocks for a caressing stroke. He whispered something to Jeremy that made the dark man start to laugh like a rumble of distant thunder. Then they both gazed down at Michael still standing on the floor as if to admire their handiwork.

Michael's smile never left his face as he watched the other men begin to explore their newest assets. Chuck was ass-grabbing Todd, manhandling his friend's body into a position to shove his tongue against Todd's ass. Sam seemed so pre-occupied with what was evidently a very sensitive and very huge cock that he wasn't even looking up. He hadn't attempted to join the others in the air, yet. David was putting on a display of his massive muscular development, looking like what every bodybuilder in every gym on the planet was working to attain. That depth of definition and vascularity wasn't to Michael's tastes, normally, but David made it look very attractive, indeed. And the fur that covered

Stephen's massive frame seemed to accentuate the bulges and curves of his body, acting like dark shadows adding depth to his muscular definition. It spread out across his body like a shining dark carpet, with the large round burgundy of his nipples, capped with huge dipping tips, poking through like roofs through a forest.

Carlos wandered over to Michael and following his gaze toward the ceiling. Then he turned back to Mike, saying, "You've been awfully quiet."

Michael nodded slightly, his eyes still heavenward. "Just thinking."

Carlos felt a shudder of erotic bliss pass over him when Michael spoke, his voice and tone containing the strength of the mountains and the depth of the ocean. He hoped he could get used to that, but maybe it wouldn't be so bad if he didn't. "Care to share?"

Michael met his eyes, his laser-sharp gaze penetrating Carlos like a stab of desire. "I feel whole." His perfect face changed slightly. "No, that isn't the precise term. I feel... complete." He raised his hand and brushed Carlos's hair back, the silken breath of his hand near the Latin's cheek like a caress. "Something has happened to me. Something more than physical."

"What? What has happened?" He allowed his gaze to drink in the perfected contours of the man next to him, marveling in Michael's flawlessness in every aspect. He even smelled wonderful, enticing, comforting and alluring at the same time. "The physical changes are evident. This process certainly agrees with you. Is it some new sense? Some capability?"

Michael looked at Carlos and noticed the other man's pointed gaze along his thickly muscled form. "More than physical," he said softly, "beyond the mere physical. Or perhaps..." He took the man's hand in his own.

Carlos almost gasped. Michael's skin was an experience in physical pleasure all its own. It was smooth, soft, and warm, with a palpable charge of pleasure and gratification. He placed Carlos's hand against his own chest. The thread of pleasure intensified, growing to a palpable warmth of sheer sexuality. Touching the man, even as simple a touch as this, was akin to nothing Carlos had felt before. Or perhaps it was, as he realized that the touch was like petting his own ultra-sensitive cock, but that he felt that same intensity of eroticism through his fingers, his hand, his arm.

Michael was ecstasy made flesh. He was an embodiment of masculine sex, the pure essence of erotic bliss and sensual desire. Carlos felt a coursing sexual power beneath his fingertips, suffused with the warmth of eroticism and strength. Static sparks of need shocked his system, passed to him through the muscled flesh, the soft hairs, the perfect dark rubies of Michael's nipples on his beautiful chest. Something was exchanged between the men beneath that touch, something that curled around the pleasure centers, crawled into the loins, pressed itself against Carlos like an embrace of pure gratification. He was left speechless and breathless. Michael kept his eyes locked on Carlos as he guided the man's hand down his body, over the rippled might of his belly, through the tender follicles of dark fleece that erupted in a perfect trail from his navel leading downward to a forest of dense curls. Carlos could feel the sensation of Michael, whatever that sensation was, wherever it came from, swelling inside him like a ball of light, a bright, hot bliss as his hand moved down the other man's impossibly beautiful body. It grew hotter and bigger inside him, like flying toward the sun. Michael's tender but firm grip guided Carlos's fingers through the utter softness of his pubic fur until they found the twinned origination of the man's cocks.

A tremor of something, of Michael, erupted within Carlos at that merest touch of the sex root. It was a feeling like an orgasm, lacking only the sensation of cumming. Carlos sucked in a quick, sharp breath, his eyes going wide as his body reacted to the unexpected rush of pleasure erupting up his arm and flooding into his entire being. It was like touching an exposed wire filled with thousands of volts of sexual current. His pair of heavy pricks swelled to hardened thickness.

Michael pressed the other man's hand to his identical and perfect pricks, receiving the same sudden jolt of intense pleasure coming back the other way, a torrent that exploded into being and filled him up to overflowing. Whatever had occurred in the transformation, whatever properties of DNA renovation and male genetic enhancement and biological upgrading that had happened, this was the result within himself.

The strength and power and capacity of his masculine body had increased ten-fold everywhere. He could feel it, sense his own staggering strength buried in untapped and endless reserves within this perfect body he'd built, the muscles ready to fulfill any task set them, buzzing with the strength of a hundred men, five hundred, a thousand.... With Carlos's help, with the added power of his serum, he'd realized a new measure of his staggering potential. He knew it. The two men together, unknown to each other, had devised the precise means to achieve male perfection.

And the sexual pleasure he could receive and give as a result, he could feel that, too, and its strength made the physical power shrink in its shadow. He was like some male sensual deity, a being sculpted of pleasure and gratification and deep, hard, hot sexual energy. Some innate power, something either new or newly augmented, coated him with an erotic shield of sensual bliss, and that power emanated from here, from the twins of heavy flesh between his legs, from the firm and lengthy cocks hanging fully-juiced and profoundly receptive above a set of balls capable of delivering his thick, hot, super-potent double flow of transforming cum and pre-cum in unending streams. And with that power, the power of changing any man to his ultimate self, came the power of deep, innate orgasmic satisfaction - and he had no idea how powerful that was.

He moved Carlos's hand away, holding it in his own as he nodded slightly. With his voice of thunder, he whispered, "I don't know how strong I am."

Carlos gulped, realizing the meaning behind that statement, and that his own cocks were still rock hard and pulsing against his abs, pumping gobs of hot honey on his flesh. Feeling the heat of passion and sex pouring off Michael's body at this proximity, he worked to calm himself. "You feel this - this surge of sexual pleasure..."

"It started during the process. I'm sure you and Todd and the others, when you were changed, you realized a growing rush of sexual pleasure, even above what you might normally expect from an extended orgasm. Whatever this transforming fluid is, whatever it becomes, whatever processes it starts within us, it also heightens the pleasure beyond anything I've encountered before. I felt a portion of that when I was outside, inadvertently absorbing your collective spillover. The sexual bliss as I was growing into my former incarnation was ample and lengthy." He grinned, quirking his beautiful mouth sideways, adding, "Not unlike our improved dicks." His face became serious again. "But this last process - I was simply not prepared for what I felt happening to me. I have been standing here trying to cope.

"What you felt, I feel that, too. All the time, now. When I was alone - or relatively so, before you approached - it was like a soft humming that I could hear, but it's not a sound,

it's a feeling. A sense. Something... Then you came to me, and it was as if my body began to sing. Like a glow, it grew inside me. Like an embrace, it surrounded me, caressed me. Then your touch, as it passed over me, the song amplified. I moved your touch along myself, feeling what you felt. Your hand warmed my skin, as my flesh warmed yours. We were making love with that simple stroke. I could feel you. I know you felt me. And that sense grew, the pleasure, the beauty, the perfection."

"Until..."

"Until you touched the source of the pleasure, just as it was always the source of sexual pleasure. Only now, that pleasure is..." He shook his head, "I'm almost afraid to see how much is there. It is a caged beast waiting only to be unleashed."

His voice was a powerful rumble, and Carlos sensed he was keeping even that restrained. He thought that if Michael wanted to, the young man's voice could bring him to orgasm with a few simple words. He found himself aching to kiss the man's lips. "You said, 'cope'?"

He nodded and smiled. "That's the only way I can explain it. And that's a very imprecise explanation. It isn't painful. It isn't stressful. But it is something I have never had to deal with, a feeling of constant and unending bliss. It's a little... distracting."

"To put it mildly." Carlos's voice was soft.

Mike shrugged. "Perhaps it is only a temporary side effect." He looked up. "It doesn't appear to be affecting anyone else's pleasure."

That much was evident. The men, all of them, were engaged in various forms of sexual acts. Jeremy and Jeff had joined Stephen and David, apparently giving them pointers in the act of man-to-man pleasure. From the looks of things, they were fast learners. Chuck and Todd had pulled Sam and his huge member into the air with them, and were apparently supporting him between them as they performed various acts between themselves. Sam's enormity was producing a flood of lubrication with was coating them all in a slick glaze. One of Todd's dicks - or maybe both of them, it was hard to tell from the way they floated - was planted in Sam's ass, and Chuck was licking the mammoth flesh pole with an eager hunger, his own twin pricks surrounding the thick root of Sam's monster, leaking precum across the smaller man's smoothly muscled chest. It was such a big appendage when erect that it almost looked like three guys playing with a giant dildo. "It occurs to me," said Mike in his cum-causing tones, "that we are going to have to make a few changes." He looked at Carlos, raising his hands to hold the other man's face before bending his lips to a deep kiss before the Latin heartthrob could ask what he meant.

Carlos again felt a throbbing wash of bliss as their lips caressed. "I hope you didn't mind. I just wanted to kiss your beautiful face. I think I've wanted to from the first time I saw you."

Carlos raised an eyebrow, but then his smile took over and he repeated Mike's gesture, taking the model of male perfection's face in his hands and kissing him back. "I'm flattered."

Mike laughed lightly. "I don't know if it's love, of course. After all, you have to live with someone for a while and get really annoyed at him before you discover you're in love. But I feel very strongly attracted to you."

"It's very mutual, Michael." And Carlos realized as he said the words that it was true. Then again, who wouldn't be? But this was more than physical, what he felt. And that surprised him all over again. "Is this the change you were talking of?"

"Not exactly." His arm fell across Carlos's shoulders as he gazed upward at the men overhead. A cascade of bliss fell along the Latin man's body, like a waterfall of sensuality. His cock and balls prickled excitedly. "Did I mention that I was wealthy?"

"I don't think it came up." Carlos swallowed into a dry throat.

"Not extraordinarily so, but passably. Wealthy enough that I own a sizeable chunk of land and a large home thereon." Carlos found his mind racing even as his body swam in a pool of pleasure. "A house with high ceilings I hope."

"As a matter of fact, I built it with a rather unbelievable dream in mind. I had hopes of reaching a level of physical development using my own practices and enhancements that might allow me to gain several inches in height and muscle and one never knows exactly what will happen." His fingertips were brushing a feather-light touch on Carlos's left nipple. "I never anticipated this turn of events, but isn't it lucky that things seem to be turning out better than I ever expected?" "Science is a wonderful thing," observed Carlos.

"Isn't it, though? I suggest we gather up the tribe and bring the party to my place. I have some equipment there, but nothing like this set. You don't think the government would mind if we borrowed some of your research files?" "I think they'd be happy to know that their funding is going to such worthwhile work."

"The Double Cock Project. Such a nice ring to it, too." "Congress would be pleased." He looked around the room, thinking of the hours he'd spent here perfecting the formula that had changed him and these other men forever. On reflection, he wouldn't miss it all that much.

Then Michael laughed and a sly look came over his face. He hiked his thumb over his shoulder toward the door to the yard, asking, "Care to take this new model out for a test drive?"

"I'm ready if you are." Michael smiled, then kissed Carlos with a deep passion. "C'mon, we'll tell the guys about the plan later. Time for fun."

The others didn't notice the absence of Michael and Carlos for some time, which was hardly unexpected since they were exploring each other and discovering who liked what, where and when. Chuck, as usual, was the fuckmeister supreme, taking it and giving it in equal doses, even managing to somehow blow Sam's monster cock while taking it up the ass from Todd's twin terrors. A few abnormalities, if they could be considered that, were also discovered. Sam did not have the power to command the winds, but whether this was because he was physically unable to or mentally unable to grasp the concept was in doubt. He certainly appeared muscular enough, although he was smaller than any other man except for what was between his legs.

David's strength was unmatched when teamed against any other single superman's. They might be able to summon untapped reserves, but he seemed able to pull in more than anyone, building himself up to such a huge collection of brawn that it was a wonder his joints could bend. He was muscle piled on thick muscle, grown vast and meaty, each cabled fiber twisting under paper-thin skin as if he was going to burst out at any moment. Between David's muscular development and Sam's huge prick, it was evident that if a man were taken only partially to the realm of superman and given an opportunity to develop as he wished, those developments could overshadow other changes and surpass what an "ordinary" growth period could produce. Whether that also meant an increased ability with flying or some super-intense man scent sex juice should that be the

individual's wish, was anyone's guess. It simply left room for other newcomers to explore.

Figuring that the only place for the two missing members was outside, the men trooped through the facilities until they reached the outer doors and found themselves in a place that seemed super-saturated with masculine sex. The term "in heat" had new meaning for all of them as they realized what that meant - and felt like.

All eyes were drawn upward to where Carlos and Michael were floating in the sky above them. They could each feel the power of the men like a magnet, as if there was a vortex swirling around up there, a whirlpool of sexual attraction pulling at them.

Then, the feeling was gone and the two men were descending toward them. Michael had his perfect smile in place, reflecting the perfection of his body which seemed, to the naked eye, to be glowing slightly. But that was probably a trick of the dimming light. Carlos was also smiling, in a most uncharacteristic way. Whatever they'd been doing upstairs, it seemed to agree with him.

"Good evening, gentlemen," announced Michael, his smooth, deep tone carrying effortlessly. The men gathered below, as a group, felt distinctly hotter when their ears gathered in the sound of his voice. It seemed to drill its way directly to their cocks. "I trust you have all been enjoying yourselves."

"From the looks of you two," smiled Todd, "I'd say the same out here."

Carlos looked slightly abashed, but recovered quickly enough to say, "I think by now it's apparent to each of us that resuming our old lives would be something of a challenge."

"Oh, I dunno," laughed Chuck, scratching himself with gusto. His pendulous prick wagged like a dogs tail. "I think the guys at Sears automotive would get a kick from having me hand them a new engine instead of carting it in on a hydraulic." The other men laughed as well, thinking of appearing in their old haunts with their new bodies, towering over their co-workers and friends while trying to explain the background of their dramatic developments.

"It does seem like rather an awkward predicament," agreed David. "Not that I'd mind showering at the gym looking like this."

Carlos continued. "Michael has a proposition that I think you'll all find very interesting. If you agree, and you're all free to go your own ways, of course, but if you come with us, then I think..."

"Us?" asked Jeremy.

"I have already made my decision," Carlos announced, slipping his hand into Michael's. The other man's smile increased and he looked at his lover with obvious delight. Just then, Michael looked no more than 16 again and in love for the first time. "And I think you'll find the proposition very agreeable and beneficial to all of us."

"I'm in!" announced Chuck, suddenly. Todd looked at him, cocking an eyebrow. Chuck shrugged back, explaining, "It's a no-brainer. I like being like this. I mean, let's face it, wandering the streets encased in clothes again, trying to shove two cocks down the pant legs of some jeans, going to McDonald's, seeing a movie... let's be honest. Where in that world can I hang around naked, ass- grabbing the most beautiful collection of flesh the world has ever seen, growing stronger, bigger, more beautiful myself, feeling completely comfortable in the company of other huge, muscular men who want me as much as or more than I want them? No matter what the plan is, as long as it lets me be me - and I mean all of me - I'm in!"

"Now that's logic that's hard to argue with."

"So, it's just us, then?" Jeff asked. "Not that I'll be lonely, of course. Or bored. But, I think we can all agree that new blood is needed. If we seclude ourselves to some Fantasy Island hide-a-way, how will we get men to join us and, sort of, stir the brew some more? I can think of a couple of hotties who I'd love to see in the club." The other men considered their own circle of friends and slowly nodded, thinking of this Latin heartthrob or that tanned model they'd love to see stripped and sweaty. Michael just smiled.



17

Paul looked at the package in his hands. He was used to getting deliveries in plain brown wrappers, but the return address on this one made him stop and consider what was inside. Something rattled, it seemed like, and it was heavier than he expected it to be. Turning it over, he ran his thumb under the paper to break the seal as he walked to the living room.

Inside was a glossy black box, plastic maybe, with a familiar insignia and three letters; IGE. The logo showed a bent arm, well muscled and smoothly powerful. A line drawing of one of his most precious goals, a body that spoke power and ability merely by appearing in a room. A spiral strand of DNA wound inside the bicep. And beneath it all, the name of the mysterious organization that had deigned to include him in their secretive services - The Institute for Genetic Enhancement.

He'd gone through enough hoops to get this, so it had better be worth it. Finding out anything at all about IGE had been fruitless. His friend Steve told him about some whacked mystery corporation or laboratory that was supposedly performing miracles on the human anatomy. Steve said that there was no address or phone number, that the company had a Web site hooked to a dynamically- changing IP address. It didn't even have a domain name. If you got access to it from someone else who knew where it was, by the next hour the IP would change and you'd have nothing.

Then one day, Steve was gone. He stopped showing up at the gym, his house was sold, his job vacated, his friends left wondering what had happened to him. He left a few messages saying something about moving to Fiji or Borneo or Alcatraz or some shit. People move, friends change, no big deal.

But Paul knew better. Steve said he was going to find out about the IGE deal, whatever it took. Said he knew someone who'd gotten hold of something from them and he couldn't believe the change. Steve said, "I knew this guy for years. Rob was a good friend, we fucked once or twice - you know, drunk or at the pool and feeling the sun and oil a little too much - I knew he was a gym bunny, wanted the muscles, the tight body, the abs and ass. Never was satisfied." Paul knew the feeling. He was into muscles, too. He had enough glossy mags lying around his pad to put the local porn shop to shame. He worked out like a dog, six days a week, and it still wasn't enough.

Steve had said, "I saw Rob after and, let me tell you it was freaky. He wasn't just bigger, he was... better. I mean, noticeably more - everything. Muscles, dick, and his face was just - I mean this guy was good looking before, but he was gorgeous. Drop dead, hands down, hard on beautiful." So Steve was determined to find out more.

And he had. About a month later, after getting the sudden notice of his departure, Paul got a call on his machine. He could almost recognize the voice, but when the man on the tape said he was Steve, Paul could hardly believe it. The voice had a silken depth and husky sensuality that Steve never had before. Even over the questionable phonic quality of the phone line, Paul's imagination started on overload matching a body to this amazing sample of masculine intonation.

The voice said, "Paul. I found what I was looking for. I think you'll want it, too. This is Steve. I can give you more info if you're interested in what IGE can do. I can't give you a number to call or anything. But if you're interested, and you've got to be stone cold serious about this, if you want to know more then just include this phrase in your voice mail greeting; 'Leave me a message so I'll know more about you.' I know this all sounds weird, but believe me it's worth it. You'll never believe it, but it's all true."

Frankly, Paul thought the dramatics were a bit of overkill. I mean, all this for some supplements? What were they, illegal? Cooked up in some lab in Venezuela out of human embryos and dodo's eggs? He changed his greeting, anyway. He had to see what it was all about. And where Steve had disappeared to, for that matter.

There followed another message from Steve about a week later, giving Paul a date, time and IP address when he could access the IGE site and a password. What he found there didn't tell him much, either. But what it did say made his head spin.

The treatment, as they called it, would cost \$25,000, with a 10% down-payment before they'd even send out their kit. There were no before-and-after images, no lengthy stories of personal achievements, no explanation even of what the treatment was, whether it was some spa or some chemicals or some electrical muscle stimulation. Nothing but a welcome, the price, an email address to send in his mailing address and the name of the person who'd contacted him. He filled in the form and entered the password Steve had given him and never heard another word. Sure enough, when he'd checked the IP address only 15 minutes later, it came up as an error. Nothing. Gone.

Now he had a black box in his hands from the mystery labs. Cracking the seal, he found inside a video tape, a single sheet of blank paper and two small vials of some liquid, one clear and the other milky white. It was barely enough to fill a teaspoon, whatever it was. A free sample, no doubt, but how the hell it would do anything other than give him an indication of the taste of the junk was another mystery.

He popped the tape into the VCR, set the box and its other contents on the coffee table and hit play on his remote.

For a few seconds nothing happened.

Then a voice started spilling from his audio equipment in stereophonic purity. It was a voice like he'd never heard before. Like Steve's voice, this was another masculine voice but that much richer in tone and depth owing to his stereo set-up. And this voice came at him from the black screen like a tongue on his cock. It was a voice that wrapped itself around him, set his short hairs tingling, made him glad he was a man, dug into him like a tide of deep pleasure. He could hardly hear the words for the feeling it gave him. He felt hot and bothered and started getting hard as the first few words were spoken.

"Greetings to you, Paul Erikson. Thank you for your interest in our services. This tape has been prepared especially for you. My name is Michael, and I am the president of IGE. Before the presentation begins, a few words of warning in the interest of full disclosure.

"This video tape may only be viewed once. There is a magnetic device inside that erases the oxide tape as it enters a special chamber after it has been played. Once you have started the tape, do not attempt to stop or pause it. Such actions will render it immediately void of material. These precautions are in place for our protection - and yours.

"Do not discard the blank sheet of paper in the box. If you have done so, please retrieve it now. You will be given instructions at the end of this presentation concerning deciphering the contents thereon.

"Finally, do nothing with the vial of Transform until instructed.

"Viewing this tape from this point will provide you with most of the information you will require to decide if you wish to take the next step - a visit to our facilities. We do not make our processes and supplements available anywhere outside our facilities. If you elect not to follow through on your inquiry, your deposit will be returned to you. You will have no further contact with IGE.

"Again, thank you for your interest."

Paul found that he'd been rubbing his hard prick through his jeans when silence replaced the man's incredible voice. Had they modulated it using some special process that could

elicit this reaction in him? Never before had any sound been able to seemingly enter his brain and coil itself around his pleasure center like that one had.

He turned his attention back to his Sony as the screen gradually faded from black to white, the center of the TV showing the IGE logo again.

And then he was confronted with the face of the most beautiful man he'd ever seen.

"Hello, Paul." The man smiled, and Paul gasped. "My name is Carlos. I am a scientist here at IGE and, I'm proud to add, one of the first benefactors of our body perfecting processes. You'll not I don't label what we do bodybuilding or body improvement, for it is much more than that." The camera started to slowly pull back, revealing that the man, Carlos, was standing in a white room. As the angle widened, it also revealed that the man was shirtless, and what it revealed about his body was nothing short of impossible to believe.

Paul's mouth was hanging open as the man continued to talk. He got out of his chair and approached the TV to get a better view of the muscled contours of the Latin god on its screen. "Our process is very simple and involves one ingredient. We call it Transform, and a small sample has been included in your introductory package." The man's chest was broad and thick, his shoulders looked like bowling balls. His arms were cabled with strength. His lats flared wide and heavy, widening from his tight waist and an amazing - was that a 10-pack of abs he was sporting? Good God, they looked like apples under his bronzed flesh. "As you can see, the results are rather staggering."

So saying, the man began to illustrate the muscular development of his amazing and beautiful body. Paul's hands were ripping his pants open and he was jerking off with wild abandon at the site of so much power, so much sheer masculine beauty and ability. Jesus, why don't they pan down to show the guy's basket?

Carlos slowly bent his arm, keeping his eyes on the camera so that his electric, golden gaze was on Paul's eyes. The bicep on his arm began to bulge obscenely, swelling larger and larger. The head split in two and the muscle continued to grow, getting impossibly huge until it filled his upper arm, its sheer size matched by the tricep on the underside. His forearm was a mass of cabled glory. He paused there, the muscle tensed at its most bulging glory - and then, impossibly, the muscle seemed to swell larger still. Were the fibers swelling and splitting? Was it actually developing, growing larger, even more muscled before his eyes? And as this was occurring, as the man's arm swelled to ever larger proportions, his face remained calm, serene, absolutely beautiful.

Carlos relaxed - if a body of so much muscled glory could be said to be relaxed - and he smiled again. "In case you have some doubts concerning my voracity, I'd like to bring in someone you know to give you an idea of the changes we're able to accomplish. Steve?" Carlos then walked away from the camera, giving Paul a shot of the most perfectly formed ass he'd ever seen and something that wagged between the man's legs that teased at his sense of disbelief. Then another face filled the screen, and Paul found his hand covered with hot spunk.

"How's it going, Paul?"

Steve was transformed. The face on the screen was nearly as beautiful as Carlos, but its innate male perfection held hints of the man Paul knew as Steve. It was as if someone had taken Steve's picture and fed it into some computer program to produce a perfected version of the man he could be. If this was some trick, it was a fucking good one.

As Steve spoke, he wandered away from the camera, giving Paul a look at the man's back and backside until his entire body was in frame. As he moved, Paul watched the ebb and flow of muscle under his friend's skin. Steve now sported a long mane of auburn hair gathered in a long tail that swayed as he walked, the ends probably tickling his ass when his locks were set free. And what an ass that was. Tight, globed and dimpled. Tanned and perfect for eating. He moved with a feral, sensual grace that tugged at Paul's balls. The man's movements spoke a promise of hours of good, long, hot fucking. His long legs were lined with power. His back widened from a tight waist and slim hips with an impossibly wide V. A Christmas tree of power grew between those dimples above his round, smooth, high ass.

"I know what you're thinking, Paul, and I know what you're doing. If you haven't already cum all over your belly," he said, turning his head slightly to display half of his improved smile, "you're a better man than I was. When I got the tape from Rob, I was practically licking the screen. He's here, of course. With me, and so many others."

Then he turned, and Paul almost fainted. Facing the camera full-on, Steve was sporting one of the biggest, most incredible looking pricks Paul had ever seen in his very experienced life. That was not the dick Steve had been born with. It looked almost like the one on Mark Wahlberg at the end of Boogie Nights. But whereas that prosthetic looked sad and listless, the cock on the screen hanging between the legs of a man Paul had fucked was full and ripe and beautiful. A proud, heavy beast with a thickly veined shaft ending in a knob of fine fuck flesh cowed in Steve's ample foreskin. It wanted to be licked and sucked and swallowed. And it hung over two round eggs in a bulging skin sack that said this guy was ready to cum right now.

"I ain't no special effect, Paul. I'm real, and all natural. Every inch of soft warm skin, every rock-hard muscle, every silken hair on my body is me." He was running his hands over his inches and those bulges. Suddenly the screen started changing to close-ups of every angle on Steve's body. His chest, with its round, lickable nipples. His arms, and the smooth hard bellies of his biceps. His long neck. His tight ass. That incredible cock. The shots were long, lingering visual caresses of the man's flawless form. His skin shone with health and vitality. Paul ached to touch it, stroke it, lay with this man and fuck his brains out.

Then Steve's face filled the screen again. "It's incredible, I know. But it's real. And it can all be yours, if you're willing to take it."

The screen faded to black again, and the voice, that beautiful voice, returned.

"Our results are guaranteed. To experience for yourself a small sample of those results, we invite you to try Transform now. The vials in your package, Paul, were prepared especially for you by Steve. The dosage has been diluted and is approximately 1/100th of a full-strength application. You will experience incredible physical changes that will only hint at what can be yours should you accept our invitation. These changes are permanent and non-reversible.

"We recommend that if you decide to sample the product, disrobe first and do so alone while standing before a mirror. You will see and feel results immediately after swallowing first the clear liquid, then the white. As you've no doubt noticed from the two men in your presentation, the enhancements are all-inclusive.

"If you choose to take the next step and join us here at IGE, further instructions are included on the sheet of paper. Simply submerge the sheet under hot water to reveal the

information. The data will be displayed for approximately 15 seconds before the sheet dissolves entirely, so be prepared to write down what you see.

"Congratulations on being accepted as a candidate, and we hope to hear from you soon. You may eject the tape at any time. This presentation is concluded."

Paul was lying on his back on the floor, his hard dick throbbing hot in his hand. Whoever Michael was, if he looked even half as sexy as he sounded, Paul doubted he could even be in the same room with him. Maybe that was why there was no picture to accompany his speech.

Paul reached toward the black box and took out the vials. "No time like the present," he said aloud, and walked into his bedroom where a full-length mirror stood in the corner. After stripping out of his clothes, he took a few moments to admire himself. He had a good body, he knew that. Thin, but with good definition of his tight muscles. He got plenty of eye contact wherever he spent his evenings and in the showers at the gym, more than one guy had propositioned him for a little post-workout workout.

"Clear first," he said, unstopping the tiny vial, and poured the clear fluid on his tongue. The vial was made of thick glass, and what was inside amounted to little more than a drop. It had a salty taste and earthy scent that entered his senses like a perfume. The stuff felt slick but not oily as it coated his mouth, and saliva started building to wash the stuff down as if his body hungered for whatever it was. Weird.

He took a deep breath, toasted himself in the mirror, and opened the white vial.

As the second droplet of fluid met his tongue, there was an immediate burning sensation. A heat that penetrated and spread as he swallowed it, branching through his body and into his arms and legs. It wasn't painful, but wasn't exactly pleasant either. His brain wondered dimly how such a small amount of anything could cause such a drastic reaction so quickly.

The heat continued to spread and grow until his whole body seemed energized. Whatever this junk was, it felt good, and he started feeling horny all over again.

The heat built into a tingling sensation everywhere. He could feel it especially in his cock and balls, and shortly he noticed himself growing hard again. It was as if something were inflating his dick from inside. It felt tight and huge and heavy as it pulsed into erection. It looked red and angry.

He felt something on his shoulder and he brushed at what he thought was a bug but, looking at his reflection, he realized that his hair was growing. And seeing himself now, it was growing everywhere.

A dark trail crawled upwards from a suddenly burgeoning forest of dark, tight curls above his steel-hard dick. Another dark line was developing on his body, but he realized that was a shadow falling across his warm skin caused by the magically developing pack of rippling abdominals that seemed to be inflating on his flat belly. Reaching down to feel them, he saw that his bicep was also fuller than it had been. In fact, he could actually see the muscle grow as he watched it, witnessing the fibers swell and multiply under the skin. Bending his arm, the muscle reacted by bulging thick and high, and he found himself grinning broadly.

To see that grin was to see subtle changes happening to his face. Were his cheek bones rising? Was that possible? And with all this growth happening, shouldn't he be in pain?

But all he felt was pleasure. A deep, constant pleasure all over his body, but chiefly manufactured at his groin. There was a drop of pre-cum at the piss slit and he rubbed it all over the helmet. It felt warm and slick under his touch.

Now his legs were joining the party. Thick wedges of power popped up under his tanned flesh. And where had his tan line gone? Was the light playing tricks? More shadow from the magically appearing muscle?

He turned to go flip the light switch and caught a view of his ass, seeing something of the men's perfect butts from the video reflected on his own firm cheeks.

With the light on, Paul could see very clearly how much he'd changed, and only in the space of minutes, and only with the small dose.

His tool was drooling now and wanted attention, so he started to jerk himself off again.

His balls felt hot and heavy, as if they were producing a thick load of his juice even though he'd already cum twice during the video. He'd never seen so much precum in his life, he was leaking it all over his hands, it was coating his whole cock.

And that was bigger too, now that he had a hand on it. It felt so hard, and each stroke was sending deep, hot shocks of bliss through him.

His hair hung across his eyes and he pushed it back, marveling at the shock of feeling its silken softness, as if he'd just been to the salon and they'd bathed it in expensive oils and treatments. It was a sensual experience all its own just to touch it.

He was getting bigger still. The growth was happening everywhere, a subtle but constant development of muscle and size he could see and feel. His hungry, anxious dick begged for attention and his hand slid over its slickened inches trying to please it. He could feel a new load building and see his balls churn in his reflection. Were they really dropping lower? Could they be so filled that they were growing heavier under their burden?

His face was chiseled and smooth. The cheekbones were joined by squared jaw line and a sleek, prominent brow. His eyes even looked greener.

God, he wanted to come so bad but his dick didn't seem to want to. Why wouldn't he release his load?

His changes slowed but his stroking didn't. His cock, he thought, was inches longer and fatter, but that couldn't be. It probably just felt that way. But the pleasure he felt was undoubtedly bigger. He'd never felt such a depth of orgasmic bliss that seemed to build and build until he didn't think he could hold on another moment.

He wanted to cum. He wanted to feel that screaming release erupt from his dick. His balls were stretched and swollen with his load. His cock was red and hot in his grip.

Suddenly, he felt a rushing heat everywhere on his body and he watched his reflection swell with muscle everywhere. It was as if his whole body was a prick, swelling suddenly erect as his strength and might increased, because he finally delivered his promise of thick, white cum. It was the most incredible orgasm he'd ever known.

He gushed several deep, strong pumps of cum at his reflection, loosing thick, hot fountains of radiant white spunk that splattered into puddles on the floor. He came over and over when he finally was able to release his pent-up sexual force, experiencing a climax so profound and overpowering that his knees nearly buckled. He wondered later whether, without his new bulging strength, he would have keeled into the warm pool of his seed.

He just kept cumming, like he was filled with it and it all wanted release now. Each pump of his hot spunk lasted several seconds. He was squeezing it out from his toes. His

muscles tensed and bulged. He was drowning in a pleasure so deep that he hoped it would never end.

Finally, with one last extended pump, he was finished. Sucking in breath now that he had spent his load, his eyes raised to peer at his reflection, seeing without the rushing surge of erotic bliss what he had become with the aid of the small sample of Transform afforded him by those men in the video.

Paul was astounded. The man in the mirror was definitely himself, but a greatly augmented and improved version. He couldn't imagine any guy at his gym being able to look anywhere but at him if he were to walk through the doors right now.

Because his body was now the very definition of male power, and his face an exhibition of male beauty. His hands began to explore the new, greater dimensions of his muscled contours, feeling his own hard bulges and smooth curves. His arms were huge with rounded might. His belly was a tight, rippled relief map of muscle. Two huge mounds of squared, bursting force defined a new chest that Paul knew would look killer shielded behind a white cotton T shirt, with those pointed nipples poking against the fabric like an invitation. That was assuming he ever wore clothing again.

Because his skin felt erotically charged under his touch. Smooth, soft, warm and inviting. And he could feel his touch magnified as he caressed himself, as if his senses had been turned up a notch or two so he could enjoy the feeling of skin on skin even more keenly. His ass felt nothing short of amazing, sending erotic shocks into his groin like a cattle prod. His touch was magnified, which made him reach forward to see if his cock was enjoying those same benefits.

Looking down at his improved appendage, the thrill he felt manifested in a sudden swelling along its fat and lengthy form. Even limp as it was, it was huge. He figured he was sporting an eight-incher, easily two inches longer and much thicker than what he owned just minutes before. He could feel its weight tugging at his loins; feel its lush burden as the pink, perfect head dipped toward the floor. He tentatively wrapped his hand around the fleshy shaft and was rewarded with an intense sensual shock of pleasure, a tingling, toe-curling depth of sexual incentive to start stroking to renew what he'd felt only moments ago. Could the formula still be working its magic on him, or was this what he would feel all the time now? How the hell would he be able to take a piss if he could hardly touch his prick without wanting to start whacking off like a monkey?

Paul moved his hand down the tool to the accompaniment of intensifying pleasure until he grasped the helmet, bringing forth a small bubble of precum.

Jesus, he thought, I can't possibly be ready to go again! Not already!

But his cock was telling him otherwise. Its hunger for his touch and repayment of powerful erotic ecstasy was profound and undeniable. Grabbing his balls, he could feel them churn in his hand, like an udder bulging with milk.

What had the man said? This was 1/100th of an actual, full-strength dosage? Could it possibly get better? And yet he'd seen Steve, the astounding changes that his friend had realized made the improvements Paul saw in his mirror pale by comparison. And Carlos looked even more amazing!

What would happen to his body from a single full-strength dose? Or two? How many had Steve and Carlos had? Paul bent his arm to watch his own bicep swell with size and power. How big could he get? How big did he want to be?

And what else could happen to his body besides this evident heightening of sensual arousal?

"What the fuck?" he asked his reflection, hearing now the intimation of that same erotically charged tone he'd heard from the voice on the video. Turning his beautiful ass toward the mirror, he walked back into his living room to find the sheet of paper that was his ticket to a new life.

The End of Supermen

But the story continues in Transform...